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THE CHAP-BOOK

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SEMI-MONTHLY

May 15, 1898

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NOTES

MORE THAN FIFTY SONGS, all more or less popular, have already been put forth respecting the incidents leading up to and including the present war with Spain. There is no diminution as the days go on, the average production standing somewhere near one new song for every twenty-four hours elapsing. Nearly half of the earlier ones have to do with the Maine disaster, concerning which "sympathetic ballads" and "descriptive ballads" have been poured out in profusion. Of the latter sort, the chorus of *He Was a Sailor on Board the Maine*, by Mr. Nate Jackson, may serve to give some notion of the kind of sentiment which is found engaging by several thousands of our countrymen:

Sailor on board the Maine,
One of a gallant crew,
Ready to fight his country's cause,
To his flag he was staunch and true;
He was his dear mother's pride and joy,
She loved her darling boy;
She looks in vain for her son's return,
He was a sailor on board the Maine.

Of the former, the sympathetic sort, note this from *The Ill-Fated Maine*, by Mr. Thomas J. Quigley, who styles it "a sympathetic ballad suggested by the loss of United States cruiser Maine off Havana, Cuba," the Maine, of course, never having been a cruiser. The chorus runs:

Kind fathers are sighing, fond mothers are crying,
Loved sisters and brothers are hoping in vain;
Whilst sweethearts in sorrow are praying the morrow
Will bring them glad news of the ill-fated Maine.

in spite of the fact that the verse part has shown the loss to be certain. The one best liked of them all, as shown by the daily sales, is called *My Sweetheart Went Down With the Maine*, and is

written by Mr. Bert Morgan, who has given it the fetching sub-title of *Everybody's Sweet Song*. The refrain reads:

Once I had a sweetheart, noble, brave and true,
Fearless as the sunrise, gentle as the dew;
We had loved and waited, he had named the day,
And we had pledged to wed each other in the month of May.

In this special instance, it will be seen that he was permitted to name the day. But that is wholly unimportant in comparison with the picture Mr. Will Evan presents in *Just as the Maine Went Down*:

Jim and his trusty messmate, Jack,
Each with a silent prayer,
They bravely sank to a sailor's grave,
Kissing a lock of hair.

Even more successful than this is *Avenge the Good Ship Maine*, written and composed—absit omen!—"The Brownings." The words of this song are notable as containing, almost alone among them all, a direct appeal to American history, thus:

Let us have revenge for our brave Yankee sailors,
Who gave their lives for glorious liberty;
For if our George Washington were only living,
We'd soon whip Spain and set poor Cuba free.

These may all be taken as sea songs, though it is perfectly evident that no one who has ever been connected with the sea, or has the remotest knowledge in the world of what constitutes a sea song, was concerned in their production. Of the songs of war elsewhere than upon the ocean, there is no lack. One of the earlier of these, Mr. Sam V. Steele writes and dedicates "to the Mothers and Daughters of the Republic." Don't Dare the Eagle of Columbia is the title, and the thought is curiously involved. The chorus is worded as follows:

We know not, we care not,
Whoever it may be;
No foreign foe can strike a blow
At millions free.
The flag which crowns the Rockies
Shall be honored on the sea,
So don't dare the Eagle of Columbia.

Even more wonderful, and quite as irrelevant, is Mr. E. T. Paull's stirring *America Forever!* which opens chaotically, thus:

Rise, Columbia, call the muster roll!
All true men are with you, heart and soul;
Wave Old Glory; let the eagle scream;
Truth and right and justice are supreme.

But the chorus succeeds in conveying a vivid picture of our national characteristic of adaptability, when it says, to Columbia, of course:

If you want us to man the forest or sail the seas,
We're soldiers or mariners, whichever you please.

Mr. John Philip Sousa has already recorded it as his opinion that nothing likely to live in the way of song is likely to be born from the present conflict. So far as he is able, Mr. Sousa has demonstrated the truth of this by producing a little song of his own, *The Stars and Stripes Forever*. The music is not to be quarreled with particularly, but the composer does not shine to any marked extent as a poet in the words, for which he also admits his responsibility. The chorus will be quite enough:

Hurrah for the Flag of the Free!
May it wave as our Standard forever,
The gem of the land and the sea,
The Banner of the Right!
Let despots remember the day
When our fathers with mighty endeavor
Proclaimed as they marched to the fray
That by their Might,
And their Right
It waves forever!

If there were any other songs it would not be needful to regard these seriously, though it is certain they are so taken by thousands of well meaning persons all over the country. Surely nothing could show our national poverty more powerfully than these excerpts, which have not been chosen because they were exceptionally bad, but merely as being fairly representative of the whole collection of contemporaneous patriotic song writing. No man of letters with an extended reputation furnishes any of the examples, and assuredly none of the examples seems likely to give any one involved any reputation as a man of letters. Not a line of one of them stands for anything which might not quite as well be placed in Auckland, or Pretoria, or Singapore, or Halifax, or any other spot where English is spoken. The sentiment is mawkish when it is not despicable, and the patriotism wholly unreasoning. Even granting that the war has been undertaken through motives which make a direct appeal to every lover of liberty, there is nothing to intimate that the God of Battles has been solemnly invoked to decide a righteous cause. Most of them are for brutal, crass revenge, many of them for fighting from pure lust for blood, and some, like *There's Room for One More Star*, by Mr. William J. Bentley, openly advo-

cate annexation of conquered territory in spite of the universally approved disclaimer entered by the Congress in its declaration of war. One anonymous bard, in words that are intended to be sung to the exhilarating and martial strains of *Baby Mine*, succeeds in saying in his first stanza:

When you hear our country calling
Illinois—Illinois,
Into line you'll find us falling,
Illinois—Illinois;
To defeat the tyrant's guile
In sad Cuba's ravaged isle,
And to bid fair freedom smile,
Illinois—Illinois!

Which shows some sort of glimmering of the truth of the matter, however crudely expressed; but the next stanza only makes it wholly apparent that revenge is the working motive of the lines. That a great people and a free people have determined to correct the evils of an outrageous and devastating tyranny at its very gates makes no popular appeal whatever, even though it establishes a new international precedent which is assuredly on the side of righteousness, and even though the war was undertaken in full though tardy response to a mighty popular demand.

Time has hardly been granted for the celebration of the astonishingly complete victory at Manila; but the chorus of the first song concerning it which has made its appearance in the music stores may be taken as showing a condition of affairs hardly less astonishing than the victory:

What did Dewey do to them,
What did Dewey do!
He did them up so thoroughly
He only left a few.
It was n't to the Queen's taste—
That's a pun, and very true;
He did n't do a thing to them—
What did n't Dewey do!

And this is probably the most extraordinary paean of victory in the annals of a long-suffering world.

THE FACILITIES AT THE COMMAND of the navy for the purpose of concealing its thoughts from the ubiquitous war correspondent are much better than those of the army. With nineteenth century liberality, the authorities welcome a newspaper man, frequently several newspaper men, aboard the ships-of-war, where they presumably contribute to the entertainment of their hosts, when not contributing to the gawdy of nations not involved. By this concession the seeker after information who is not so favored is debarred from the exercise of his pursuit, even on top of the discouragement which the device known as "sealed orders" had already inflicted upon him. The admiral of the fleet finds himself at sea, both literally and metaphorically, before he knows where he is going and what he is going to do. Then when he tells the correspondent on board, he finds himself at sea also in both senses—in a boat, if ever a man was in one, for the most magnificent piece of exclusive news lacks one essential quality if he cannot communicate with so much of the shore at least as will suffice for sending the facts to his paper. All this conduces to the popularity of the American navy,



REAR-ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY

Drawn by Cecil Clark



THE PHILIPPINES BEFORE DEWEY CAME—SUBMISSION OF THE INSURGENT CHIEFS

already dear to the hearts of the people, while it leaves not the least chance in the world for the premature disclosure of carefully conceived and partially executed plans.

A single glance at the army serves to show how impossible this ideal condition of things is made by different surroundings. However willing, no general can march his command so many miles from everywhere, break open an envelope, and then proceed to the spot therein appointed. On the contrary, he is compelled to keep what are known as his communications open, and this implies that the correspondent will always be able to get word to his office when events are seething in the military pot. This ability to transmit news has already been met by the establishment of censorship at Tampa, Key West, and other posts, which, after the first friction of newness has rubbed itself away, will probably work to the satisfaction of the war department, if not of the correspondent. But the correspondent is not the only sort of newspaper man concerned, his dispatches being complemented and supplemented by that other useful personage, the expander of intelligences, the man who puts two and two together and makes several thousand words of it. This emergency has been met in the past, as the newly-published reminiscences of the late Charles A. Dana remind us. Late in 1864, General Sherman was busy in Georgia, starting on his way to the sea.

One particular expander of intelligences was in Indianapolis, using the imagination with which he was gifted, like all his kind. From Washington General Sherman was informed that this expander of intelligences has just told the people of Indianapolis a number of interesting things about the army in Georgia, among which were: (1) General Sherman has destroyed the railway from Atlanta to Chattanooga; (2) he has returned to Atlanta; (3) he is sending the railway he has just destroyed on to Chattanooga; (4) he has burned Atlanta, and (5) he is on his way to Charleston, South Carolina.

That each of these statements is in open conflict with some one of the others merely approves the imagination of the expander, with whom General Sherman and the War Department were inclined to be severe. The former telegraphed promptly: "Can't you send to Indianapolis and catch that fool, and have him sent to me to work on the forts?" A dispatch ordering his capture was promptly forwarded. Then Sherman suggested the device once used by Talleyrand. "Some say the King of England is dead," that statesman once confided to a troublesome enquirer; "some say he is not dead; as for myself I believe neither. I tell you these things in confidence, and beg of you to keep them to yourself." Accordingly, so many kinds of news were given out that the truth was lost among them all, making the Department of



THE PHILIPPINES BEFORE DEWEY CAME—SUBMISSION OF THE INSURGENT CHIEFS

War take upon itself the duties of the fleeing expander. And this, it is believed, represents the tradition still prevailing in the War Department.

Previous to this, however, the correspondent of a Cincinnati paper informed its readers from Cold Harbor that General Meade had advised falling back after the Wilderness. General Meade, commanding the army at that point, disagreed with the young man on that point, had him paraded through the lines with what might be called a "scare-head" over him, saying, "Libeler of the Press," and promptly expelled him from the army.

The methods of the navy seem preferable; though the army could hardly put itself to a better use by way of incident that would ensue from a similar suppression of yellow journalism.

THE OFFICIAL DECREE which the Archbishop of Cincinnati has issued with regard to *Quo Vadis* is interesting. We have already spoken of the divided religious and erotic interest of the book, and of how each justified the reading of the book in the minds of various classes. The Archbishop of Cincinnati had evidently hung for some time on the horns of a dilemma, undecided whether a knowledge of the manners of the early Christians was worth while having if it entailed too intimate a knowledge of the habits of their pagan con-

temporaries. He finally announced his views as follows:

As regarding the book *Quo Vadis*, the Archbishop is not disposed to take part in the discussion of how much or how little harm it may do to readers, young or old. He wishes, however, that the Catholic institutions, schools, colleges, etc., of the Diocese of Cincinnati should not take on themselves the responsibility of favoring its being read by persons under their care; particularly that they should not give it for premiums nor cast it in their libraries.

THE DRAMATIZATION OF *VANITY FAIR*, with Mrs. Fiske as Becky Sharp, will be looked forward to with some impatience. Every objection that was urged against her *Tess* was based upon the discrepancy between the great, buxom, somewhat bovine heroine of Mr. Hardy's novel and the slender, nervous, animated intelligence which we know as Mrs. Fiske. Objections in one case are qualifications in the other. Physically, intellectually, Becky and *Tess* stand at opposite poles. *A Doll's House*, *The Queen of Liars*, and Mrs. Fiske's repertory in general bespeak the public favor in this newer venture.

But the histrionic interest is, if anything, exceeded by the literary problem which this dramatization will solve. It is a question of the newer school of art in English. The art of the novelist is near its acme in *Vanity Fair*. Yet at the time it was written, and for many a melancholy year

since, there was nothing the English dramatist could do well except borrow from France. If he departed from this by ever so little, he did very badly indeed. And yet, all through this depressed period, he—the British dramatist collectively—would insist upon attempting to realize Becky and Dob, the Crawleys and Amelia upon the stage.

Necessarily, all such attempts so made were failures. To argue from this, as so many have done, that the novel does not lend itself to the uses of the stage is not, nor has it ever been, a criticism of the book, but of the capacities of the British playwright.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE REAL CYRANO DE BERGERAC

EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

THE new and brilliantly successful French play, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, recalls to my mind the real Bergerac's fascinating Utopian romance, *Histoire comique des états et empires de la lune*, which was printed in 1656, after the author's death. With another book, his *Empires du soleil*, these were "newly Englished" in 1687, by A. Lovell, under the title *Comical History of the States and Empires of the Worlds of the Moon and Sun*. Swift was deeply influenced in the composition of *Gulliver's Travels* by the works of this French author. The latter's books had in turn been preceded and suggested by two of the same genetic type, Francis Godwin's spirited, delightful, and ingenious *Man in the Moon* (1638 A.D.) and Lucian's *Veracious History* (160 A.D., circa); the latter pungent satire being written to ridicule the lying old Greek historians and poets.

Lucian, with his company of mariners, was caught up by a whirlwind and carried toward a shining land which proved to be the moon. Gonzales (in Godwin's book) was drawn to the lunar land by ganzars, birds of passage that winter in that luminary. Bergerac, in his history, traveled through the air to the moon in a machine, which is not very comprehensively described. The race of giants who inhabit the moon seize Bergerac to exhibit as a monster, and class him first as the female of a little animal belonging to the queen. The male animal being brought in with a procession of monkeys, proves to be the Dominico Gonzales of Godwin's story. It is decided, however, by lunar philosophers and judges, after much consultation, that Bergerac is a bird, and he is accordingly caged. As in Lucian's history, Bergerac's moon-inhabitants live on the odor of food only, much to the traveler's discomfort and distress. The story of his success in obtaining food is very amusing.

A lunar Glumdalelitch falls in love with this French Gulliver, and after journeying and philosophizing all over the moon, he is finally carried back to earth in the arms of a demon. He is assailed at once by a prodigious barking of all the

dogs in the village, who smell the moon; and he can only purify himself by sunning for several days.

Bergerac's *History of the Sun* suggested to Swift the *Voyage to Laputa*; both being written to satirize the vain pretenses of the swarming projectors and discoverers in science and learning of that day. Bergerac's books are well conceived, but too prolix for modern taste, and somewhat pedantic; at times they appear wholly meaningless to one unfamiliar with the political history of the times.

Voltaire's philosophical romance, *Micromégas*, has also been called an imitation of Gulliver's *Travels*. In truth, like the latter, it was strongly influenced by the works of Cyrano de Bergerac. Swift was also plainly affected by the writings of Rabelais, and copied many of the thoughts and notions in Bishop Hall's *Mundus Alter et Idem* as well. These facts do not at all detract from the greatness of Swift's wonderful book; and a comparison of Gulliver's *Travels* with the forgotten books of the Dean's predecessors forcibly proves Lowell's words: "It is not the finding of a thing, but the making something of it after it is found, that is of consequence."

The seventeenth century, restless and unsettled in social, religious, and political life, brought forth a flood of political and speculative romances, far more than any other era. A perusal of the fancies of these contemporaries of Cyrano de Bergerac renders Mr. Bellamy's *Looking Backward* surprisingly devoid of any original or novel thought, and suggests that the motto on his title-page might well be, "Alas! the ancients have stolen all my modern ideas."

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

EARTHED

TO-DAY my heart is beating,
And I can speak and smile;
I've friends to give me greeting
And walk with me a mile,

I feel the May wind blowing,
I smell the scent of earth;
I hear the river flowing,
The bluebird's silver mirth.

To-morrow I'll be sleeping
Maybe, in my low bed,
With shady myrtles creeping
Above my quiet head.

The spring will bud without me,
And autumn's leaves be shed;
Maids will dance on on about me;—
My name will not be said.

And lad, my heart's best treasure,
How will you fare then, say;
Why, take your old sweet pleasure,—
There is no other way.

Live, love a maid true-hearted,
But when May blooms you see,
Oh, from your love be parted—
Come lie a while by me!

WILLIAM LUCIUS GRAVES.

MATANZAS IN THE EARLY FIFTIES

IT was not considered that one had done justice to the island of Cuba who had left it without seeing a cafetal, and an ingenio. These were the coffee and the sugar plantations. Just out of Matanzas were the best specimens, and as the former were growing very scarce, it was with great gratitude that we received from our kind friend, Mr. Oldama, a letter to the owner of a cafetal, who made it his home in the winter months also; as well as one from an American friend to a sugar planter in the immediate neighborhood.

So hot it was that I hesitated, but we concluded to go, though I remember that it was my first, but not my last, unwilling consent to the exigencies of travel. We, however, broke the horrors of the journey by going at night in a steamer, instead of across country by railroad; and we were rewarded by seeing the great big yellow moon come out of the ocean, twice as big as the moon we had left behind us in the "States."

We arrived at Matanzas, I suppose, about three in the morning, and went to a very primitive hotel, where a negro gave us a meal of ham and tomatoes, a cup of coffee and a can of guava jelly—a meal which would have compassed my destruction at another time, but which then seemed to assimilate with the moon and the tropics and the dark, phosphorescent waters, which I cannot forget. All the boats, the oars, and the cable fastened to the anchor, were silvered over with the luxurious glitter which so fascinated Columbus, and has led so many poor mortals to their destruction since. It was a weld of liquid silver and gold. Even as we landed at the pier, I could hardly endure the thought of leaving it, and it gilded all our homely surroundings and made our humble meal seem right out of the Arabian Nights.

Our friends, living in Matanzas and expecting us for dinner, were not aware of our coming by sea, so we secured quiet and a long nap before we were due at their house. And we had a little chance to see the pretty city, quite unlike Havana. About 30,000 people inhabit the place, which is divided by two rivers, the Yumuri and San Juan, and a bay, being held together by fine handsome stone bridges. Vessels lay at anchor below the city, and there were many sails and a forest of masts. Beyond the city, which was flat and hot, we saw beautiful hills and trees, and a ridge bordering on the sea, called the Cumbre, near which lived our friends. There was, of course, a plaza and a government house, an enclosed garden and walks. Indeed, it looked very familiar to us after our winter at Santa Cruz and at St. Thomas.

A tropical dinner is the same everywhere, and we were glad to meet in our host and hostess some New England people who had made Cuba their home. They did not live on their sugar plantation, but visited it, and took possession of us, bag and baggage, for the next week, with that entire hospitality which is found nowhere more certainly than in this plantation life.

"Give your keys to Azucayua," said my hostess,

as we ascended to a balcony on the second story; and I turned to see the most impressive brown woman I have ever beheld, even in my dreams. She was tall and Moorish-looking, thin, straight, and as handsome as Judith. She was a native African (bozales), and of the tribe of the Incumi, considered vastly superior to the other tribes, having intelligence and ambition. She and her mistress were the most devoted friends, she being the foster mother of the only son, and for this service her owners had given her freedom, which she refused to take, and had freed her son. I feared, from what I heard later, that even this had not redounded to the happiness of Azucayua.

However, from that moment I did not have to breathe for myself; Azucayua did it all.

We left the hot city the next day and dashed into the luxuriant jungle of perpetual summer, the hill country of Cuba.

I never shall like a palm-tree; it always seems to me a poor copy of an umbrella. This is a fatal lack, but the cocoa, with its weeping-willow aspect, is fortunate enough to please me. And the flowering trees, one with a long cone of pink flowers, like the inside of a shell; and mignonette, forty feet high, and the banana and the plantain, and the wild flowers, and the avenues of orange-trees, and the sugar cane (totally uninteresting), and then a sea of sugar canes, surrounding a high furnace chimney, and much smoke, and a long, low group of white houses—these pleased me.

A number of coolies, with their long, black hair, and several house-servants, were waiting for the volante for their mistress and myself, while the gentlemen followed in what was then called a "buggy," from the train to the plantation through a grove of orange-trees.

How she got there I do not know, but Azucayua was on the long, low veranda waiting for us, with the air of a queen. She almost lifted her lady out of the volante, for she was an invalid, and would have done the same office for me but that I was young and strong, and leaped out for myself.

I could but gaze around me at the colors—the rich red earth, the high walls whitewashed, the deep green of the orange-trees, the wild flowers over everything, the group of little negroes at the gate, stark naked, looking at us with interest, the wide open door and the striped awnings, the fragrant mats and the grateful shadow, the warm welcome, and after that the guiding hand of Azucayua, which landed me in a delicious bedroom with American comforts. It was enchanting.

The dinner was ceremonious and carefully served. Two old negroes waved palm branches to keep off the flies; the candles were in tall glass globes. Every one was avoiding a draught but me, and I sought it. The food was delicious and well cooked, and all the men were carefully dressed in black, with the conventional white tie. Several of the neighboring planters were asked to meet us, and we talked politics and religion and European news and the weather. Every one, as at Santa Cruz, deplored the absence of rain. For dessert we had the rich guava, the soursop, the orange, the lime, and all manner of pretty little pasties,

following the usual highly-seasoned pepper soup and stews, and all sort of wines, all of which I would gladly have exchanged for one "drink of ice-water," as we Americans say.

The next morning the great bell of the plantation aroused me from my comfortable luxurious sleep. I turned over to see Azucayua smiling upon me, with her little salver of tea and thin bread and butter her northern mistress had taught her to make, which she followed by a salad of sliced oranges. I had a hard day before me, and Azucayua was to conduct me to see the negro quarters and the sugar making. This extraordinary negro woman spoke three or four languages, English being with her the language of her heart, and although it was broken and peculiar and sing-song, it was intelligible, original and strong.

From her I learned that the master left the house at daybreak; at six o'clock the negroes went to their work. The family breakfast was at ten, but the servants had theirs at nine. Dinner was at three, and after that a drive. Coffee and tea were offered after that, and every one was in bed by ten. I also learned that the engineer was an American, the mayoral a Spaniard (and he is the captain-general of the plantation). He has the onerous duty of making the negroes work; he is a white man, from the middle class of Cubans. The mayordomo was the purser, and he kept the accounts, gave out the supplies, weighing and accounting for everything. Azucayua did not like him.

All this I learned before I started for the drive, where I saw the cane cut, and I followed it by a visit to the mill, the quarters, and the hospital.

The fires were fed by the crushed cane, which is dried for the purpose after all its sweet juice has been crushed out of it, and the smell of sweetness—of sugar and molasses, was all that I brought away with me from this scene of hot industry. I hate the steady grind of machinery, and hot smells, and the monotony of labor, but I realized that I was seeing a very well organized and not too cruel work. Our American host was evidently kind to his slaves.

But it was shocking to hear from the Yankee overseer that these slaves only slept four hours on a stretch; must then get up and work again, although our host gave his slaves two hours more, and the children were well fed and looked healthy. Azucayua was very proud of the hospital and the nursery, and at evening took me to the "Oracion," the bell just at dusk which was the signal for prayer, for the benediction, and for leaving off work, *Dios te haga bueno.*

The little children knelt for a blessing, saying, "Buenos dias, Señora."

It was a pretty sight. In this hill country of Cuba, I heard in the strange stillness the barbaric songs of the negroes, that mean strain which is the voice of a conquered and enslaved race.

May I never hear it again! I felt that I had a right to sit under the blessed great mango tree, with my dear hostess, the next day, and sip Limonade gaseuze, and do nothing. Very beautiful was it to walk through her gardens with their fuschias, Cape jasmines, and the night-blooming

cercus. The pomegranate tree, full of fruit, illuminated the corners of the garden, and we would pluck a leaf from the allspice tree; one leaf would be all the flavor we could stand for half a day.

The little green lizards, chameleons, lay on every branch of the passion-flower vine. Their sensibility to music is so great that they would raise their heads as the young son of the house piped away on a little picolo.

And then we were told a little secret. He was engaged to be married, this young heir, to the daughter of Don Octavio, who owned the cafetal where we were to go next day.

She was a girl of mixed Spanish and American blood, whilst he was pure Boston, although brought up in Cuba. His mother was so delighted with her future daughter-in-law that I was surprised to hear that Azucayua, his foster mother, was dreadfully jealous and displeased about it; and my hostess told me that they would leave this handsome creature at home when we visited the cafetal.

Vastly beautiful was that cafetal. Such a picture of shelter and rest. After the bareness of the sugar plantation, with its fierce burning industry, welcome was the transition to these eternal avenues of shade trees, under which grew the ever green coffee plant, with its red berry, very pretty and trained down to a uniform height of five feet. It only looked like a great garden for Adam and Eve to live in, and when Don Octavio came out with his daughter in his hand, to welcome us, it might have been a patriarchal scene.

Following them was the young lover, and as he claimed Virginia, they gayly trotted off, glad to be rid of us. I immediately named them Paul and Virginia. They came back, laden with rare flowers, and dined with us, and so they ran in and out under the trees, as careless and as happy as birds, little thinking of the tragedy and the ruin awaiting them.

This fine old Spaniard, Don Octavio, told us of the desolation which had followed the tornado of 1845, and we went with him to see the ruin of that part of his vast estate. A majestic tree, called a ceyba, had been allowed to lie as it fell, and was already covered with vines. One part of his house was in ruins, but there was enough of it left to give us a most delicious welcome, good dinner, and very good beds, in large, splendid rooms.

After dinner his well-appointed volante came to the door, and the graceful old Spaniard invited me to drive with him to see an old neighbor and friend who had been, as a child, saved from the horrors of St. Domingo. From the harness, well brightened with gold and silver, up to the conversation of these two elegant old cavaliers, I seemed to be in the atmosphere of the siècle Louis Seize, their white heads adding to the illusion. They were both very rich, and could afford to keep their Eden-like cafetals for the pleasure of the thing. Their conversation (carefully fitted to what they thought the proper degree of intelligence which it should please God to give to a young woman) was most interesting to me, dealing as it did with great political upheavals, the cruel and fickle rule of tyrants, the great questions of the day; but I would

have liked it better had it ever occurred to either of them that slavery was wrong, that they were living on the thin crust of a volcano; but I did not dare to approach such subjects. Once the wild bark of a bloodhound roused them both, but we soon relapsed into the suave and pleasant chat of the venerable Señores.

I think my husband was very glad to see me back, for he had greater prudence than I had, was not so much of an abolitionist, and always afraid my Yankee fervor would get the better of me. However, I found he was very tired after a tramp with the Yankee engineer, and glad enough for a quiet cigar, a glass of rum and water, and a gentle chat with Don Octavio as to the effect of the Cuban climate on claret and sherry.

We returned to Matanzas after a few days of this sort of fascinating life, and were obliged to refuse an invitation to the wedding of Paul and Virginia, which was to happen later on.

We saw the beautiful drives about Matanzas, went to the Cumbre and the valley of the Yumuri, heard an opera in the evening, and saw regiments dressed in seersucker and straw hats; heard the band play at the Reheta in the Plaza de Armes.

Then we came back to our own hospitable friends in the part of the pretty town called Versailles, where we passed our last evening with the most cosmopolitan party—Spanish American, French, and one Greek family, to whom we bade adieu; and I have met these people, some of them, in every part of the world since.

The next day we returned to Havana by rail, sixty miles, and enjoyed the sight: the slow ox-carts carrying the cane to the mill, the jungles full of flowers, the tall furnace chimneys, the various tropical trees, the ruined cafetals, the stations, around which grouped the negroes, the coolies, the fruit-sellers, and the brown Spaniards.

There was an impression of a vigorous industry well carried on, and a great prosperity, even under that tropical sky.

But in every house we had heard mutterings of a dangerous discontent, of wrongs, of taxes not just, of a captain-general whom every one hated. The long-brooding sorrow that has wrecked this heaven-blessed island had begun then; it has gathered and festered ever since.

When I reached New York, I sent as a wedding present to the promessi sposi a copy of Paul and Virginia, beautifully illustrated.

They had never read Bernardin de St. Pierre's famous story, and they both wrote me pretty notes. I heard of them from time to time. She lived to see the two estates burned to the ground in the fatal fires of 1859. Her husband took her to Boston, where an east wind killed her. Poor Virginia!

He went to France with his little son to educate him, and returned, solitary, to Cuba, to re-collect, if he could, the shattered remnants of his fortunes.

My kind host and hostess, the master and mistress of Azucayua, had died long before this. I met them afterward at Saratoga in the earlier days, always attended by her. They told me she had great sorrow in her son, whose freedom they had given her. Only a few years ago a gentleman called on me at my house in New York.

He sent up a familiar name, and it recalled Paul and Virginia. It was, indeed, their son! He looked too old for his years, and gave me the last tragic news of this kind family. His father had been murdered near Matanzas in a slave uprising by the leader, who was none other than the son of Azucayua.

"This brought me to call on you, Madame," said he, as he opened a yellow paper and took out the old copy of Paul and Virginia, with my name and theirs on the fly leaf.

A few leaves of the allspice fell from the book. It brought back the ingenio and the cafetal, the memories of that bright day when I saw the young lovers, like two sociable grosbeaks, sit down the shaded paths.

Their bright beginning and sad ending (so brief was that little romance), made it seem as if the insect life of the tropics was scarcely more ethereal than theirs had been.

M. E. W. SHERWOOD.

HE, SHE, AND IT

MISUNDERSTANDING stalks the land;
A drear and dismal chorus
Swells from the noble martyr band
Who write our troubles for us.
"A stiff-necked people this," they wail,
"Whose sluggish pulses stir
Only at one plain stupid tale—
The way that He wins Her!"

There is a road to readers' hearts,
And old-time writers knew it.
Ring in that barefaced rhyme of "darts"
(No modern scribe would do it).
Spice up with "arts"—then do your worst;
Howe'er your style may err,
We all will read the ending first
To see if He gets Her.

But now! such tricks the trade's above,
And there comes in the trouble;
To proudly spurn the football Love,
Prick Reputation's bubble,
Are jobs they make the helpless swain
Unnaturally prefer
To spending all his might and main
In chasing after Her.

In vain with sins in fetching guise
He jovially juggles,
Or writhes before our shrinking eyes
In spiritual struggles;
In vain their heroines do and dare,
And startling things occur;
—They cannot see we only care
To know if He gets Her!

Say, brothers—what is fiction for?
Do we attack a novel
To subtly soak in knowledge, or
In grimy "problems" grovel?
—We buy, or beg, or steal the book
To witness, as it were,
By what well-baited hook or crook
He fairly captures Her!

O that mine enemy would write
A book—and earn my pardon!
Whose pages should the tale recite
First told in Eden's garden.
Ah, carping craftsmen of the pen!
We'll swallow down your slur
If you will give us back again
The book where He gets Her!

LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS.

THE STORY OF A PLAY

THE MOTH AND THE FLAME

BY
CLYDE FITCH

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Walton

At Home

Tuesday Evening, January—

at Ten O'clock.

*Children's Costumes
de rigueur.*

— *East 69th Street.*

"THIS is an awfully lovely party!" It was impossible to hear this rapturous exclamation, repeated again and again by the young man in snow-white pantalettes, without wishing that you had been invited, too. It was a lovely party. First, there was amateur vaudeville. The play began right in the midst of a familiar music-hall song, and you breathed a sigh of relief when you realized that there were to be no preliminary explanations. Up and down went the little tapestry curtain—how tasteful the whole room was and how skillfully the show was managed!—while the grown-ups, in their fantastic costumes, applauded and laughed, and screamed at one another. Even if the situation did remind you of that scene in the London version of *The Princess and the Butterfly*—in the American version, you remember, Daniel Frohman cut it out—you could not help admiring its cleverness.

After the vaudeville, off they all scampered, leaving the stage free for the serious business. And what could be more serious than love, especially when you saw that the good young man had no chance against the smooth and courteous villain, who wore the fascinating halo of many, many pasts? Of course, Marion Walton, whom Miss Effie Shannon made the most angelically beautiful of human creatures—of course, she tried to let poor Douglas Rhodes down easy, and a very pretty scene she made of it; and when Mr. Herbert Kealey appeared as the masterful Edward Fletcher, you knew that Marion was helpless. Still, Mr. Fitch might have permitted her to be just a little more coy; so lightly was she won, so absolutely out of hand, that the audience laughed aloud. It was an inauspicious beginning for the development of the tragedy to come, but Mr. Fitch held attention by the skill with which he had contrived it. There was genuine power in the scene where the old family friend, Mr. Dawson, in the person of the ever-delightful Mr. W. J. Le Moyne, informed Marion's father of the ruin Walton had brought upon his family by his speculations. Even the ranting of the actor who impersonated Walton could not spoil it, but it did spoil the scene that followed, where Walton had the stage to himself, and conveyed to the audience by prolonged pantomime that he intended to commit suicide. Can't you imagine how lovingly Mr. Fitch elaborated that scene in his fancy, and how carefully he must have written out the stage directions? Only a great artist could have played it well, and perhaps the subordinate actor ought not to be blamed for

making it utterly melodramatic and unreal. But what a situation it created! As soon as Walton left the stage, the fantasies trooped in again, and sat down to supper at the little tables. In the midst of the revelry they suddenly looked up and wondered why the chandelier was shaking! That was tremendous, Mr. Fitch. Ibsen himself could not have conceived anything more subtle and dramatic! Walton had tried to arrange matters so that his suicide should not be discovered till the party was over; but a chance revealed the horror, and as mother and daughter stood clinging to each other, too stunned to speak or to cry, the guests came dancing in again, holding hands and circling round them, singing—

Oh, won't you come and play with me.

And play with me—

Of course, the curtain ought to have fallen there. A finer chance for a climax has not been given an American dramatist for many a day. But Mr. Fitch had a point to make, and he let the chance slip. He kept us nervous and impatient till he had established the fact that Edward Fletcher would stand by his fiancée, ruined though her family was. But why could not this information have been given in the second act, during the gossip of the ushers at the church just before Marion's wedding? The setting of the church, by the way, could hardly have been improved. Then, too, in spite of obvious difficulties, Mr. Fitch contrived to lend to the wedding the air of reality. The social imbeciles reappeared, of course, and were made the vehicle of some delicious satire, in which Mrs. Le Moyne, as a much-divorced, much-misunderstood, and genuinely good-hearted gossip, shone to great advantage. A newcomer, too, made an excellent impression as an even lighter exponent of American vulgarity and chic, Miss Leila Ellis, who had established herself as a very clever comédienne at the children's party. After the usual wild craning of necks for the bride, the vision in white satin at length appeared. A bolder treatment of the sacrament of matrimony has never been known on our stage, and yet there was no suggestion in it of irreverence or of impropriety. Hardly had the ceremony begun when "the other woman" rushed forward and claimed the right to stand in the bride's place. Naturally, there was intense excitement among the guests, and the stage was cleared for action. In life, those guests would have remained—a few of them, at any rate; for such a circus would be too good to miss—but dramatic exigency, or convention, or what you will, drove them out. Presently we saw only the bride and groom, the clergyman, and the mysterious woman, accompanied by a mysterious child, whom she had brought forward from the back of the church. But there are some things in this world that even audiences understand without explanations. Fletcher assailed the woman's character and denied the child. "Go on with the ceremony," cried the infatuated bride. But she was fighting against the love, not of a cast-off mistress for her lover, but of a mother for the honor of her son. Doggedly, fiercely, the woman asserted her claims. Suddenly, Fletcher, losing control of himself,



THE MOTH AND THE FLAME
SCENE FROM ACT I

struck her in the face with his clenched fist! "You coward!" cried Marion, with a revulsion of feeling, throwing her bouquet at his feet. It was a bad moment for Fletcher, but it made a superb situation for the close of the act.

Back to her home we followed Marion on the day after the fiasco, and we found her much-divorced friend philosophizing over the wedding-gifts, which she was helping to return. How pathetic the tables looked, still adorned with the flowers for the fête! The tragedy was by no means over, however. Marion and her mother believed that they had done with Edward Fletcher, for they did not know it was his money that had saved them from the knowledge of the real cause of the suicide of a year before. From this knowledge they must be kept at any sacrifice, and Douglas Rhodes and old Dawson put their heads together to contrive the means. Their plans, however, were upset by the appearance of Fletcher, and by his desperate declaration to Marion that unless she would marry him he would expose the truth. That was a cruel stroke, but if he had n't made it under the circumstances, Fletcher would have hardly been human. Marion stoutly defended her father, and

there was nothing for her faithful friends to do but to let her know the worst. Douglas Rhodes proved that he was the generous fellow we had all along believed him to be, and we knew that Marion would not be permitted to suffer. "You must wait," old Dawson told him gently. Let us hope that he did n't have to wait long. For a moment we saw Fletcher again before he bade Marion farewell. He was not such a rascal as he seemed, and he expressed regret for the pain he had caused her. When he left, she followed him and saw him alone. On her return we were not surprised to hear that he had promised to give the mother of his child his name.

An unusually fresh and dramatic story! Mr. Fitch deserves to be thanked by every one who cares for the cause of the American drama. As for the representation, without being in any way remarkable, it was, on the whole, highly commendable. Mr. Kecey was earnest, Miss Shannon was pretty, but alas! colorless and conventional, Mrs. Le Moyne and Mr. Le Moyne played with delightful humor, and Miss Leila Ellis proved to be a most valuable acquisition.

W.



THE WAR AND THE CURRENCY QUESTION

NOTHING is now so characteristic of American politics as the rapidity of change from one public question to another.

The issues presented in party platforms are not only frequently lost sight of in the campaign following, but more often fail of attention when the election places in power the party that could vitalize them through legislative enactment. The best informed of public men do not always see how, in a great republic, the unexpected happens, and the thing counted upon to be the subject of the law-making powers' study is pushed aside. However, the new question is accepted with little or no protest on the part of the average citizen, and he engages in the discussion of it with all the zest that was being given to things then in hand. It thus happened that after the election of Mr. Cleveland in 1892, the proposition for a freer coinage of silver, though of no marked importance in the platform of the Democratic party of that year, and scarcely mentioned in the campaign, became of vital moment when the new administration assumed control, while the question of a reform of the tariff upon which the greatest stress had been laid, was so relegated to the rear as four years after not to be considered even of secondary importance. A similar situation presented itself in 1896 in the acts of the Republican party at St. Louis. The demand made up to the assembling of the convention was for a tariff campaign, and though the currency issue was given greater prominence in the platform than at first contemplated, it was designed to make the campaign upon the issue of more protection to American industries. Before, however, the delegates had returned to their homes, it became evident that the public mind was set upon the money question, and nothing could divert attention from it. The election was fought and won upon that issue and upon no other. It was not to be lost sight of through the tax measure presented and enacted at the special session of Congress convened by President McKinley. That legislation was accepted as a matter of course and without resistance, in order to clear the way for decisive action looking toward a reform of our banking and currency laws, and the definite settlement of the money standard of value in this country.

However great, until two months since, the desire might be in many quarters to pass by the money question and let it work itself out under the favoring influences of better prices for agricultural products and more employment for labor, the impossibility of so doing was each day becoming more manifest. The advocate of the single gold standard and the believer in the free coinage of silver were equally insistent that the voter again be appealed to, to either affirm or reverse the verdict of 1896. But events wholly unlooked for have again come upon us, and he is a bold man who, in the face of these newer forces which so largely make up the discussions of the day, would predict that that question

will be of the overshadowing importance that it was in the late presidential contest. The reason for such fact is not because there is now less need for remedial legislation than heretofore, or an acceptance on the part of the citizen of existing laws as being good enough and safe enough. It lies in the foreign complications which have arisen, the need of determined and united action against a nation with which we are at war, and the feeling everywhere predominant that an administration in power under such circumstances ought not to be harassed or embarrassed by partisan divisions over economic questions at home. The point has long since been passed as to the wisdom or unwisdom of the war being waged with Spain. The nation is in the midst of it, and patriotism demands that the Administration be upheld without division and without bickering. The public man who undertakes to gain political advantage by handicapping those clothed with responsibility in the present emergency, will only invite contempt for himself and disaster for his party. The public will tolerate much partisan folly and chaff when the interests involved are wholly domestic; but when the broader field of the nation's relations to sister nations is entered upon, a stricter and better code of ethics is enforced. The basis of such a code is patriotic devotion to the whole country's honor and integrity, and not subservient behest to partisan platforms and promotion of partisan demands.

The war, therefore, must necessarily eliminate, for the time being at least, that discussion and decision of the currency question looked for, and substitute issues which bid fair to draw the United States into a line of diplomacy hitherto deemed not within the range of our governmental policy, and scarcely to accord with the genius of American institutions. Economic problems will attract attention, and discussions upon newly-imposed taxes and increased indebtedness will be heard, but evidences are not wanting that under an order of things which will thrust itself upon the public, more serious thought and sound judgment will be needed to curb the growing spirit of a colonial policy, which would, in the attempt to widen the sphere of American influence, end only in creating dangers greater than any which heretofore have been dealt with. The acquirement of remote territory, separated by stretches of water, would present not less difficulty in the matter of conduct and control than territory gained in war. Thus far our strength has, in a great measure, been in our isolation, which has freed us from the rebellions that have always to be confronted by a government engaged in governing peoples of many nations and countries. With American energy turned to American institutions, and the creation of a citizenship wholly in touch with one central government, actively and directly participating in its affairs, a loyalty has been bred which would be wanting if that energy had been largely directed to foreign difficulties.

The embarrassment of the war will grow out of after problems to be dealt with, not in present ones. The public credit will not be allowed to fall, because no party in the face of a foreign assault

would dare permit it, or seriously undertake a policy which would tend to such end. If the future is freed from all these things, it is not impossible, nor at all improbable, that as a result of the war our citizens will turn with more reason and in a better spirit to the economic difficulties which have so long plagued both business and politics, and deal with them in such a manner as to avoid sectional bitterness and class prejudice. If war can bring the whole nation to the support of the government, why cannot some means be found to aid in greater unity of action when questions of a domestic character, equally vital to public and private well-being, are presented?

The elements of danger in the campaign of 1896 did not grow so much out of the issues involved as from the manner of presenting them and the sectionalism engendered. Upon war issues hatreds are to be expected and more or less impugning of personal honesty indulged in; but neither should find place in the treatment of matters of important public moment in a time of profound peace, where no one doubts equal fidelity to the government upon the part of all citizens. I do not believe that with the same issue injected into any future presidential or congressional contest, there can ever be as much of personal rancor and recrimination as heretofore. All will grant a greater freedom of thought and more absolute honesty of purpose. The demonstration has now been had that love of country and a determination to aid it in every critical crisis are not limited by geographical lines or inherently the right of a particular class of people. The man is blind who, in the midst of the occurrences of the present, has not seen that patriotism is not exclusively the growth of either poverty or riches. The fraternizing of the people upon fields made memorable by contending sections in civil strife will aid to a better understanding of the nation's needs, and a willingness to arrive at conclusions just and fair to all alike. Differences will still exist, many of them marked and strongly defined, but they will be honest ones, honestly defended. They will be had upon problems of finance and taxation, as well as on questions of public expenditure and personal rights, but they cannot longer be sectional in scope or treatment. If this war, of necessity, postpones such a treatment of the currency system as was hoped for, the country must find compensation in a knowledge that when again its defects are taken up, there will be less acrimony in debate, less appeal to passion and prejudice, less personal denunciation, more willingness to concede uprightness of opinion and disinterestedness of motive, and on all sides a general determination to mend the existing weakness in such a way as to work out the best interests of all sections of the country and classes of the people. Engaged with other things more political in character and aim, it may be, as the outgrowth of all the turmoil of to-day, that the solution of the economic difficulties of the government and the citizen will be given over to methods wholly free from partisanship, business-like in character and sound in principle.

JAMES H. ECKELS.

AMERICAN CITIES IN FICTION

II

NEW ORLEANS

NEW ORLEANS made a most brilliant début in fiction; in one sense, all her late appearances have been brilliant in every sense; and this makes it the more surprising that there is nothing of her, nothing more than her name, to be found in any but one extant romance between Manon Lescaut and the early work of Mr. George W. Cable.

Mr. George Saintsbury says that in Manon Lescaut "all competent criticism recognizes the first masterpiece of French literature which can properly be called a novel." More than that can be said, inasmuch as the Abbé Prévost gave Manon Lescaut to the world in 1729, it is the first novel, in the modern sense, in European literature. Robinson Crusoe saw the light ten years earlier, but Robinson Crusoe is not a novel, and Pamela was not published till 1741; and, moreover, even then nothing to compete with the French story in modernity—that is, in form, in closeness of construction—had been produced. This is a strange and proud position for a little tale to hold, and all the stranger as it, direct, close knit, was written merely as a sort of postscript to the long, rambling *Memoirs of a Man of Quality*, a work which showed no more sense of construction than its eighteenth century neighbors. Manon Lescaut and her lover flee to New Orleans, the conscienceless, womanish, appealing heroine dies her piteous death there, and in something like a cloud of glory the place passed into literature.

But the radiance of this entrance was all borrowed from the Abbé and his heroine. There is nothing iridescent in his picture of the town. We may be sure without much research that it was not done from life. French men of letters, even now, and with Pierre Loti to guide them, are not much given to going forth strange places for to see; and eighteenth century Parisian fine gentlemen and churchmen felt even more strongly the futility of leaving home. Prévost, simply looking on the map for a very desolate place, doubly desolate in being a long way off, to which he could send a young lady who must be made to suffer, naturally enough pitched upon New Orleans. He says that the town consisted of "a few wretched huts, inhabited by some four or five hundred persons;" and a Frenchman's horror of exile colors the whole narrative when the New World becomes its scene. Everything seems to happen in a dim underworld twilight that involuntarily calls to mind the Greek Hades, and the whole feeling of the exiles—subtly conveyed, for not much is said of homesickness—makes the modern reader understand better than before the awful terrors of exile to the Greeks. The Chevalier de Grioux and Manon meet it, indeed, on much better terms than were offered to an ancient Greek outlaw, but even a fraction of his emotional experience translated into terms so very modern is enlightening. New Orleans was prob-

ably a dull enough little camp a hundred and fifty years ago; but it could not have been as desolate as it looks in this sunless picture, where about the only local color and the least dreary tint one finds is in the arrival of the band of girls, who are speedily married off according to contract. The paternal government's custom of furnishing the needy with wives lasted long enough to work itself well into the traditions of the place, as we have had the chance to learn in later work.

We may as well take our time in looking at *Manon Lescaut*, for it is nearly a hundred and fifty years before another story calls us to New Orleans. It may be that there were once a few sentimental, ringleted New Orleans maidens serving as heroines in flowery ante-bellum Southern novels, but if so, they were the most perishable of their kind, and have long ago vanished from the shelves of the great reference and circulating libraries, and have left no trace in literary history. Possible exceptions may exist in some of the early stories of Charles Gayarré, the historian of Louisiana, and a man of real ability. He was a constant lover of his native city. Before the war he wrote two or three novels, and there is a presumption that they were more or less about her; but no library in New York has any copies of any of them, and New Orleans people here who were his friends do not remember them. *Fernando de Lewas*, by Gayarré, was published in 1872, and is a very decent forerunner of *The Grandissimes*. It only needs one of two things to bring it to a high place in literature; either genius of the old robust kind, such as lifted Fielding and Scott and Dickens triumphantly over their own diffusiveness, blundering and carelessness, or the close, firm technique that can make inferior gifts precious. Gayarré tells pretty much anything he happens to think of that strikes him as interesting, but he gives none the worse picture of New Orleans for that, and it is a picture full of color and warmth, steeped in tradition, and done with deep tenderness. It opens with a picture of the old college of New Orleans that has grace and humor and an affectionate local feeling—something different from mere local color—which should endear it to the descendants of those past and gone students. But better things follow, and the portrait of Zabab, the negro coke-vender, is far more successful and enjoyable in its intense individuality than many such an one from more famous writers. Old Zabab has a strong, quaint intellect of her own, and you are shown it in its ignorant, shrewd workings, instead of merely being told about it—the more usual method in portraying superior people, for it is not only the writer of detective stories who is embarrassed by heroes cleverer than himself.

But a greater than Gayarré was now at hand to portray New Orleans. It is an unpublished bit of literary history that the story of *Bras Coupé* was the first thing Mr. Cable offered the *Century Magazine*, and that it was rejected; but it was not sent back either unread or unnoted, to do the *Century* office justice. Mr. Gilder wrote the author that the thing was an incident, and not a story, and ought to be included in a novel, and

asked him to submit more work. The editor's advice was followed, not exactly to the advantage of the symmetry of *The Grandissimes*; so that the stories that make up *Old Creole Days* reached the critics before the stronger work, and gave them a chance to note Mr. Cable's growth, as exemplified in the tale of *Bras Coupé*. *Old Creole Days* for the first time brought home the charm of New Orleans as literary material to a wide public, and *The Grandissimes*, as the second (and so far the last) first-class novel America has given English literature, impressed it on a wider one. People who had known this material before in *Fernando de Lewas* had an opportunity to reflect on the curious and interesting likeness of the literary method in the two novels, and they have had since, in reading *Miss King*, a chance to extend the same observations. In a less degree than *Fernando de Lewas*, *The Grandissimes* has the same excursiveness and exuberance; it shows the same embarrassment of riches—not such a bad state of things in these days of sterile polish. Now, this gentle riotousness, like the lush growth in some old New Orleans garden, must come, it seems, from climatic and social conditions worthy the attention of M. Taine; as just noted, the same traits appear in the work of Miss Grace King, the third and last writer up to this writing who has notably enriched New Orleans in fiction. Yet there is no sign that either of the three has much influenced the others. Gayarré was not of an importance to affect deeply the style and method of a man so literate as Mr. Cable, and both gentlemen were more likely in this day to stand in respect to their unfashionable faults as warnings than as guides to Miss King. But they all have gone the same gait. Another likeness between them all is in their selection of characters. What dear physicians Miss King and Mr. Cable give us over and over again, as if they could not discharge their hearts on the subject, and each one tells us more than once that New Orleans people will recognize the men portrayed. The medical profession must long have done itself proud in New Orleans. And old Clemence, the *marchande de colas* of *The Grandissimes*, was she not drawn from the same model that furnished Gayarré with Zabab?

"I tell you," says Dr. Keene, speaking of Clemence, "that old woman's a thinker." Zabab was a thinker, a coke-vender, and, like Clemence, a New Orleans institution; there the likeness may be said to end, but the differences might well result from the authors' different points of view. Zabab has given her allegiance to the white people, her white people, has identified herself with them as their humble, proud friend; that is the kind of negro character Southern people are fond of portraying, and they do it often, with an unsalted, egotistical sentimentality that grows rather nauseous. But Zabab could sicken no one but a bitter partisan; she is true. If her author makes no revelation of the deep recesses, sure to be there, in which she cherishes a few sentiments that are not at one with those of the whites, he does not make them impossible to her, and in giving other and opposite feelings domination, he draws a genuine type. But

old Clemence, with her flatteries and enmities and the dangerous cunning of the oppressed, is as true and a deal more of a revelation to literature. Mr. Cable's coke-seller brings us to observe that New Orleans writers have distanced all the other Southern story-tellers of the day in frankness on burning questions. No place holds a fiercer partisan sentiment, none has been involved in deeper racial difficulties, or suffered more from the crimes these difficulties have brought about, but in the air is a touch of quaint old-world cosmopolitanism not to be breathed elsewhere beyond Mason and Dixon's line, and not to be crushed by prejudice; and her three novelists have voiced it. Of course, Mr. Cable is quite reactionary, though, as Dr. Sevier showed, wonderfully appreciative all around; but Gayarré, a Southerner in the proud partisan sense to the last, makes an ex-Union soldier offer his hero, after the war, the first hand that helps the prostrate man to his feet. And Miss King, with a charming feminine indifference to politics as politics, goes on giving such scenes as have moved her wonderfully tenderly malicious humor, or her bleeding pity, rather regardless of popular prejudice.

Earthlings and Monsieur Motte, her novels, are not as well known as they deserve to be, but her short stories have a choice, appreciative audience. Whatever she writes, she tells us of New Orleans, and the charm of the place, in her hands, makes us wish afresh that Mr. Cable would return to the ground of his first successes—and perhaps it is not too indiscreet to reveal that in a novelette still in manuscript he has just accomplished this journey.

My own view is that any American novelist who can write about New Orleans has no excuse for doing anything else. To be sure, as in birds which can sing and won't sing, proverbial wisdom in encouraging us to discipline them does not point out what to do. There is Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, a New Orleans woman, telling us only of rural and very different communities; and another, Mrs. M. E. M. Davis, in her short stories, often strays to other places, and even when she plants her characters in New Orleans, often gives them experiences that would seem more harmonious with any other American setting. Think of Mr. Gioto not being allowed to dance! In common gratitude one can't complain of what these ladies have done, but I must feel that they have not lived up to their privileges. Every one knows rural villages, and Presbyterians we have always with us. If it be insisted that this New Orleans atmosphere is not typically American, I say so much the better—the typically American material is not particularly typical of human romance, and a feeling for romance dates back farther than the discovery of Columbus, is the source of art's deepest power, and that is what New Orleans is calculated to feed. The great American novel that shall sum up the country—according to the baseless hopes of some critics—cannot be produced now, perhaps it never can be, because the country is too big and too varied to be summed up in one story. Local color is one thing—people must love and hate somewhere; local studies and extended explanations are another, and when

the intention to give information gets the upper hand, art may survive in enough force to command admiration, but it cannot be great.

New Orleans writers start with the advantage belonging to members of an old community of feeling that a great deal can be taken for granted; they exploit their town according to the beautiful spontaneities of their natures, with no sense of obligation to instruct you. There are other old communities in the United States, but none other so rich in the stuff that dreams are made of. Let all who can, spin them for us.

Think of cruel O'Reilly, of Lafitte, the pirate, of John Law, of General Jackson, of the titled gentlemen and soldiers of France and Spain, all ready and waiting to adorn stories of adventure for us, and not one written!

As to John Law, he, perhaps, should be included among the artists who have painted New Orleans in fiction, for the South Sea bubble certainly reflected her in prismatic hues.

VIOLA ROSEBORO'.

THE FAIRY'S WOOING

IT was the first sweet night of May,
Amid the scented clovers, O,
When every sweet came up this way
I spied two lonely lovers, O,
His coat was of the grass-green silk,
That quite outvied all lustrous, O,
And o'er her bosom white as milk
Her gold curls hung in clusters, O.

Now listen, listen, maiden bright,
That many a year I'm seeking, O,
No peace was mine, by day or night,
Until I heard you speaking, O,
Now turn, now turn, and come with me,
My fairy throne well gracing, O,
Shall Fairyland be yours in fee,
And milk-white horses pacing, O.

O I am but a humble girl,
Your throne would make me giddy, O;
Now choose some fairy, white as pearl,
To be your own sweet lady, O,
My father's heart would break with grief,
My mother's tears be flowing, O;
My hound, my dove, know no relief,
If I with you were going, O.

We'll sail in ships so fast and free,
With silken mainsails swelling, O,
Across the world, across the sea,
Far from your rose-clad dwelling, O,
Where shall not enter blame nor shame,
Nor mortal tears, nor longing, O,
Queen Aine's knights will bear your name
Upon their banners thronging, O.

O yet I will not come with you,
For all your promised blisses, O;
My mortal heart would break in two
For mortal love and kisses, O,
O better far a country maid,
With country love and pleasures, O,
Than bear a mortal heart dismayed,
Amid your fairy treasures, O.

KATHARINE TYNAN.



A SONG OF EXMOOR

THE Forest above and the Coombe below
 On a bright September morn!
 He's the soul of a elod who thanks not God
 That ever his body was born!
 So hurry along, the stag's afoot,
 The Master's up and away!
 Hailloo! Hailloo! we'll follow it through
 From Bratton to Porlock Bay!

So hurry along, the stag's afoot,
 The Master's up and away!
 Hailloo! Hailloo! we'll follow it through
 From Bratton to Porlock Bay!

Hark to the tufters' challenge true,
 'Tis a rote that the red deer knows;
 His courage awakes, his covert he breaks,
 And up for the moor he goes!
 He's all his rights and seven on top,
 His eye's the eye of a king,
 And he'll beggar the pride of some that ride
 Before he leaves the ling!

Here comes Antony bringing the pack,
 Steady! he's laying them on!
 By the sound of their chime you may tell that it's time
 To harden your heart and be gone.
 Nightacott, Narracott, Hunnaecott's passed,
 Right for the North they race;
 He's leading them straight for Blackmoor Gate,
 And he's setting a pounding pace!

We're running him now on a breast-high scent,
 But he leaves us standing still;
 When we swing round by Westland Pound
 He's far up Challacombe Hill.
 The pack are a string of struggling ants,
 The quarry's a dancing midge;
 They're trying their reins on the edge of the Chains
 While he's on Cheriton Ridge.

He's gone by Kittuck and Luecott Moor,
 He's gone by Woodcock's Ley;
 By the little white town he's turned him down,
 And he's sailing in open sea.
 So hurry along, we'll both be in,
 The crowd are a parish away!
 We're a field of two, and we've followed it through
 From Bratton to Porlock Bay!

So hurry along, we'll both be in,
 The crowd are a parish away!
 We're a field of two, and we've followed it through
 From Bratton to Porlock Bay!

HENRY NEWBOLT.

THE CELEBRITY

MARIA CHRISTINA, QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN

THE personal side of the present conflict with Spain has been little considered. Yet the figures of the little King and his mother have almost never appeared in the caricatures, and to almost every one must have come at times a thought of the pathetic figure of a mother fighting in a foreign country to preserve his heritage for her son.

Any one who knows anything of Spain and the Spanish character can realize what difficulties were added to the Queen's task by her Austrian birth. Writing from the Peninsula lately, René Bazin said of the Spaniard:

He has fine manners; he is simple, he is direct, and whether he be hidalgo or man of the people, you can rarely accuse him of a lack of courtesy. If you ask him anything, he responds;

if you want a service from him, he will rarely refuse. But he will never act in advance of your wish. The action would hurt him; the foreigner is after all a suspect, and the thought of winning the good will of the passing traveler does not occur to him. This is the most curious aspect of the Spanish character: no people has perhaps a more exalted idea of its own country. The Spaniards of to-day feel themselves the descendants, legitimate and undegenerate, of the Spaniards of the time of Charles V. Their nobility is not a thing to be established; it is self-evident. It is too great and too ancient for the actual heirs even to take the trouble of giving proofs. So much the worse for any one who cannot see it without proof. His testimony would be valueless against the country's own consciousness.

Maria Christina, furthermore, was Alfonso's second wife, married after the death of the beautiful Mercedes, whom the King had loved so romantically. So when the niece of the Emperor of Austria finally, in 1879, became Queen of Spain, there was some bitterness in her happiness. After her husband's death in 1885, she has worked at the study of statesmanship, and has really attained popularity in Spain. Her most ardent supporters say that if her government is not perfect, it is only because the legendary prayer of St. James is never to be granted. When St. James of Compostella died and entered the Kingdom of Heaven, the Almighty, wishing to express His appreciation of the Apostle's righteous conduct on earth, offered to grant him any petition he might make. Being a thorough patriot, St. James began by invoking the divine blessing on his beloved country, and then entreated that Spain might always possess the bravest men, the fairest women, the loveliest climate, the most fertile soil, and finally the most perfect form of government. "Stop!" exclaimed the Almighty. "All your wishes shall be granted with the exception of the last; were I to accord you that one also, all my angels would leave Heaven and take up their abode in Spain!"

To a Spanish correspondent we are indebted for a few rambling personal notes.

"Maria Christina, Queen Regent of Spain, is among the sweetest and most charming of women which it has been my happy luck to meet. Her character is endowed with a strength of purpose and an amount of good sense seldom found in the members of the weaker sex. Her life is one of great retirement, serious study, and useful occupation. As a girl she was not by any means inclined to be worldly, and her favorite recreation consisted in out-door sports, such as riding, driving, shooting, etc. She is extremely fond of horses and of dogs, and in her stables are to be found English, Spanish, Hungarian, Irish and Arab, as well as Ukraine horses, selected from the best of their kind.

"A more devoted mother it would be difficult to find. She is passionately attached to all her children, but the little King is her especial favorite, and the relation between them is exceedingly touching.

"The child's love for his royal mother is absolute, and they are seldom apart. Maria Christina makes a point of interesting the little boy in most of her own pursuits. Lately the Queen has insisted upon her son being present when she gives audiences to the various people who may desire an interview with her.



THE QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN AND HER SON

"She receives seated in a kind of small salon, the visitor being conducted through the entrance by the Grandee, or the lady-in-waiting on duty in the ante-chamber. As soon as the audiences are over the Queen, still accompanied by her 'Bubi,' as she calls the little King, retires to the boy's school-room, and investigates personally his daily studies.

"Unlike most people of her adopted country, the Regent is an early riser, and is, as a rule, fully dressed and drinking her morning chocolate before seven o'clock.

"Strange though it may appear, she is an excellent and conscientious housekeeper, and there is no detail too small to claim her attention in her immense household. Much criticism was caused by her carrying out, soon after her marriage, a great many reforms in the management of the various royal palaces. For instance, she saw to it that the viands coming from the royal table after banquets, or even ordinary meals, should be retained and served up again, instead of being either cast away or of becoming the perquisites of servants, as was formerly the case. Wine, fruit, bonbons, pastry and any dishes left, as well as flowers and wax candles, were before her time never allowed to appear again, the result being, of course, a most appalling amount of waste, especially as many of the almost priceless wines brought up from the cellar on great occasions had not even been uncorked.

"The Regent, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, is extremely kind-hearted, too much so sometimes, in fact, and she has been known to stop her carriage while out driving in order to attend the poor wretches who had met with some street accident. Her charities are practically boundless, and both she and little King Alfonso are never asked in vain for succor.

"It is a great mistake to think that the Regent is stingy, although this has been laid at her door by her enemies. The fact is, that since she became the ruler of Spain she refused to touch one single penny of the rental of \$200,000, which is hers by right as Queen Regent, and has placed this sum at the disposal of the Spanish treasury, together with a couple of million francs which she economized from the little King's civil list. Lately she presented the naval fund with another million francs, which brings the entire amount of her free gifts to the Spanish people to considerably over \$5,000,000.

"Notwithstanding all the kindnesses showered by Maria Christina upon every one who surrounds her, she has been visited with more misfortunes than fall to the lot of most women, and, strange to state, this is only one more proof of the fact that all Austrian Archduchesses who have married foreign Princes have been singularly unlucky. Poor Marie Antoinette was by no means the only one to whom such an alliance brought ill-fortune.

"The Regent is possessed of one of the sweetest tempers that one can find; she is never ruffled by anything, and her courage, as well as her gentleness, make her indeed a perfect specimen of well-nigh faultless womanhood. She speaks seven or eight languages fluently, is an excellent musician, paints delightfully, and models with extreme skill. Her love for flowers is something which forms

part of her nature, and her rooms are always filled with blossoms and plants which give a peculiar grace to every apartment she inhabits. She is like her aunt, Empress Elizabeth of Austria, an inveterate smoker of cigarettes, and nothing delights her 'Bubi' so much as when he is allowed to light for his beloved mother one of her favorite verbenascent papilettos. The Queen is not a beautiful woman, but her expression is so winning, her voice so soft and pleasant, and her eyes sparkle with so much intelligence and wit, that one forgets when speaking to her that she is not really handsome. Her figure is extremely good, and is displayed to uncommon advantage when she is on horseback, and her hands and feet are so small and shapely that she deserves indeed to be a Spaniard by birth instead of being one only by adoption. The most remarkable traits of her character are the extraordinary tact and judgment, which have helped her to hold the throne of Spain for many years on behalf of her orphaned son.

"Her life has been a singularly blameless one. The reins of government she has held in a grasp powerful enough to put many a man to shame."

This picture is by a loyal and loving hand, and in America one may read it with caution. But it shows, at least, what the private tragedy of Spain's defeat will be.

COBWEBS FROM A LIBRARY CORNER

A PRAYER

GRANT me no laurel for my brow,
I do not care for laurels now.
Vouchsafe to me no stylist tang
Like that of Pater, James, or Lang.
Give me no eye for things in sight,
So that like Howells I may write.
Send me no thirst to drain the cup
That bolsters the romancers up.
But give me, Fate, that method fine
To bring my writings up in line
With those which on the crest we see
Of "waves of popularity."
In short, send me, if so you deign,
The fine reptilian touch of Caine.
Blow out the sun, eclipse the moon,
Let discord take the place of tune!
And let me pen a book of strife
To take all sunshine out of life.
A book that sets one's flesh a-creep,
And drives away all thought of sleep.
Place in my heart the voice of doom:
I'd be the laureate of gloom,
Until I've earned enough to be
No slave to popularity.
O grant that I may soon be such:
Give me that fine reptilian touch!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.





OLD-TIME DRINKS AND DRINKERS

BLACK-JACKS

IN an old house in Narragansett stand on an ancient sideboard two cylindrical tankards, holding each nearly two quarts. They are a lusterless, yet distinct, black, of a grain like ivory, and resemble real ebony. Strangers ask: "What are they made of? Of pottery? of log-wood? of old oak? of smoked ivory? of soft metal?" They are neither; they are leather, waxed and possibly tarred, but blackened still a deeper dye with centuries of existence; for they are genuine old English black-jacks. On the face of these black-jacks are set shield-shaped scutcheons of polished silver, marked with crests and initials, and the handle is bound with silver; there is a silver rim around the top, and a silver band holds the leather bottom securely in place. Splendid relics they are of old-time table manners and table customs; of a material for tableware now wholly obsolete.

There was a day in English cheer when these black-jacks graced every board, when their humbler forms were seen in every alehouse. The old black-letter ballad, *Time's Alterations*; or, *The Old*

Man's Rehearsal, thus recounts the use of leather instead of metal or glass drinking cups:

Black-jacks to every man
Were filled with wine and beer;
No pewter pot nor can
In those days did appear.
Good cheer in a nobleman's house
Was counted a goodly shew;
We wanted no brawn nor sense
When this old cup was new.

We took not such delight
In cups of silver mine,
None under degree of Knight
In plate drunk beer or wine.
Now each mechanical man
Hath a cupboard of plate for shew,
Which was a rare thing then
When this old cup was new.

That it was not unusual to have these black-jacks tipped with silver is proved by many allusions by old authors, as for instance in the twelfth line of the poem, *The Praise of Yorkshire Ale*, 1697, "silver-mouthed black-jacks," and sometimes definite descriptions. Heywood, in his *Philocophonista*; or, *Drunkard Opened, Dissected*,

and Anatomized, 1635, gives a full list of the drinking cups in use in his day. One sentence runs thus:

Bottles we have of leather, but they are mostly used among the shepherds and harvest people in the country; small jacks we have in many of the alehouses of the cities and suburbs, tipped with silver; black-jacks and bombards at the court; which when the Frenchmen first saw they reported at their return into their country that the Englishmen used to drink out of their boots.

Dekker, in his English Villainies Seven Times Press'd to Death, tells of very quaint and pretty jacks:

In some places they have little leather Jacks, tip'a with silver, and hung with small silver bells, these are called Gyngle Boyes, to ring peals of drunkenness.

We are ever seeking revivals of old-time fashions, or making modern adaptation of antique notions. What could be more novel or more ancient than a black tankard of ebony or old oak, since we could scarcely have waxed leather to-day, tipped with silver, with silver scutecheon and cover hung with little silver "gyngle-boyses."

A bombard was a large black-jack. "Baiting of bombards" was a slang expression for drinking deep. Shakespeare called Falstaff a "huge bombard of sack." Sack is ever associated in my mind with black-jacks, perhaps from the old rhyme:

The great black-jack
Well fill'd with Sack, etc.

These bombards sometimes held several gallons. In the inventory of the goods of Sir John Fastolfe, who died in 1459, are potell bottels, gallon bottels, quartlets, four "galon pottis of lether," three "pottlers of lether," etc. The black-jack made a good tavern-sign. From the window of the Black Jack in London leaped Jack Sheppard to escape arrest.

The old festive song, The Leather Bottel, is two hundred years old. A bottle had a stopple; therefore, the song asserts the bottle's superiority over a jug or black-jack, in these rhymes:

Then what do you say to those black pots there?
If a man and his wife should not agree
Why they 'd tug and pull till their liquor doth spill,
With a leather bottel they may tug their fill.
And pull away till their hearts do ake,
And yet their liquor no harm can take.
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottel.

Black-jacks and leather bottles were used for a time by the American colonists. Governor Winthrop had leather bottles among his belongings, and he sold a black-jack to Governor Endicott for one shilling and sixpence. In the inventories of the Connecticut colonists, leathern jacks, bottles and cups are named. But few, however, now are in existence in America; their bands and handles of silver have been taken off and melted, and the stout leather vanished. The two Narragansett survivors are exceptionally good existing examples, and were exceptionally handsome black-jacks even in their day and time. Few now can be found even in England. They were, however, in use in Winchester College until the year 1840.

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

THE ROMEO AND JULIET OF McGARRIGAL'S ALLEY

"Oh we're frinds to our frinds, an' we're foes to our foes.

Not a coward belongs to the Hibernia Hose."

SO sang Owen Casey, as he stood in the back yard of his home in McGarrigal's Alley, a pail of water on a bench before him and a bar of yellow soap in his hands, removing the strata of grime accumulated during a hard day upon the Richmond coal piers.

"Arrah, Owen, allanna, give over!" exclaimed Mrs. Casey, from the single living-room. "D'ye want the far down nixt dure till begin his ballyragin? Don't be after vexin' him, there's a good sowl."

"Sure an' it's a quare t'ing, Honora," responded Casey, "iv a man can't do as he plazes in his own back yard." And to show his independence of every one he resumed:

"Oh, the 'Bernia's built a ragin' fire, the tongue man rang the bell.

Iv the Taylors come over Master street, we're bound——"

What they were bound to do still remains a mystery, Casey being interrupted by a wrathful voice exclaiming from across the low fence that divided his back yard from that of his neighbor.

"Ellen, we move out at this gut at wanst! Divil such caterwalin' have I heard in the whole coorse av me loife. Faith, an' a dacint man can't have a bit av pace!"

This backhanded compliment to his vocal abilities caused the smile to vanish from Casey's face. Peering across the fence, he perceived his neighbor, Felix Mahoney, engaged in an occupation similar to his own, his fat, pudgy cheeks puffing with anger.

"Wur yez alludin' till me in yer remarks, Mister Mahoney?" inquired Casey.

"Sure, till the wan else," answered Mahoney, promptly, halting in the midst of his ablutions. "Sure, an' yer scrachin' 's enough till droive a body intil the lu-nat-ic asylum! An' while I have yez here, Casey, I wud give yez warnin'."

"Av what?" asked Casey.

"Till kape yer Denny from follyin' after me daughter, till stop him from glasterin' aroun' her all as wan as a sick calf. Faith, an' he had the brass, bad seran till him, till ax me last night iv she eud go with him till the moonlight picnie given by the blaguard club beyant at the corner!"

"D' ye tell me so? Begorra, an' I t'ought Denny had more av his father's pride than till be follyin' after the daughter av a Taylor Hose man."

About this point in the dialogue a plump, pretty girl, with blue eyes and a crown of short, yellow curls, emerged into the alley through Mahoney's front door. Tommy Brennan was shooting craps on a cellar door a few yards away, and was greatly ruffled when he felt himself seized by the scruff of the neck and yanked to his feet.

"Say!" exclaimed he, twisting himself free, "wot's de matter wid——" but he subsided upon seeing that his energetic assailant was Mame Ma-

honey, for Mame brought him chocolate creams from the candy factory.

"Tommy," said she, in a hurried whisper, "run around t' corner an' see if Denny Casey's there. If he is, tell him t' hurry home right away."

"De old guy's in holts again?" inquired Tommy, with a grin of intelligence, stowing his dice away in his trousers' pocket.

"Yes; hurry up!"

Tommy scampered up the alley upon his errand, while Miss Mahoney re-entered the house to endeavor to stay the flood of vigorous and picturesque epithet which her sire and his neighbor were exchanging across the fence.

A short time previous to this, Denny Casey, hot, dusty and tired, had pushed open the half-doors of Swinghamer's saloon, and planted himself alongside the bar. A curbstone band was booming through a popular air without, the saloon was filled with the clatter of stone mugs and the buzz of conversation.

"Gimme beer, Hans," directed Denny, "an' gimme it quick! I've got cobwebs stickin' in me bloomin' t'roat."

In a moment a thick, squat mug was slid down the bar toward him, the white foam heaped high above the rim and running down the sides.

"Say, Hans," he gasped, after a long, blissful pull that drained the mug of its last amber drop, "dis joint o' yours ain't as gilt-edged as some I've run up against, but yer wet is de hottest t'ing dat ever cum down de pike. Gimme another."

"Yaw, I kebe me goot beer," smiled the genial host, "Yacob," to his assistant, "ein beer for Misdar Gasey."

At this moment Denny caught sight of Bud Brady, Secretary of the Aurora Borealis Athletic Club, who was sitting in a far corner, his feet upon a table, dividing his attention between a newspaper and a fat, black cigar.

"Have a beer, Brady?" invited Denny. Nothing loth, Mr. Brady approached the bar and clinked mugs with his fellow-member.

"Say, Casey," observed he, wiping his mouth with the bar towel, "I wanten put ye next t' somethin' I got a line on dis mornin'. I met Marty Haley down at de club, an' he slaps me on de back like dat, an' says, 'Youse'll soon be gittin' an invite t' me weddin', says he; 'me an' Mame Mahoney's as good as spliced.'"

"Why, hully gee," says I, "I t'ought Denny Casey 'ud win dat game in a walk."

"Not on yer life," he says. "I'm a dead ringer wid de old man, an' Casey ain't one, two, t'ree."

"Much obliged t' ye fer puttin' me on, Brady," said Denny. "But dis ain't just a new t'ing t' me. Mame wuz a tellin' me dat de old man wuz a pull-in' de wires for Haley, but she's dead sore on him, an' de t'ing won't work."

At this juncton Tommy Brennin poked his head under the half-doors, and called out:

"Hey, Denny; Mame says t' come home right away. Yer old man an' her'n's havin' a go over de fence!"

Denny's face took on a look of deep disgust.

"Dem two old guys gives me a pain," declared he. "If one ain't chewin' de rag about dat hose company bizness, de other is. Dey act like a couple o' kids."

Then, excusing himself to Mr. Brady, he hurriedly made his exit from the saloon.

If the feud between the Montagues and the Capulets made old Verona's streets ring with strife, that between the Caseys and Mahoneys kept McGarrigal's Alley constantly in an uproar. In the days of the old volunteer fire departments, Casey had "ran" with the Hibernia, while Mahoney had been a member of the Taylor Hose, two organizations which were continually at daggers drawn. The bitterness of the rivalry existing between these two companies has become proverbial. If by chance they met, en route to a fire, all thoughts of property-saving were cast to the winds, and the hostile fire-laddies flew at each other with all the combativeness of the Kilkenny cats. The reader will readily perceive the depth of this feeling of enmity when he hears that, despite the lapse of years since the disorganization of the old department, Casey and Mahoney had failed to bury the hatchet, that the old factional fire burned as fiercely as ever.

Little wonder, then, considering the circumstances, that Mahoney objected to Denny Casey casting languishing glances at his daughter. However, he would not admit that he was prejudiced against young Casey because he was the son of his father.

"He's no fit match for Mary Ann," declared Felix to his neighbor, Mrs. Dolan. He would insist upon calling her by her baptismal name, despite Mame's vigorous objections. "Shure, an' she eud have Dinis Kerrigan for the axin', an' him the owner av t'ree liquor saloons! An' thin there's Marty Haley, a tidy, smart young felly, wid a pull in his division an' a job in the gas office, and him breakin' his heart after her."

Denny Casey did not bear the slightest resemblance to the love-sick young Montague that we see upon the stage—it is impossible for a man who drives a dump cart to look romantic. Nevertheless, he was the ideal of Mame Mahoney's maidenly dreams, the dashing cavalier of her young romance. Which of the members of the club could pilot a girl through a glide waltz as gracefully as Denny? Which of them looked as neat when dressed in their Sunday best? Mame could think of none.

"There ain't no in the whole gang in the same class with him," she maintained, stoutly. "As for that fat-headed Mart Haley, I would n't give Denny's little finger for his whole body."

The Mr. Haley referred to was a person of considerable prominence in the ward. Some few years before, while tending bar for Kerrigan, the saloonkeeper, he had, backed up by the social club element, performed a brilliant coup and won the nomination and election for school director. This had gained for him a great reputation for political sagacity and division "statesmanship." The municipal powers that were received him with open arms, and thenceforth he was looked upon as a

made man. At the time of which we are writing, he held a sinecure in an uptown branch of the gas office, and a well-established rumor was in circulation that he intended to oppose Swartzman for the nomination for council at the coming primaries.

Felix Mahoney, with his native shrewdness, saw that a man of Haley's caliber could not fail to rise in the politics of the ward—and to have a rising politician for a son-in-law was a thing not to be sneezed at. Mame's partiality for young Casey bothered Felix exceedingly. He felt that if he did not exert his parental authority the affair would get entirely beyond his control, little dreaming that it had arrived at that stage long before.

When Mame came down into the little living-room, on the morning after her sire's latest verbal skirmish with the elder Casey, she was not a little surprised to find him dressed in his black Sunday suit, seated by the back window smoking his pipe.

"Ain't ye goin' t' work t'day, Pop?" inquired she, as she began hurriedly crimping her hair before the mirror. Her mother was getting her lunch ready to put into the imitation leather bag that Mame carried to work. The little bundle of books which were never read, but which she religiously carried every day to and from the candy factory under the impression that she deceived people into thinking her a school-girl, lay at hand to be snatched up when she was ready to set forth.

"Not the day, Mary Ann," said Felix, in answer to her question. "I have a small matter that I will be after attendin' till."

"What is it?" persisted Mame. For her father to take a day off was something unusual, and her curiosity was aroused.

"I am goin' the length av the gas office till see Marty Haley."

"To see Marty Haley!" Mame dropped her curling tongs in surprise. "What for?"

"I intind, Mary Ann, till put an ind till the glasterin' av that young calf, Casey. Mr. Haley axed me some time ago for me consint till yer marriage wid him. It is me intintion, Mary Ann, till give it till him the day."

"But, Pop!" exclaimed Mame, in dismay, "I do n't want t' marry him!"

"Mary Ann," said Felix, sternly, "I belave I am owlder thin ye, an' by that rason am fitter till judge the matter thin yezself. Marty Haley is a snug young man, an' will make a better maich for ye thin wan av McGlory's dump car drivers. Not another word out av ye, an' be off till yer bit av wurk like a good girl."

There was a large percentage of tears intermingled with the caramels which Mame wrapped that morning. But her father was in ignorance of the fact when he put on his gala day high hat and set out for the gas office.

Mr. Haley was seated upon a high stool behind a big desk with a long line of gas consumers stretching away from the window awaiting an opportunity to pay their bills. But their presence and evident anxiety to finish their business and be off did not affect clerk Haley in the least. He calmly disregarded them and proceeded with a con-

versation which he was carrying on with his right-hand neighbor.

"It was the greatest graft I ever put me lamps on," he was saying. "Hogan wuz at de bat an' he poked a ringer out inter de right garding. Gil-hooley, wot was receivin' fer de Shamrocks, let de next ball go t'rough him, an' Hogan swiped second. De nex' man up had four bad ones handed out t' him an' walked. It wuz Murphey's nex' turn wid de stick, an' he ripped one at de guy what wuz a-playin' short, an' de gent fell all over himself tryin' t' secoop——" But at this moment Mr. Haley discontinued his graphic narrative. He had perceived Mr. Mahoney, who stood by the little window beckoning to him. Despite the mild protests of the patient line of waiters, he immediately left his desk and ushered Felix into a back room.

The interview that followed resulted, a few days later, in the ward being flooded with cards reading as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Felix Mahoney
Cordially solicit your attendance
at the wedding of their daughter
Mary Ann Mahoney
to
Martin Haley, Esq.,
at Kelly's Hall,
October 25th, 189—.

Denny Casey was dazed when he heard the news. Had Mame given him the mitten, he wondered. He ventured to put this fear into words on the night after the tidings reached him.

"I'm beginnin' t' t'ink dat Mame's turned me down," said he to Mrs. McTurpin, the young widow who carried on the Second street millinery store. "It's gittin' int' me knot dat she's give me de marble heart."

"No such thing," answered the little milliner, sharply; "Mame thinks just as much of ye as she ever did. Her father's makin' her do this, the old brute! She cares no more for that Mart Haley than she does for—for——" Mrs. McTurpin was at loss for a simile, but covered the fact by branching off into a long narrative descriptive of a conversation between herself and Miss Mahoney, in which the latter had tearfully protested her undying devotion to Denny.

This information braced Denny up wonderfully. The watchful eye which Felix was keeping upon his daughter had prevented his speaking to her since the invitations were sent out. In this old Mahoney displayed his sagacity. He knew that New Jersey was not far off, and that a flying trip across the river would upset all his plans. It would not have taken young Casey an instant to have played this latter card had he received a chance to talk to Mame. As matters stood, however, he felt helpless. But he had a versatile and aggressive friend in Bud Brady, the club's secretary.

"Say, Casey," said this latter, "I'm gittin' dead queered on ye about dis t'ing. Jest because ye run up agin a tough game, ye put down yer han's an' quit. I'm a frind o' yours, ain't I?" continued he. But without pausing for a reply, he went on: "An' when I'm a frind to a man what's down, I always treat him right. Say, leave dis t'ing t'

me, Casey; I've got a wrinkle what'll straighten everything out so that every one but Haley an' old Mahoney'll be dead satisfied."

Young Casey knew from experience that Brady was an adept at a peculiar but effective style of sledgehammer diplomacy, and at once professed himself as being ready to put the matter entirely into his hands.

Brady drove an ice wagon during the day, and among his many patrons was Magistrate Moran, a warm friend of Councilman Swartzman. Bud might have been seen the morning after his talk with Denny, chopping and weighing a block of ice in his wagon, which was drawn up at the curb before "Judge" Moran's office. When he finally gripped the ice in his tongs and pushed open the office door, he found his Honor alone, seated upon his high bench, with his silk hat tilted upon the back of his head, his thumbs inserted in the armholes of his vest, and a fat cigar clinched between his teeth.

"Hello, Brady!" saluted the genial squire. "How 's things?"

"Hot stuff," responded Bud, as he jammed the ice into the cooler. "Say, 'squire," he continued, after he had replaced the lid, turning around and leaning his elbows upon the desk, "did ye hear about Mart Haley goin' for Swartzman's scalp at de meetin' o' de ward committee las' night?"

His Honor's face darkened a trifle as he replied that he had.

"I only heard a whisper of it," said he. "Were you talking to any of the committeemen?"

"A little! Old Pat Carrol, from our division, give me de whole song an' dance. Haley said dat Swartzman wuz pullin' wid de other side; dat he wuz on'y in de game for de stuff, an' when he got de chanst he'd give de gang de ice-house laff."

"Haley's altogether too fresh!" exclaimed Moran, indignantly. "He's trying to queer Swartzman and get the nomination himself. I'm onto him with both feet."

"Say, Judge," remarked Brady, coming closer, and speaking in a confidential whisper, "I'm a friend o' yours, ain't I?"

Bud was a member of three different social clubs, and was altogether a popular young man with the younger element in the ward. Naturally the magistrate heartily replied in the affirmative.

"Well," continued Bud, "Haley's workin' de gang for rank suckers, an' dey can't see his game. If ye want t' help Swartzman, I'll put ye nex' t' a wrinkle dat'll queer him wid the whole push."

The judge earnestly assured him that he was eager to be of service to his friend, and requested the iceman to unfold his plan. For a good half hour Bud's horse stood patiently before the magistrate's office door. At the end of that time its master emerged, his face wreathed in smiles. Jerry McGlory, the contractor's son, was just passing in his buggy, and Bud hailed him:

"Say," inquired he, "did ye git a card fer Mame Mahoney's weddin'?"

"Sure," responded Jerry, holding in his horse.

"Well, do n't fergit t' go," remarked Bud, as he clambered up to his seat. "Dere'll be a push

o' surprised mugs at Kelly's Hall dat night, or I'm a Turk. Git up, Pete!"

The days flew quickly by, and the eventful night of the wedding arrived. Schmid, the caterer from Girard avenue, had been engaged by old Mahoney to provide the feast. The little palm-trees, planted in green tubs, which Gallagher, the undertaker, used at funerals, were pressed into service as decorations for the hall, along with scores of Japanese lanterns swung in rows from the ceiling. Livery-stable keepers in the neighborhood reaped a harvest as each of Haley's political friends felt duty bound to attend the function in state. What occurred, however, we will allow the diplomatic Mr. Brady to relate in his own peculiar style.

"Say," said he to the circle of eager listeners, gathered about him in the club's parlor on the following night, "ye never seed a t'ing in yer life dat worked as slick. When I got t' de hall I seed Jerry McGlory an' a lot more o' de gang standin' in de door. 'Say,' sez I, 'dere's goin' t' be somethin' happen; will ye stan' by me? I knowed dey'd say yes, an' dey did, see! Haley wuz upstairs wid a push o' guys wid plug hats on, but Mame had n't got dere yet. De people wuz a-floatin' in all de time, shakin' Haley's wing, wishin' him good luck an' all de rest av it. When Magistrate Moran came sailin' in Haley looked kind o' s'prised, but when Denny Casey pushed open de door ye cud a knocked him down wid a straw. A'ter while all de wimmin made a break for de winders, an' I knowed de bride wuz a-comin'. I tuk a sneak out inter de entry an' met her as she wuz a-comin' upstairs, lookin' kind o' red aroun de eyes, an' wid her old man an' woman elost behind her. Slingin' a big bluff at helpin' her, I whispered in her ear t' come out on de landin' again as soon as she got de chanst. Den I give de 'squire, Casey an' me heelers de tip, an' we all stood in de entry a-waitin'. Mame wuz dead game; she knowed dere wuz somethin' on de carpet as soon as she put her lamps on Denny. When she came outer de room, I grabbed her an' Denny, hooked dere fins togeder, an' de judge yanked out his book. I had de squire fixed all right, because I promised him t' queer Haley fer de nomination by gittin' de whole ward laffin' at him. Says de judge to Mame, 'Are ye twenty-one?' 'Yes,' says Mame. She wuz a-lookin' kind o' white aroun' de gills, but her grit wuz all right. Den de squire started t' plug ahead wid his book, an' jist as he got about half way t'rough somebody opened de door an' give the whole snap away. Haley made a dive at Casey, but I wuz in his way an' he run inter me. I never wuz stuck on Haley, an' I give him a half hook in under de jaw for old time rocks. Den his fr'en's in de plug hats started t' chip in; but de gang wuz behind me, an' in t'ree seconds dey wuz de sickest lookin' gang o' pills ye ever seed. By de time we got t'rough wid 'em de judge had de knot tied. Old Mahoney jumped aroun' like as if somebody had a string onto him, but he wuz jist a-wastin' his wind. It didn't take him long t' find it out, either, because everybody started t' give him de marble heart, an' sez it served him right. An' say, on de quiet, Denny an' Mame's goin' t' house-

keepin' around in Murphy's Court, an' dere goin' t' give de gang a big blow-out jist as soon as dey git fixed. So youse guys don't wanter overload yer stomicks dese days or ye won't have any room for de feed. Do I t'ink Haley 'll do Swartzman? Not on yer life! Say, dey ain't a corner he kin pass widout de bums gives him de ha-ha. His name 's Dennis in dis district; ye kin write dat on yer cuff."

JOHN T. MCINTYRE.

REVIEWS

WAR WITH MARS

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS.—By H. G. Wells. 12mo. Illustrated. Harper & Bros.

WHEN Mr. H. G. Wells wrote his story, *The War of the Worlds*, he probably thought that war with Mars was almost as likely to occur as a war between modern nations. And while experts speculated as to what might be the result of combats between these engines of unknown possibilities, modern battleships, Mr. Wells let his imagination play with stranger machines of war and extra-terrestrial powers.

Mars is an older planet than the Earth. Smaller than our world, and more remote from the sun by 35,000,000 of miles, it has been cooling through the centuries until at its equator the temperature barely approaches that of our coldest winters. Its atmosphere has grown thin, its seas have shrunk and the iron cap of snow and ice at either pole binds it more tightly with the passage of years. In the twentieth century Mars was a dying planet, and from it the Martians looked sunward to see the green earth basking in light and heat. The race of Martians was an older one than anything on earth, and their powers, sharpened now by the struggle for life which was closing in upon them were something man never has dreamed of. The earth swang before them too tempting a lure, and they determined on conquest.

In the later years of the nineteenth century, according to Mr. Wells, strange disturbances were seen on the surface of Mars, and a great illumination was seen on the disk of the planet. Later, this was thought to have been the casting of the huge gun, the vast pit sunk into the planet, from which shots were fired at us.

Six years ago (Mr. Wells is writing in the twentieth century) the storm burst. In an observatory in Java it was discovered that a huge outburst of flaming incandescent gas had taken place on the surface of Mars, and the spectroscope indicated that it was moving with a tremendous velocity in the direction of the earth. Beyond a few stray notes in the next day's papers this created no excitement, but for ten nights this phenomenon was continued.

Then one summer morning near London, it was reported that a strange and vast meteorite had plunged into Horsell Common. Hundreds of people gathered to see the thing, a huge gray cylinder about thirty yards across. For a day or more this half-buried mass lay on the common, and then



THE MARTIANS APPROACHING WINDSOR

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finally the top began gradually to unscrew, and out of the center tumbled an unspeakable horror, the first Martian. "A big, grayish, rounded bulk, the size perhaps of a bear, was rising slowly and painfully out of the cylinder," is the report of an eye witness. "As it bulged up and caught the light, it glistened like wet leather. Two large, dark-colored eyes were regarding me steadfastly. It was rounded, and had, one might say, a face. There was a mouth under the eyes, the lipless brim of which quivered and panted and dropped saliva. The body heaved and pulsed convulsively. A lank tentacular appendage gripped the edge of the cylinder, another swayed in the air."

Evolution on Mars had brought forth a strange type. The body had become almost rudimentary, for the Martians had invented such mechanical contrivances as took away any necessity for anything more than the brain and the hand, its servant.

But to the startled spectators by the pit of the first cylinder the Martians seemed only a kind of unwieldy land devilfish, and the police were ordered out to protect the creatures and see that, if possible, they might be captured alive.

Then came the crash. A slender mast rising out of the pit carried the new instrument of destruction. From it was projected a heat ray, which



THE ACTUAL MARTIAN

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moved, invisible to the eye, searing and blasting and setting aflame everything within range. Then began the campaign, against which all modern artillery and all the resources of man's invention proved unavailable. Night after night the cylinders from Mars plunged into the earth. Heat rays guarded their pits and, within, the Martians set up great fighting machines, in which they strode over the country on their work of destruction. These were great spider-like tripods, higher than a house, bearing at their top a mass of machinery, articulate arms of metal, heat ray projectors, and a hollow head, in which lived the Martian who guided it.

Sweeping towards London in these machines they devastated the country. Then such a panic of flight seized upon London as the world had never seen. Struggling like wild beasts, the inhabitants fled by railways, steamers and craft of any description, on foot, or in any vehicle which could be secured. The Martians occupied London, although from time to time a ragged, drunken carnival was held by a rabble, who sneaked out like water rats into the light of the Regent Circus.

In this book is not only such general history of the war as it was possible to gather, but the whole is made vivid by the personal experiences of the writer. By various chances he was enabled to see almost every stage of the campaign. He saw the

first cylinder, and the last one crushed in a part of the house in which he was lurking. From the crevices of the ruins he watched the Martians building their machines. He saw London in its desolation, and he witnessed the strange death of the Martians, by the unsuspected agency which finally saved the earth for man.

The extra-terrestrial powers of the Martians protected them against any human attacks. But in Mars there are no microbes, and the Martians are not, as we are, acclimated to the attacks of these microscopic enemies. In the very height of their triumphal career something which they could neither see nor understand attacked them, and in their war tripods they died of sudden decay. The earth was saved. London filled again with its buzzing millions, and the War of the Worlds remained as a memory only. Mr. Wells' book is vivid and exciting, and invaluable to the student of the history of the early twentieth century.

THACKERAY AND VANITY FAIR

VANITY FAIR: PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES OF ENGLISH SOCIETY.—By William Makepeace Thackeray. Biographical Edition. Prepared by Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie. 8vo. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

IN just the same way that it is reassuring to know George Washington was capable of an occasional pettiness, so it is enjoyable to hear the little Thackeray called "Billy boy," as, doubtless, the youthful William has ever been called since the Conqueror was a lad. For the great novelist's work stands out more and more distinctly against the broad background of English letters as the years advance, making it the more needful to preserve a clear vision of the man through his work, with all that tenderness of soul and proud humility of spirit which make him so good a man—and so good a fellow. Owing to his behest against a formal biography—a behest which was in itself a prophecy—his life stands in the minds of many of his readers somewhat like one's first illustrated lecture, here and there a luminous picture to be remembered, but for the most part a pleasant impression of warm twilight pervaded with scents of roses and violets, through which a well-modulated voice percolates in half-forgotten explanation.

If this first volume of the "Biographical Edition" is a fair example of the dozen which are to follow it, success is evident. Some may not like a three-volume novel squeezed into the covers of a single crown octavo; it is a little crowded, perhaps. The book is too large for pocket companionship and too heavy to be read under the trees with summer leaves and summer skies as a frame for its pages. But Mrs. Ritchie tells us what we most wish to know of Thackeray's life in connection with his first great novel, and it is all delightful to read and will be delightful to remember. She does the unusual, but the perfectly obvious thing, in the charming way we should call her own if her father had not handed it to her from among his own treasures. She takes his little-boy life, and draws from it an occasional inference, as when the austere and awesome Miss Pinkerton is seen to be derived from an

even more tremendous teacher and preacher whose kinswomen were wont to declare reminded them of nothing less, in his reading of the Ten Commandments on a Sunday, than the thunders of Sinai themselves. We learn that the "little Indian boy" was unhappy in his first two schools, and remember how tender this has made him to unhappy children ever after; that he was too short of sight to play at ball, a recurring grief, like that of the man who longs through impotent years for skill on the piano; and that once, at Chiswick, he ran away from the school, became frightened at the busy Hammersmith road, and ran back again, setting the incident which had cost him much real suffering close in that spot unhappy children put apart for such things, and so leaving no one the wiser.

The little boy grows to be a man, and in due course sets up an establishment, comprising his mother, her mother, two little children, three servants and a black cat, all at Kensington in the house wherein *Vanity Fair* and some of the others were to be written. We learn anew of the difficulties its author had in persuading a publisher to make them both famous, and that a failure might have ensued in spite of it all had not the episode of Miss Perkins' Ball caught the fancy of that queerest of critics, the reading public. It all leaves a feeling of wonder whether such a writer with such a manuscript would have such a difficulty now—and the bellowing herds of strange cattle who still think Thackeray "a cynic with latitudinarian tendencies" come into mind and force a decision at utter variance with both inclination and judgment.

There is also "a page from Pumpernickel" in letters written home from Coblenz, coupled with an entirely serious request—where his humor seems to have failed him for a moment—that he be given a cornetcy in the Yeomanry, so a uniform may be worn to satisfy the requirements of the petty German courts—and a little personal pride.

There are, too, happy little sketches of Thackeray, the draughtsman, with his children and their friends as models—"his drawing is wonderful," a fond mamma had written long before; suggestive little comparisons, as of the manuscript of *Vanity Fair*, full of erasures, while *Esmond* flows from the pen without requiring change or correction; endearing little reminiscences, as of the hearty dislike their author had for all the people in *Vanity Fair* "except Dob and Amelia," and, at last, that illuminating sentence which should serve as a final answer to every detractor: "These thoughts pursue me plentifully. Will they ever come to a good end? I should doubt God who gave them if I doubted them."

Such matters as these, distributed as they are to be through the thirteen volumes of the series, and supplemented by many hitherto unpublished letters and drawings in plenty, will serve very well to conceal the lack of a connected biography. We have an impression that this is as new as it is a praiseworthy departure in literature, and we are sure it cannot fail to cast new renown upon the fair fame of both father and daughter.

EDELWEISS

IRELAND, WITH OTHER POEMS.—London: Elkin Mathews. Boston: Copeland & Day. 1898.

MR. LIONEL JOHNSON'S second book of verse comes in the same guise as his first—the board covers of a grave blue simplicity, the page wide and restful, every poem dated and dedicated. By these little physical signs one may gather the import of his art. It is reclusive, it is patrician, it is unworldly and white of conscience; it sings steadfastly, as Ben Jonson wished himself might do, "high and aloof." Its inspiration stands ample and apparent, but inspiration here is not synchronous with abandon. The gift received scarcely outruns the honor paid to it; the lyric gold is not tarnished, though it is sometimes overlaid by the private passion of intellectual loyalty brought to bear upon it. One knows how Mr. Johnson must fare in the crowd: his rich, meditative music, in its close-woven sequences, will be called obscure, incommunicable, and dismissed into the company of Donne, Daniel, and The Unknown Eros. For, clearly, his affinities are not with the crowd, nor indeed with any public, any reward, except that predestined for him. An obstinate and deliberate following of one natal star; a service incorruptibly proud, while "using all gently," such a love of letters that any least lyric, born in its shadow, proves itself part of a rite and a worship—this is no common spectacle; but how heartening! Once in a while the heroic austerities of art o'erleap themselves and fall barren; happily, not here, as yet: there is opulent melody, the comely rhythms laugh and blossom. Indeed, their blemish is the endearing and unexpected one; sometimes, as by a paradox, diffuseness comes, and even redundancy, from the poet who is also the prince of junior critics. Beauty, order, calm, a very intense twofold predilection for things of the spirit, and for that magical Past whence one "may daily conjure up the view of many imperial faces," rule Mr. Johnson's intelligence. So ruled, he is necessarily freer than any outlaw. He seems to see most things by the light of a lantern brought from some Benedictine scriptorium; yet to no one has sun or moon disclosed larger wonders, and on the coasts of "the shaken dark" he has found and cunningly reported brave workings hidden from the naturalists. Again, though the aroma of folios cling about him, he is scarcely academic: a lone scholar-hermit, rather, one who tents in a tree and shares his herbs and nuts with wild creatures,

In Boëdromion beautiful with sheaves!

Ireland is exactly in key with the Poems of 1895, but as a whole, not so memorable. This is readily explained, inasmuch as it represents a second choice, an aftermath, among numbers long written; very few of these bear a date later than that of the first exquisite collection. The imaginative range now is somewhat less, as the sympathetic range is greater. Certain currents deepen and interchange, though the surface is the same. Nowhere in our contemporary world is a lyre so wedded to religious and high racial ardors: ancient

England, "Wales with all her flowered ways," Ireland especially, ever melancholy, ever fair, ride his page; and the enchantment and heart-piercing mysticism of the Catholic faith well up continually, as when one walks an upland field sown with thyme. Everywhere is a human comprehension, tender and mature, loveliest in the young; everywhere, too, are the vision, the vast horizon, the masterly metric handling, the phrase royal. The appeal of this precious muse, purely engendered, non a diis alienis, is nevertheless, as has been said, to the few. Upon her, as Mr. Hamlin Garland once put it of our eclectic New England, "the blighting frost of culture has fallen." Alas! Mr. Lionel Johnson is a child of Winchester and Oxford; worse yet, he punctuates! and punctuates with a most premeditated perfection. Scornful of "elegant extracts," let us leave him to his lovers. It is wiser to seek out the mountain flower where it grows, and thank Heaven for it, than to inquire for a specimen bloom-withering in the market.

A JUSTIFICATION OF FAITH

DREAMERS OF THE GHETTO.—By I. Zangwill. Harper & Brothers.

A DREAM is a curious thing. While it lasts it is very real; more real, say some psychologists, than waking life. But with most men the reality of dreams vanishes before the reality of everyday life. We can hardly remember our dreams till after breakfast.

A somewhat similar reality have ideas, or we might rather say, ideals; they are, in most minds, real until they come into contact with everyday facts. In other minds, however, everyday facts bear no comparison, so far as reality is concerned, with ideas. For them the idea is real, cost what may.

To this latter possibility Mr. Zangwill bears witness in his latest book. The Dreamers of the Ghetto are all idealists. One is struck at once with the futility of all the dreams. No one, whether faithful Jew, or, as is more common, skeptic or unbeliever, appears before us with a morning dream that comes true. There is none of that confident imagining which finds the world in line with its high aspirations. Yet it would seem that this cannot be the main thing, this monotony of failure. Take them all (letting not one pass unnoticed, even at the risk of tedium,) the child awakening out of formalism, the young convert foiled in his effort to give what he has gained, the outcast rationalist and suicide, the simple enthusiast and renegade, the pantheistic philosopher still bound to humanity, the genial Antinomian, the learned beggar imprisoned by his understanding, the defeated soldier of the Liberation War, the tragic comedian, the Asiatic diplomatist in his English insignia, the enthusiast for the Return, the poor peddler in his feeble failure to get back to Palestine, the sturdy optimist resolute against most trumpery failure, the naïve artist who rediscovers what had long been known, the poor private Ecclesiastes of our own day; all these are evidences of failure in

Judaic dreaming, but they are also better evidence of something else. They are evidence of a power to dream.

If we put away the notion that Mr. Zangwill had nothing further in mind than to tell a number of effective stories, or the other notion that he had no further desire than to exhibit the narrownesses and follies of Judaism and the futility of attempts to escape; if we see in each story, over and above its power as a story, the implication of Judaic ideality, we may perhaps incline to go farther and ask ourselves, What is it supposed that all this ideality amounts to? Mere kicking against the pricks of fact? Is it merely "the tragedy of Christ, the tragedy of His people, the great world-tragedy?" Or is there any oracle forced from the Sphinx?

It must be confessed that Mr. Zangwill offers no general pervasive thought, nor even when he considers the matter himself as a "modern scribe in Jerusalem" does he really offer any solution to the question which he has raised.

The best of the stories, like *The Master of the Name*, are those which have most of feeling and least of thought. Tried by any rigid standard, the stories become more and more empty, the more we look in them for intellectual content. Take, for instance, *The Maker of Lenses*: one compares it instinctively with Walter Pater's *Sebastian van Storek*. The two stories have a great difference. Walter Pater gives the real working of a mind,—he had himself thought through the phase of thought which he expressed; it had been real to him, and it may become real to the reader. Mr. Zangwill's story will hardly be quite understood, even, by any one who has not reminiscences of Spinoza. We have a story about an idealist, but no realization of an idea.

Again, *The People's Saviour* will bring to mind *The Tragic Comedians*, even before the Meredithian sentences toward the end. Here certainly we cannot say that Mr. Zangwill has not realized his character. He has realized him, as far as concerns his ambition, his passion, his power. But he has not realized him so far as concerns his idea. That was a thing George Meredith could do, could have done in that particular novel, had it been his plan, much more than he did. It is Mr. Meredith's way, when there should be an epigram, not to say that there was an epigram, but to have the epigram where it should be. That is Mr. Zangwill's way, too. But Meredith can do the same thing with ideas, which is another matter.

We take it that Mr. Zangwill is on the whole an artist, not a thinker. He has seen dreamers and he presents them to us so that we see them. And this is no mean thing, to give the world fresh assurance of the power of faith. It makes the ever necessary protest of art against fact; it helps to keep up the courage of the world. Perhaps it is the best service possible. For ideas come and go; any particular idea is very real one year and wholly unreal the next. The truth that is lasting is that they can be real at all. And that after all is an idea in itself, and as Mr. Zangwill has obviously grasped it and brings it presently before us, we must have been wrong in saying that he was no thinker.

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FOR LOVE OF COUNTRY; A STORY OF LAND AND SEA IN THE DAYS OF THE REVOLUTION.—By Cyrus Townsend Brady. 12mo. \$1.25. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

IT would be hard to say in what way future novelists will show the romantic element in a latter-day ironclad sea-fight. It will probably be in treating the great war machines personally, as though they were huge battling monsters with a terrible appetite for destruction. However that may be, we know thoroughly the romantic charm of a sea-fight in the old days. Then the interest centered in the captain and his crew. It took a skillful, cool, brave man to maneuver a square-rigged ship well enough to get to windward of the opposing vessel, to keep the weather of it, to sail with racing nicety, and still to attend to the confusion and destruction of a steady cannonade. Our naval officers to-day are undoubtedly heroes in action, but they have not the spectacular opportunities. The passing of the expression, delivered always in stentorian tones, "Man the topgallants' l sheets and halliards," had much to do with the waning of the individual glory of the rover of the seas.

It follows, perhaps not logically, but none the less truly, that a tale with plenty of old-fashioned naval battle in it is bound to be interesting. Mr. Brady has written two exciting sea-fights very well. We confess to a delightful thrill when the little Randolph strips for action. We like to hear the shot crash into the wooden sides of the boats; we like to "wear ship," "luff," "rake," and wave cutlasses, gallantly shouting "all hands to repel boarders." We like to be desperately wounded by stray pistol balls and things, and sink back murmuring the name of our loved one many hundreds of miles away. Of course, the loved one is not many hundreds of miles away; she is about ten feet away aboard the enemy's vessel, but we are n't supposed to know that, so we do n't. This sort of thing is lots of fun, and we enjoy it. We know just what is coming, for we have been there before. There is a lover, in the American Navy, and a girl who is promptly captured by raiders and sent to England. The ship on which she is to cross, naturally, is a "ship of seventy-four," commanded by an English officer and gentleman, with such an overweening confidence in himself that he really imagines he can capture the lover's prize ship, mounting one lonesome "stern chaser." He ought to know better. It is an American vessel in a Revolutionary novel. The lover, as usual, knows of a shoal with a single narrow channel (if it is n't a shoal, it is always a sandbar), to which he lures the unsuspecting Britisher. Then come the boat-swain and the patch. The boatswain is a latter-day Hercules. He chews tobacco, uses Addisonian English, and has been attached to the hero since his birth. This individual recognizes the British ship by the patch on her foretopsail; he put it there himself, usually with a herring-bone stitch. If we were to offer advice to a British naval commander, it would be this: Never have a patch in your foretopsail; it will get you into trouble. The lover realizes his mistress must be aboard—agony

of mind, conflict between duty and love; duty triumphant, British ship destroyed, with all on her.

Of course, the mistress is n't aboard; we all knew that. She missed the boat, or something of that sort, and is to be found on the next "ship of seventy-four" which the lover tackles. This time his sloop "of twenty-two" goes down with colors flying, leaving the British ship of the line so badly crippled that she sinks soon after. Heroic boat-swain dies distributing blessings shotgunwise in the hope some of them will stick. Hero and heroine escape; one on floating spar, the other in only small boat left intact. Then comes more agony and doubt, ending in the last chapter in a meeting in the very spot where first they had "plighted their troth."

Outside the sea-fights, which are really good, there is not much worthy of notice. An ambitious preface makes claim to new characterization of Washington, which is not borne out by the body of the work. The movements of the land forces are told in the time-worn symbols of military histories. Some of the sea terms are a little doubtful. We imagine that even a naval reserve would have trouble explaining the precise technical meaning of "broad off the lee beam." The language has the faults of Cooper's—about the same sort of ponderous vivacity and meretricious rhetorical turn of phrase that leaves an impression of syntactical accuracy which analysis destroys. However, Mr. Brady has one gift; he can tell a story interestingly, in spite of falseness of plot and character. There is plenty of hope in that.

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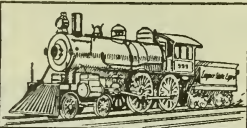


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THE CHAP-BOOK

Vol. IX, No. 2

SEMI-MONTHLY

June 1, 1898

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NOTES

ENGLAND'S LOVE FOR AMERICA has always been duly proportioned to the size and efficiency of the American Navy—one of the consequences of sea power which has so far escaped even Captain Mahan's erudite attention. Just at present the American Navy has reached its acme, as a matter of history, having more ships and better ships than ever before, with more men, and just as good men—there will never be any better. Moreover, France is threatening England's African possessions, and it makes a thorough and workmanlike job for Great Britain and the United States—arcades ambo—to administer chastisement to two Latin countries, one of them in decadence and the other in trouble over its perverted population sense. Hence Mr. Chamberlain's Birmingham speech and the general British air of pride in the victory of the Americans at Manila, together with a sense of proprietorship in any glory accruing to them, as near relations—and no longer poor ones.

That is over on the other side of the water. On this side we have always been fond of England, and the English have long served a useful purpose in our politics by frightening a timorous population into a reactionary conservatism which is the choicest specimen of its kind. We have a rather vivid recollection of the Trent episode, when our navy was fully occupied, and a more recent, if less pronounced conception of the Venezuela incident, when George Canning and James Monroe stood together in a blaze of newly and suddenly discovered glory. These things being as they are, and the British taking comfort in the fact that they and the Americans are both English, it is not strange that the heart of the man in the "States" should warm toward the now well-conducted inhabitants

of the country whose history was his own until 1776.

Yet there is surprise felt in many quarters at the completeness of the rapprochement, and, indeed, it is surprising. It is no exaggeration whatever to say that there is a better feeling between Great Britain, Canada, Australia, and the United States, and in the English-speaking world in general, than has been known since James Otis became the custodian of its liberties in 1762 against the usurpations of George III. For the first time in all these years, we learn from the *London Chronicle* that a hundred thousand men will gladly march under the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes through the city of London, to show how fond they are of us; and for the first time in these 136 years the mention of England or the waving of the British flag is nightly greeted with applause in our theaters of all degrees, to show how fond we are of them. And, moreover, everybody seems to be heartily glad of it. The sentiment of Captain Josiah Tattnall, "Blood is thicker than water," is distributed more thickly than either, for all that its originator, after helping England to whip the Chinese, had not the slightest hesitation about firing on his own flag throughout the civil war.

THE SURPRISE IS REALLY in the sudden development of the sentiment. To the secular eye it began with the messages of condolence sent from every nook and corner of the earth where the English flag waves to President McKinley after the destruction of the Maine. The attitude of the prime ministers of the Australasian colonies in sending the message direct, "because they are related to us," instead of through the more usual and formal diplomatic channels, was pleasant to the American. So was the kindly Canadian settlement of

the Alaskan boundary dispute. And so, to all our large and growing family of cousins, must have been the lowering of the victorious star-spangled banner in grief for the taking off of Gladstone throughout the country generally, during the passing week.

But the first signs of approaching friendliness were undoubtedly to be found in current poetry. Miss Edith M. Thomas, Miss Caroline Duer, and a host of newspaper poets may be quoted on the American side, and Dr. Richard Garnett, Mr. Frederic Myers, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, and Mr. Alfred Austin on the English.

Of dialect verse, there is an example or two—none the less serious for being clad in a jocose garb, and curious enough to be worth quoting. Some unknown rhymester prints a cockney effusion in the London Chronicle, already referred to, which concludes:

And the answer it runs through the nytions whenever ar con-
due' offends:

"Grite Britain! Git 'awf-a-brick ready. She ain't gort no
friends."

No friends! It mye be, but we might 'ave. Ther's writin'
as none will efface,

Ther's a tie as no folly can loosen, the tie between men o'
one race * * *

And nor, when the sky's clardin' over, the sarnd of the
battle is near,

The voice of our race staws a-speakin', the 'int as it offers is
clear:

"Friend Jonathan—s'posin' you warnts us—remember we 're
'ere."

This is almost identical, *mutatis mutandis*, with the offer from this side held out by Mr. Robert W. Chambers in his insufficiently appreciated *With the Band*. This particular poem is dedicated to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whose muse has been too much occupied with preaching to descend to mere amenities. Its title is *If There Ever Comes a Day*, and it opens thus:

You're a-scrappin' ev'ry minnit,

Tommy A.

An' you look on this here earth,

An' the people what is in it,

As your legacy from birth,

Tommy A.

You've a damn unpleasant fashion

When your bloody bugles play,

Of a boundin' in a passion,

An' demandin' right of way;—

With your helmet on your head

An' your tunic all of red,

An' your bloody bugles playin'

All the way from Mandalay to Bombay;

But—

Go, it! all the same,

Tommy A.,

Tommy A.,

For we're partial to your name,

Tommy A.

Half a million Boys in Blue

Drink a health, you brute, to you,

And they'll cheer you from Bombay to Mandalay,

Tommy A.

Half a million Boys in Blue

Have a sneakin' love for you,

An' perhaps they'll prove it, too,

If there ever comes a day

When a brother need a brother for to help him on his
way,

Anywhere this side of hell and Mandalay,

Tommy A.

This does not exhaust the list by any means; but it will serve to show that the matter of closer international relations between the members of the English-speaking race is not a mushroom growth hastened by the hothouse air of war and rumors of war. On the contrary, the verse of the poets, minor and major, for a number of years, serves to show that the man who reads contemporary poetry may know more of the world's state of mind than the man who reads the newspapers.

A BAND OF ASPIRING AUTHORS must at once go to the front and put an end to the war. Otherwise it will be impossible for them to be authors. No one reads anything nowadays except pictures and stories of the boyhood of our admirals. What does any one care for books? Even the great Zola is reported as grieving in his corner because no one thinks of him, but only of the war. In England, it is reported, they still read, and failing all else, a general emigration of our literary men might be advisable. Mr. G. W. Cable is already there giving readings in the houses of Mr. Barrie and Dr. Nicoll at 10s. 6d. the ticket. At home the fledgling author runs a new and insidious danger. The Eastern publishers are accepting books liberally, we understand, with a jocose little clause inserted "war permitting." This allows a genial expansion of the heart towards the owners of manuscript and entails no risk for the publisher.

A SIGN OF FRIENDLINESS to Spain on the part of France which has escaped general observation is reported from Paris.

The body of the illustrious negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, for some time absolute master of San Domingo, was buried, by order of Napoleon I, in the little cemetery of the Fort de Joux, near Pontarlier. For some time past negotiations have been progressing between the French and Haytian governments for the transfer of the patriot's remains to his native soil. M. Hanotaux now considers that it would be inopportune to allow a demonstration which might be misinterpreted. Toussaint L'Ouverture will therefore remain unexhumed until after the war.

In view of the fame which public elocutionists rather than historians have made for L'Ouverture in this country, it is strange that this grimly humorous incident should have been overlooked.

YONE NOGUCHI, from San Francisco, issues *The Twilight*, appropriately named, as it is probably the last of what the public knows as "freak magazines." *The Twilight* is full of the rude scrawls of M. Takahashi and the mystical poetry of Noguchi, as strange and wonderful as this curious Japanese always is. But the unique thing about *The Twilight* is its ingenuous appeal for subscribers:

STOP THY BATTLING, O AMERICANS AND SPAN-
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AND READ IT UNDER THE SPRING SHADE OF TREE!
WHAT HAPPY RESIGNATION! LAY THY WEAPONS
ASIDE, O MY COMRADES!



PORT OF MANILA



CHURCH OF SAN SEBASTIEN

ADMIRAL DEWEY had no sooner captured the harbor of Manila than the newspapers added the entire group of the Philippine Islands to the new colonial empire which they are founding. Then it was discovered, to the confusion of Sunday editors, that almost no one knew anything about the Philippines, or even Manila, and that the literature on the subject was surprisingly small. Returned missionaries found themselves elevated to a position of great importance.

Manila, in case the army of occupation succeeds in pacifying the country, will be a fashionable resort in a year or two, we suppose. Mr. Flagler may perhaps be induced to build a hotel there. For Manila is already a considerably civilized place, with as much as a telephone system and electric lights. The city proper, La Ciudad, is described as a dead city, a hot, dried-up place, full of monasteries, convents, barracks, government

buildings, and ruins left by former earthquakes. But on the opposite bank of the river Pasig, connected by a handsome old stone bridge, lie various suburbs and pleasant suburban villages. San Sebastian is the mercantile quarter, and in the low

houses along its principal street immense fortunes have been made, and doubtless will be made again when less troubled times come. The Church of San Sebastian is a modern affair, made of iron, the whole building being brought from Spain and set up on its arrival. The other faubourgs are Bimondo, Tondo, Santa Cruz, San Miguel, and the especially aristocratic quarters of La Ermita and Paco.

Life cannot, however, be very pleasant in Manila. There is no love lost between the Spaniards fresh from Spain and those born on the islands, and there is the fiercest envy between the whites and the half-castes. There is occasionally a performance at the Span-



GENERAL VIEW OF MANILA



BUSINESS STREET OF SAN SEBASTIEN



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We know two horrible ones, the submarine boat with a corkscrew, and the explosive whale.



The submarine descends rapidly beneath a Spanish vessel.



Invisible, it fastens itself to her side and the cork-screw makes silently a large wound.



Two hours afterwards the vessel sinks without knowing why.



And the submarine mounts to the surface to sharpen its cork-screw.



The explosive whale is designed to destroy the Spanish whalers which hunt the cetacean in the waters of the New World.



The whale is offered, and swallows a kind of fish covered with a paste which the monster adores.



This fish is nothing else than a terrible explosive bomb, with a clockwork movement which retards the catastrophe five or six days.



When the Spanish whaler gets the whale on his harpoon it explodes as well as the [ship] at, its side.



There is a risk that this machine might be dangerous to neutrals, but war has its necessities.

ish theater, but it is rare. The chief amusement of the native population is cockfighting.

Outside Manila, even after four hundred years of Spanish rule, the islands are not thoroughly known. General Merritt may become a discoverer and explorer, as well as a conqueror.

THE GREEDINESS FOR NEWS which has seized, like a prostrating disease upon the editors of this country, is capitably illustrated by the stories that come from the very heart of war. Key West is the heart of war correspondence, at least, if not of war; yet it appears that there are times when news is as scarce there as it is in an extra edition of a metropolitan daily. But the local paper must have its news and bring out its extra editions, for all that. And so the war correspondents, as they cool their heels over the veranda railings of the Key West Hotel, post up bulletins to the effect that Sampson has had three horses shot from under him in an engagement with the Spanish, or that Schley was wounded while heading a cavalry charge, and the guileless Key West editor immediately gets out an extra.

The news which the censorship lets through is about as authentic as this Key West editor's. And before the censorship was rigid, the telegraph poured northward thousands of words shining, not with the light of truth, but with almost superhuman imagination. After the bombardment of San Juan, a correspondent who had been at least fifteen miles out at sea the whole time sent the elaborate account by an eye-witness of the scenes in the streets of Porto Rico's capital during the time. With inflated language he described how "Pauline, the beautiful daughter of the Governor, and the richest catch of Porto Rico," stood by her

father's side as the shells fell all around them. The father, it seems, urged his child to leave, but she swore that she would never desert him, and that together they would drive those pigs of Yankees from San Juan's streets should they dare to land.

This, any one will admit, is a rattling good story to come from a man so completely at sea as the correspondent was regarding any real facts.

The papers commonly contain warnings against news coming from Madrid. The great public, which is only half freed from the magic of print, cannot be too well nor too often warned against news emanating from friend as well as foe.

MISS MARIE CORELLI'S LIBEL SUIT against Mr. Leonard Smithers has already been noted in these columns. It will be of interest, therefore, to extract from the famous front page of advertising in *The Athenæum* the small notice which it is expected will be as balm to Miss Corelli's wounds.

PUBLIC APOLOGY.

TO MISS MARIE CORELLI.

I hereby express to you my regret that in a book published by me, called *Literary London*, statements have appeared which are damaging to your reputation and position as an authoress, and I undertake not to sell any more copies of the book until the passages complained of are eliminated. I authorize you to publish this apology.

Signed, LEONARD SMITHERS, Publisher.

It is a downright shame that we cannot have more of this sort of thing in America. There is a comic side to the artistic life in England which we sadly lack here. One only resource is now much worn with use, and our paragraphers will soon find that even lampoons of Mr. R. H. Davis pall upon the public taste.



A NEWLY DISCOVERED FRESCO BY GHIRLANDAJÓ

A NEW PORTRAIT has been discovered of the man who gave America its name. Vasari, in his account of the life and works of Ghirlandajo, speaks of frescoes done by that artist in the chapel of the Vespucci in the Church of the Ognissanti in Florence. These frescoes had been covered up, and the Ghirlandajo paintings were only known through this presumably incorrect note of Vasari's. But the old chronicler, as has so often happened, has been proved veracious after all, and under various encrusting layers of whitewash have been found the frescoes originally described in his page. The special interest in the portraiture is, of course, the picture of the young Amerigo at the age of twenty. In 1616 the fresco was covered up, but in 1898 it comes out in a very admirable state of preservation. Amerigo Vespucci is the figure of a youth who is kneeling at the left, directly by the foot of the central figure.

THE PROCESSES OF LITERARY JOURNALISM by which reputations are procured for the extremely young nowadays have their drawbacks. Prematurity of fame carries with it the danger of untimely dignity and old age. In the days of antiquity, say a quarter of a century ago, an author of thirty-eight was not only a young man, but a young author as well. Nowadays, either he has never "arrived," and never will, or he has been a celebrity for a decade and is now sinking into the mingled distinction and obscurity which is old age.

What else can it mean but this when a young man like Mr. Barrie appears in collected editions, and writes introductions to the definitive editions of other novelists? The question of collecting the works of a novelist when he has barely begun to write was discussed more or less widely at the time of the appearance of Scribner's Complete Kipling. But the question of introductions is still fresh. Why should Mr. Barrie write an introduction to Mr. Cable's new edition of *The Grandissimes*? An introduction, we fancy, ought either to bring forth new facts, or to crystallize critical opinion in a final word. Now, if Mr. Barrie has ever been to New Orleans, it was for a three days' stay at the St. Charles Hotel. And if through his pleasant intimacy with Mr. Cable he has derived fresh information as to the historical background of Mr. Cable's fiction, would it not be better for that author to write his own judgment?

If, on the other hand, a delicate appreciation of Mr. Cable's charm is what is forthcoming, we could find a better place for it than the early pages of this new edition. Mr. Barrie's views of *The Grandissimes* might make a capital magazine article. But that they can form an integral and necessary part of the final form of that novel we fail to see. And it seems as though Mr. Barrie were clapping a white wig on his thirty-eight-year-old head and playing the patriarch.

MARK TWAIN is to become a dramatic writer. It was time, if he did not wish to be the only au-

thor left who had not turned dramatist. He is, however, to be an adapter (frankly, not covertly, as are so many playwrights), and is to prepare for the stage three German comedies, including a new one by Blumenthal and Kadelburg. We sincerely hope financial success at least will attend this venture.

Mr. Clemens' financial reverses are very pathetic, and very distressing to him. They are also very distressing to the public. About once a year this favorite author and a chorus of his friends raise a loud cry of lamentation and launch a new volume upon the world. The quality of literary work turned out from Mr. Clemens' wailing place has not improved with these successive volumes. If the playwright will only remove his burdens so that he may again be blithe and happy, every one will rejoice.

MISS ANNIE RUSSELL recently produced a play at a *matinée* at the Empire Theater to prove that she was not merely a sentimental ingénue. Her effort was laudable, but she showed poor judgment in her choice of material. So perhaps she should not be severely judged for her failure to create an illusion. The fact remains that in rôles for which she is usually cast, she nearly always appears to advantage; but in *The Scenario*, by Mrs. Ethel Watts Mumford, she appeared at a great disadvantage. Nevertheless, let us give her credit for having presented a work that offers so good an object-lesson to young dramatists who still have their art to learn. The *Scenario* bears the marks of the kind of work that is the result of "inspiration." It might have been written over night—at a white heat. No, not at a white heat—the dialogue is too clumsy. Mrs. Mumford had an idea, a nice, little, ingenious, and apparently practicable idea for a play, and a three-act play she proceeded to make of it. The idea is that a father, to avenge the murder of his son, goes to the woman who had committed the crime, and, on pretense of reading the scenario of a play to her, relates the details. Now let us see how Mrs. Mumford has developed this idea. In the first act we witness the murder. A young American woman is married to a Mexican half-breed and forced to keep a gambling hell. She determines to steal his money and to run away with her lover. The husband detects her in the robbery, strikes her, and meets his death from her knife. In the second act we find the lady in Paris, where she has been launched as a successful actress. She learned to speak French without an accent, we presume, in her early youth at one of the Parisian convents. A prince, "the Prince," they call him in the play, wants to marry her. Her former lover, now her "cousin," wants to blackmail her. She tells "the Prince" the story of the murder, leaving out all reference to the lover. "The Prince" pities her, and admires her more than ever. In the third act the old greaser father comes in to read the scenario to the great actress. *Quel bêtise!* as they say in the native city of "the Prince." As he closes, the father thinks that his victim has escaped him. She is dead.

The performance was notable for one feature, the

acting of Mr. W. F. Thompson, as the half-breed husband. It was a most elaborate and subtle characterization.

UNDAUNTED by the fact that another ex-leading woman of a New York stock company, Miss Georgia Cayvan, dropped just thirty thousand dollars on her starring tour last year, Miss Viola Allen is to start out in the autumn with a company of her own. Well, she may have luck. Much will depend upon her plays. There is no doubt that nowadays the play's the thing, and the American dramatist never had so good a chance. Miss Allen has some ability, and she has also a good following throughout the country. Few actresses have been given opportunities and do so many kinds of work, from heavy tragedy to light comedy; so her talents have been well seasoned. Unfortunately, she has serious mannerisms, a trick of forcing her lower voice and an exasperating affectation of sweetness of manner. If she would adopt a natural style and keep to the colloquial method of speech, she would do far better work. It will be interesting, after Miss Cayvan's fiasco, to watch Miss Allen's venture.

SANDY, LAIRD OF COCKPEN, dearly loved by all readers of *Tribly*, has followed his good friend, George Du Maurier. Mr. T. R. Lamont, who was the original of that character, has just died. The English papers say that one can almost write his biography by reference to the pages of *Tribly*, making slight verbal alterations.

Mr. Lamont was the son of a manager of a bank at Greenock, and, having shown an ardent interest in art, went to Paris, where he entered the studio of M. Gleyre, the famous teacher. This is Du Maurier's introduction of his friend: "Another inmate of this blissful abode—Sandy, the Laird of Cockpen, as he was called—sat in similarly simple attire at his easel, painting at a lifelike little picture of a Spanish toreador serenading a lady of high degree (in broad daylight). He had never been to Spain, but he had a complete toreador's kit—a bargain, which he had picked up for a mere song in the Boulevard du Temple—and he had hired his guitar. His pipe was in his mouth—reversed; for it had gone out, and ashes were spilled all over his trousers, where holes were often burned in this way."

Mr. Lamont was about the same age as Mr. Du Maurier. He had attained a fair amount of success as an artist in water-colors, and as an illustrator. He was an Associate of the Royal Water Color Society, and was an intimate friend of another North Country artist, Mr. Frederick Shields. Mr. Lamont was well described in *Tribly* as possessed of "a face so blithe and merry, and well pleased that it did one good to look at him."





GEORGE DEWEY
WHEN HE WAS WITH FARRAGUT

THE THREE COMMANDERS

DEWEY, the New Englander; Sampson, the New Yorker; Schley, the Southerner—a geographical marvel. Dewey, the man of fashion and society; Sampson, the student, self-contained and reserved; Schley, the rescuer of Greely, the man of anecdote and wit, the "old campaigner"—a marvel of characteristics. All the United States and all that in them is gather about the three men to whom they have trusted their national honor on the seas.

It is a pleasant task, saying something of these officers of a navy which has never done anything

but add laurels to Columbia's wreath. Commodore Dewey, stationed for years in Washington, eagerly sought after as a diner-out: "He could have had three dinners a day," said an old messmate, half enviously, on his being assigned to the Pacific station. He was a dandy, a "dude," "Gentleman George," as an Ohio Senator was also called. He left



DR. JULIUS Y. DEWEY
FATHER OF ADMIRAL DEWEY

he was a first-class good as, nay better than, any.

History repeats itself. Nelson, prince as well as earl of all sea-fighters, won the battle of the Nile. To his surprising success he gave what we have all come to know as "the Nelson touch." British worthies:



DEWEY'S BIRTHPLACE
MONTPELIER, VERMONT

Mr. Henry Newbolt sings of his



ADMIRAL DEWEY



COMMODORE SCHLEY

an impression of his personality for all the world like the dress of a perfectly-dressed man—nothing to recall. "The first thing in the room that strikes the eye, remove it!" was an observation of wisdom, for all it lay concealed amid much chaff. So, old friends and acquaintances of the new admiral's have little to recall—obtrusive matters were removed from his converse with his fellows. "He was a very delightful gentleman; then hero!"—this summary is as



ADMIRAL SAMPSON

Whether their fame centuries long should ring
 They cared not over-much,
 But cared greatly to serve God and the king,
 And keep the Nelson touch.

Farragut, that other fighter of the seas, as his line fell into disorder at the great river battle before New Orleans, the ships shrinking back from the dreaded torpedo buoys, burst out with, "Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead!" and like all great captains, took the lead himself—and saved the battle. So Dewey at Manila, warned that this part of the bay contained the dreaded mines, merely ordered his squadron ahead—and his victory lacked nothing of the completeness which led Nelson to bewail when one French ship escaped from the destruction of the Egyptian shore.

Admiral Sampson was for several years instructor in and then the head of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. "Tell me some characteristic anecdote of him," the writer urged upon one who had known him all the years of his life at the famous school. "Honestly," he replied, "there are none. Can't you remember some one of your professors of whom the same could be said?" This proved a clearer picture than could have been framed in many words. A quiet, self-contained, self-reliant man, wonderfully fine to look at and still finer to know, once the outer shell of reserve parted to show the kernel within; a man of no unnecessary words, because his thoughts were clear and succinct, preferring to act rather than speak; above all, a man well beloved—these are the things his former pupil meant. "Was he a disciplinarian?" came another question, in desperation; it seemed something to say. "Certainly not; he was far too good

a sailor to be a martinet." Then the writer went over the list of famous men who were not famous for stringency and Draconism, and contrasted them with the pitiful fame of this man, Martinet, who has left his name to all his kind—and understood Sampson the better for this second absence of characterization.

"He was in the John Adams with me at the outbreak of the war," said an older man, standing by. "He was an acting midshipman in 1856, and did not get his commission as midshipman until June, 1861. He had not much experience in a sailing vessel. But when a gale arose—a hard blow, such as even a sailor does not like any too well—and we were all sitting around in the ward-room together, some one asked, 'What are you going to do, Sampson?' He answered quickly: 'Wear ship.' And he went on deck and gave his orders—wore ship in that heavy gale without a moment's hesitancy. So when they came to me and asked me what sort of an officer he was, to be put in command of the best ships we have afloat, I thought of that fierce night on the old John Adams, and said, 'Nobody better; he knows what to do, and he'll do it!'"

Now, there may be higher terms of praise than calling a man "an officer and a gentleman," but they are hard to find; and this, it appears, is what an old messmate and a young cadet thought of William T. Sampson only last week.

Commodore Schley's name in full is Winfield Scott Schley, and his family name is to be pronounced to rhyme with high. He himself was born in Maryland, but his family is prominent in Georgia, where there is a county named after it. He and Sampson are old friends. They were at the Naval Academy together, Schley getting out a year the sooner. Then Schley was master on the good frigate Potomac, while Sampson was midshipman. In the class with the former was Silas Casey, a man of extended reputation as the builder of the Congressional Library, from the construction fund of which a surplus remained to be turned back into the treasury. During the war Sampson had one or two narrow escapes. He was on the monitor Patapsco when it struck a Confederate torpedo in Charleston harbor in 1865, and sixty-two officers and men were drowned. But Schley did not get himself endangered, though he was in some pretty tight places. Once, it is still related with gusto, the commodore saw the captain's gig put off from the ship in which Schley was second in command. Still watching, he was surprised to see Schley in the boat, and not only this, but Schley insisted upon being paid all the formalities that appertain to the commander of a vessel when visiting the flagship. An explanation was required and forthcoming. It appears that the captain had varied the routine by an overdose of alcoholic stimulants, leading him to run amuck. Schley gravely reported that he had placed his commanding officer under arrest, and was now come to inform the commodore that he was in command of the vessel. And he remained in command, too, until the captain was quite recovered from his indisposition a few hours later.

Schley has seen service since the war. He fought once at the Middle Chinsha islands, rescuing

some whites from the fury of revolted Chinese coolies, and once in the Soloe river, teaching Corea respect for the Stars and Stripes. Once, too, he landed some men to protect property in one of those Central American states whose government has learned the secret of perpetual motion. Then he headed the relief expedition which pulled Lieutenant Greely out of the ice in 1884. Concerning these events Commodore Schley has nothing to say; concerning others not so much a matter of history, he is voluble. His reputation as a spinner of yarns runs along with that of a teller of stories. Many of these latter are current in Washington. But, as was explained when they were re-told, though he sometimes recounts these anecdotes to married women when their husbands are present, it would not be safe to tell them in general company. A robust humor, his, which would lead his publisher to insert more etc.'s than are contained in Mr. Kipling's last volume of verses.

These three men are representative American sailors. One of them is already a hero, who will live in history as long as we have a republic to be grateful. The others are possessed of the same qualifications—are heroes in posse. Even a board of strategy cannot deprive them here.

REVISIONS

I.—HAWTHORNE

IT used to be the fashion a generation ago to have much to say about the morbidity of the life that Hawthorne's stories portray. But of late years the decadents have been in their romances so ingeniously busy with disease and death that to turn back to Hawthorne seems like returning to nature—to what is normal and healthy and sanative. It may, indeed, be true that Hawthorne had a hypertrophied conscience, and that the portrayal of life seemed to him chiefly worth while because it gave him a chance to indulge that conscience in its somewhat morbid desire to be troublesome. But after all, to have an over-anxious conscience is a more human state of affairs than to have, as is so often true of the decadents, no conscience at all, or to have one only to the end that clever defiance of it may lead to finely calculated discords in the music of art. Just here lies the difference between the novels of Hawthorne and the stories that modern decadence is so liberal with. In both forms of art, sin, disease, death, the grisliest facts of human destiny are perpetually in evidence; but Hawthorne is sincere in dealing with them, and measures their results and computes their meaning in terms of normal life and the conventional moral consciousness, whereas modern decadents are primarily concerned to juggle out of the evil facts of life and their impact on our moral nature some new fantastic artistic effect, and care not a doit for the ethical point of view.

It is amusing to find Hawthorne now and then having an inkling of the existence of the primrose path of decadence, or coquetting with the notion of irresponsibility. In the Blithedale Romance he seems nearest to defying his conscience and being recklessly studious of artistic effects for their own dear sakes. Miles Coverdale, who tells the story, is, as he assures us, "a devoted epicure of his own emotions." In one place, after describing a mood in which "the actual world" was robbed for him "of its solidity," Coverdale tells us, in a self-satisfied way, that he "resolved to pause and enjoy the moral sillabub" of the mood "until it was quite dissolved away." In another place he confesses to the habit of observing and analyzing from a distance the characters of his fellows, and he is evidently somewhat proud of his speculative and half-cynical detachment. "It is not, I apprehend, a healthy kind of mental occupation," he declares, with apparently a pleasant sense of abnormality, "to devote one's self too exclusively to the study of individual men and women." Yet despite a few such superficial symptoms of dilettantism, Coverdale has after all a very respectable conscience, which insinuates its vigorous prejudices into his interpretation of the lives and actions he is observing and reporting. And what is true of Coverdale is true in a yet higher degree of Hawthorne's other characters; sooner or later they all become acutely aware of having fostered or violated a Puritan conscience—with the possible exception of Zenobia; and on her, poor woman!

A VAGABOND SONG

IT'S ho! for a song as wild and free
As the swash of waves in the open sea;
It's ho! for a song as unconfined
As the hawk that sails in the summer wind;
A song from a vagabond's heart and brain,
Refreshing and sweet as the roving rain
That chants to the thirsty earth,

Yo ho!

A song of rollicking mirth,

Yo ho!

A song to the grass and grain!

It's ho! for a vagabond's life, say I,
A vagabond live and a vagabond die;
It's ho! to roam in the solitudes
And chum with the birds in the dogwood woods,
To sleep with flowers, and wash in dew,
To dream of a love that is ever new,—
A love that never grows stale,

Yo ho!

Like a cask of rum or ale,
Yo ho!

A love that is ever true.

It's ho! for a stretch of the dusty road,
Or here a meadow, or there a lode;
It's ho! to hear in the early morn
The yellow allegro of tasseled corn;
To sail in fancy the golden main
Where breezes billow the seas of grain,

And the swallows that skim the tips,
Yo ho!

Are richly cargoes ships,
Yo ho!

Outbound for the ports of Spain!

It's ho! for a smell of the sap that swims,
When the maples sweat like an athlete's limbs;
It's ho! for the joys that crowd the spring,
The brawl of brooks, the birds that sing;
To wander at will the summer through,
Indifferent to blame, careless of due;—
In winter the kiss that slips,

Yo ho!

From a nut-brown naiad's lips,
Yo ho!

And the love that lies in her eyes of blue!

JOHN NORTHERN HILLIARD.

Hawthorne, while he portrays her, keeps fixed a kind of evil eye, which ultimately drives her into suicide as the only fitting expiation for her venturesome originality. As for Donatello, in the *Marble Faun*, who is at the start ostensibly the very type of unmoral humanity, he is, despite all his flourish of animality, never anything else than a thoroughly well-tuned creature, fit to caper in a lady's chamber. His wildness is a hothouse wildness—a studio wildness, a manipulated, carefully fostered wildness—that is useful only for purposes of ornament and demonstration. When one really confronts Donatello in the light of modern science, there is something curiously grotesque in trying to regard Hawthorne's Faun as the Missing Link or as Primeval Man before he evolved a conscience. There is more of Primeval Man in one verse of Walt Whitman's than in all Hawthorne's pages about Donatello.

No; the simple truth is that Hawthorne is in all his romances normal in spite of himself, and persistently moral and ethical in his interests despite his constitutional unsociability, his contempt for conventions, and his overweening imaginativeness. He is ruled by his Puritan ancestors, and in his most fantastic individual dreams is loyal to inherited moral prejudices. His earnestness of purpose, and his unflinching moral scrupulousness give to his dream-world and its shadowy populace a genuineness and cogency which the art of the decadents, dealing as it does in many of the same motifs, never rivals.

Still, it remains true that not more with Hawthorne than with the decadents are we in the actual world of every day. Hawthorne is a dreamer who "dreams true," but who, nevertheless, merely dreams, and whose world has the delicate intangibility of all dream-worlds. We never escape, in reading Hawthorne's romances, from the temperament of the author, and from his unobtrusive but persistent imaginative control. He creates for a purpose, and in each romance he subdues to this purpose the background, the incident, the plot, the characters, and even his imagery and phrasing. The thoroughness with which his generating purpose runs through every detail and word of a romance, and fashions and tempers and unifies all to a single predetermined end, is one of the most convincing proofs of Hawthorne's power as an imaginative artist. There is no piece-meal working in Hawthorne—none of the haphazard procedure that takes details and suggestions good-naturedly as chance offers them and weaves them dextrously, as Thackeray, for example, is wont to do, into a motley web of fiction. Each of Hawthorne's long romances is a perfectly wrought work of art, wherein every part is nicely aware of all the rest and of the central purpose and total effect.

Hawthorne is a master-spinner of beautiful webs, and the most rabid devotee of art for art's sake cannot well refuse to enjoy the fineness and consistency of his designs, the continuity and firmness of his texture, and the richness and depth of his tinting. The pattern, to be sure, always contains a moral for apt pupils. But though Hawthorne dreams in terms of the ten commandments,

he dreams beauty none the less; and, indeed, for some of us who still believe that life is greater than art, his dreams are all the more fascinating artistically because they are deeply, darkly, beautifully true. Dreaming, that in all its wayward caprice is delicately aware of the worth of the moral law and the rational bias at the heart of things, and pays a pretty respect to the categorical imperative and the principle of sufficient reason, seems after all to gain an intensity and force and persuasive beauty not otherwise to be won.

In all his romances Hawthorne is more or less plainly in pursuit of some moral or spiritual truth. In the desire to illustrate such a truth is to be found the originating motive of each of his longer works. The *Scarlet Letter* is the Romance of Expiation, done in deeply-glowing colors against the dark, sullen background of the Puritan temperament. The *House of the Seven Gables* is the Romance of Heredity. The colors are gray and somber, with some pretty fantastic detail in pale rose and green where Phoebe's tender girlishness or womanliness appears. The *Marble Faun* is the Romance of the Mystery of Evil. It is the most elaborate of all Hawthorne's stories, and as a work of art is nearer lacking unity of tone and design, because of the archaeological and landscape detail of which the author is so lavish. Yet even here the background, though elaborate, has propriety. The story deals in symbolic form with the deepest mystery of human destiny—the origin and meaning of evil; and the background for the action is Rome, the very stones of whose streets tell tales of the struggles toward good and toward evil of many races of men. Rome, with its long perspectives through a picturesque past, is the symbol of civilized man in all his history, from the far-away origin of society down to latter-day love of anarchy. Against this background is depicted the symbolic fate of Donatello and Hilda and Miriam, as types of the human will in its relation to evil.

For the analyst of novelists' methods there is a real delight to be won from noting how consistent Hawthorne is in constructing his stories. He works invariably just as he ought to work to suit the theorist's notions. Being a creator of allegorical romances, he ought to work from within his own mind out toward the world of actual fact, for which world he should have a fine disdain. His main purpose should be the creation and illustration of moral effects. In an essay on Hawthorne's *Tales*, Poe has very happily laid down the law for this kind of fiction: "A skillful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents, but having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single effect to be wrought out, he then invents such incidents—he then combines such events—as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tend not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design." All this, which, according to Poe, holds true of the writer of tales, holds

equally true of Hawthorne's long romances. In tale and romance Hawthorne's methods are nearly the same. His imagination, in its dreamy play over the records of the remote drama of life, has been fascinated by some one of its typical and oft-recurring aspects—the bitterness of the expiation of sin, the tragic oppression wherewith the vices and even the virtues of the past weigh down on the innocent present. Such a large aspect of life usually carries with it into the dark-chamber of Hawthorne's mind some typical man or woman whose character and fate incarnate for him with picturesque detail the special truths about life that for the time being preoccupy him. From these original elements, the action of the story and all subordinate detail gradually shape themselves forth and take shadowy form, never with the wish or the hope of bringing the reader close to some glaring piece of actual life, but always with the aim of enveloping him subduing in an atmosphere of spiritual emotion, and of offering him unobtrusively at every moment in the acts, in the thoughts and feelings, of the actors, in the byways and vistas of nature, in the very air that he breathes, hints and symbols of certain large truths about human life and human endeavor. The regions where the action takes place are oftenest nameless; they are in dreamland—"vaporous, unaccountable, forlorn of light;" they are not verifiable as actual corners of the world-ball, unless they are already so instinct with romance as to be fit to conspire with the author's purpose and help on the moral necromancy. The people that inhabit this dream-world are "goblins of flesh and blood;" they are spirited up before us out of an unknown past. Priscilla, Hawthorne assures us, seemed to have "fallen out of the clouds;" Miriam's past and even large parts of her present are tantalizingly unverifiable. The gossip of those who surround the principal actors tends to veil them still more deftly in a dim cloud of strangeness, rather than to expound their personalities with scientific accuracy, as would happen in a modern realistic story. We never know thoroughly the details of the lives of Chillingworth or Donatello; we are kept in uncertainty about them through surmises and suspicions that run in the story from lip to lip. What is sure about such characters is their pursuit of a few symbolic purposes which serve to fit them unerringly into the large design of the fable. Donatello is all the time busied with the process of getting a soul. Judge Pyncheon is bent on selfish triumph at all costs, in pursuit of hereditary schemes of aggrandizement. Dimmesdale writhes his way pallidly through the Scarlet Letter—hand on heart—the visible symbol of repentance. Neither in these characters nor in any others is there an attempt at thoroughness or minuteness of realization, or at any delicate complication of motives or at scientific analysis. Hawthorne keeps his characterization carefully free from the intricacies of actual life, and preserves uncontaminate the large outlines and glowing colors of his simplified men and women. Even in speech the people of his stories are nicely unreal; his workmen are choice in their English, and his children lip out sentences that are prettily mod-

eled. Here, as so often, Hawthorne cares nothing for crude fact. His world, too, is a world where symbols are as frequent as in the happy days before Newton, the arch-foe of symbols, unwove the rainbow. The main action itself of each romance is one great symbol, and it germinates persistently in minor symbols. Scarlet letters flash out unexpectedly, even on the face of the heavens; the House of the Seven Gables visibly shadows Hepzibah, Clifford and Phoebe with the evil influences of the past; Hilda's doves encircle her and her tower with suggestions of unsullied innocence. So, too, Hawthorne's characters themselves have features or tricks of manner that mark them out as symbolic and as meaning more than meets the eye; Donatello's ears, Priscilla's tremulous listening look, Dimmesdale's persistent clutching at his heart, tease the reader into a continuous sense of the haunted duplicity of the world in which Hawthorne keeps him. In each one of Hawthorne's romances the world and its inhabitants echo and re-echo a single infortunate thought.

Of course, all this is very sadly removed from the kind of art that the realists of recent years have taught us we ought to delight in. No one of literary experience can cheat himself into fancying as he reads Hawthorne that he is having to do with real men or women or treading the solid ground of fact. He is continually aware that the world he moves in has been tampered with. Nevertheless, Hawthorne's fiction is bound to remain for most readers—both for uncritical readers and for readers of cultivation and discernment, even for those of them who are completely familiar with the best work of the modern realists—a permanent source of delight. And this is true for various reasons. The lover of skillful technique, whatever his theory of the ultimate aims of fiction, must relish the beauty of Hawthorne's workmanship. No one can gainsay Hawthorne's skill of execution, the largeness and symmetry of his designs, his delicately sure manipulation of detail, the intelligence of his methods when his ends are once granted, the freedom and uninterruptedness of his draughting, and the perfect graduations of his tone. Then, too, his romances have an abiding source of charm, whatever the fluctuations of fashion, in the fineness and nobleness of the temperament in terms of which they make life over. Doubtless this temperament has its limitations. Hawthorne's conscience was a familiar spirit that would not be laid, and Hawthorne allowed himself to be driven to the almost invariable study of pathological states of soul and the analysis of guilt and expiation, until a reader is tempted to exclaim that life for Hawthorne is seven-eighths conduct and the other eighth remorse. Still, through all this inherited Puritanic gloom there runs continually an unsubduable love for human nature, which makes the world of Hawthorne's stories a hospitable region, and gives the reader a sense of well-being even in the midst of the misdeeds and repentances through which he makes his way. He feels that he breathes a genuine atmosphere of human sympathy; tenderness and love, all the elemental affections that form the abidingly worthy substance of human nature, are

generously active in Hawthorne's men and women—his people are real enough for that; and, moreover, Hawthorne the author bears himself toward all the folk of his mimic drama with large-hearted charity and indefatigable faith in the essential rightness of the universe. The romances are, to quote Hawthorne's own words, "true to the human heart," and the human heart as Hawthorne interprets it is a very lovable and love-disseminating organ. For their rich strong humanity, Hawthorne's romances will long be gratefully read by all who either naively or instructedly believe life to be worth living.

Sometimes one is tempted to regret that Hawthorne did not oftener forego his artificial atmospheres and his elaborate symbolism, and deal sincerely and directly with the actual life of his day and generation. Poe urged this on Hawthorne, and took him roundly to task for following so inveterately the high priori, allegorical way. In point of fact, Hawthorne actually has, in one or two of his *Twice Told Tales*, reproduced bits of the New England life that surrounded him—e. g., in the sketch called the *Apple-Dealer*. Moreover, he has portrayed very truly and delightfully, in the Introduction to the *Scarlet Letter*, the precincts of the quaint Custom-house of Salem, with its retinue of lackadaisical, half-somnolent officials. Yet it is to be noted that these subjects from actual life which he has treated sympathetically and convincingly are all of the sort where actual life in its monotony and patience of trifles and dimness of detail almost passes over into the region of dreams. It may be doubted whether a more variegated life and more complex and brilliant characters would not have been beyond Hawthorne's power of truthful representation. He had in very fact something of the night in his disposition, and whatever he portrays prevalently has either to have in its nature a suggestion of the discolored temperateness of night, or else to be thinned away and modulated through his imagination until it has lost the grossness and actuality of fact and grown tenuous and pallid.

In his causeries, where he professes to talk to the reader directly about the commonplace affairs of daily life, there is noticeable the same reduction of all things to the texture of a dream, the same disenchantment of the most prosaic objects and facts from the tyranny of material law and everyday aspect. We can fancy Hawthorne writing the weird tale of a man who found whatever he touched melt into an impalpable dream, and who was thus doomed to wander ever in a region of enchanted, intangible forms. This man may typify Hawthorne himself; only it must be noted that his dream-world has stability and truth and a welcome for us through its faithfulness to the great laws of human nature, to the moral law, to the best feelings of good men and good women, and also through its exquisite consistency and the beauty of its fluent self-revelation. We dream uninterruptedly in accordance with certain essential needs of our natures, and we instinctively accept the dream without any jarring desire to compare it with crude fact.

What oftentimes disturbs the modern and exacting

reader of Hawthorne, and rouses him unpleasantly from his dream, is Hawthorne's abuse of symbols. Now and then, Hawthorne's instinct fails him in making the nice distinction between art and artifice. In his creation of atmosphere and search for effect he occasionally is obvious and cheap, and seems to tamper needlessly with facts and with the laws of nature. The heat of the scarlet letter becomes after a time oppressive; the display of the A in the heavens, during the scene on the scaffold, seems merely a theatrical bid for a shiver. The shadow that is asserted always to have rested on Chillingworth, even in the sunshine, seems the result of a gratuitous juggling with the laws of light. Now and again, in such cases as these, Hawthorne makes us aware that he is playing tricks on our souls. Matthew Arnold has quoted Sainte-Beuve as somewhere saying that every kind of art has its characteristic defect, and that the defect of the romantic, *C'est le faux*. From this falseness Hawthorne keeps, on the whole, wonderfully free; and yet at times he is betrayed into it.

Ordinarily, with romantic writers, artificiality comes from the exaggerated study of an effect that is purely artistic; but with Hawthorne this is not so. His desire to point his moral is what misleads him—his monomaniac wish to find the heavens and the earth eloquent of the special truth that for the moment possesses his imagination. This wish in one form or another pervades, as we have seen, all Hawthorne's fiction; and so long as it acts silently and unobtrusively like gravity or the law of chemical affinities, to bind Hawthorne's world harmoniously together and to make it a significant whole, its presence is not only unobjectionable, but is largely responsible for the cogency and impressiveness of Hawthorne's art. But when this underlying moral impulse plays symbolic tricks with trifles, it degenerates from being a natural power into a kind of cheap legerdemain, and becomes decidedly offensive. At such moments Hawthorne's absorbing preoccupation with a moral meaning and unstudiousness of artistic effect, pure and simple, become very disturbing for a modern reader who has been trained to delight in the skill with which sophisticated artists nowadays vanquish technical difficulties for their own sake and embody a mood or realize a situation with single-minded delight in their art and without moral malice prepen-
 At times, Hawthorne seems almost naïve in his devotion to fairly obvious moral truth; at times, too, he seems naïve in his ambitions. It would require great courage for any one nowadays to attempt to solve in a romance the mystery of the existence of evil. Occasionally, he is naïve in his enthusiasms, particularly in the *Marble Faun*. The descriptions of Rome and its works of art have something of the exuberance of the first tour in Europe. The praise of Guido woos nowadays unsympathetic ears, and in general the discussions on art that the American colony in the *Marble Faun* solemnly engage in are quite sufficiently obvious and archaic.

Finally, it must be admitted that Hawthorne has never studied or portrayed sympathetically a man or woman of real intellectual quality; he has never

put before us a first-rate mind in perfect working order, nor anywhere traced out, subtly and convincingly, the refinements of the intellectual life. It is not simply that he has never given us a genuine man of the world; of course, his method and temperament alike forbade that; from the very nature of Hawthorne's art a man of the world, had Hawthorne tried to portray him, would have become a man out of the world. But why should not Hawthorne have portrayed, at least once in a way, a thoroughly intellectual man or woman? A man or woman whose mind was well disciplined, brilliant, and controlling? Nowhere has he done this. His men, the moment they grow accomplished, drift into morbidness or villainy—hunt the philosopher's stone, become grotesque philanthropists, take to mesmerism or alchemy or unwise experiments in matrimony. Hawthorne's fiction seems really somewhat vitiated by romantic distrust of scholarship, of mental acuteness, and of whatever savors of the pride of intellect. This bias in his nature must be borne in mind when one is considering the shallowness and defectiveness of the individual characterization in his novels—a shallowness and defectiveness which, as has been noted, are involved in his essentially romantic conception of the art of fiction.

Yet, when all these disturbing elements in our enjoyment of Hawthorne have been allowed for, there remains a vast fund of often almost unalloyed delight to be won from his writings. Moreover, this delight seems likely to increase rather than grow less. At present, Hawthorne is at a decided disadvantage, because, while remote enough to seem in trifles here and there archaic, he is yet not remote enough to escape contemporary standards or to be read with imaginative historical allowances and sympathy, as Richardson or Defoe is read. Hawthorne's romances have the human quality and the artistic beauty that ensure survival; and in a generation or two, when the limitations of the romantic ideal and the scope of romantic methods have become historically clear in all men's minds, Hawthorne's novels will be read with an even surer sense than exists to-day of that beauty of form and style and that tender humanity which come from the individuality of their author, and with a more tolerant comprehension of the imperfectness of equipment and occasional faults of manner that were the result of his environment and age.

LEWIS E. GATES.

SAWS FOR FILING

An invalid is, as a rule, one who has had chronic good health, and, by painstaking industry, has cured it.

Content is the one thing which yields not to effort. The harder we strive to attain it, the farther it lies beyond us.

There would not be so serious a milk-of-human-kindness famine if the commonest dairy rules were better observed, i. e., to become good milkers and keep the cans sweet.

In the last analysis, success is the achievement of a spirit of thankfulness.

Fate is a condiment in life's bill-of-fare of which we hold the shaker. Sprinkled on pluck it makes the best, on cowardice the worst, aliment possible.

HARRY B. LUMMIS.

NEWSPAPERS IN MADRID

THE passably educated Spaniard has two great passions—the bullfight and the newspaper. Notwithstanding his religious and political prejudices, the literate citizen of the larger cities of Spain is an omnivorous reader of the daily journals. And his taste in this respect is amazingly catholic. Though the laws relative to the press are deplorably exigent, the city of Madrid, as an instance, fairly swarms with diurnal publications that busy themselves with everything from ethics down to the torero. And Madrid journalism is well nigh as vernal and almost as clever as the newspaper clan of Paris.

There are no stands or kiosks in the Spanish capital. The vendors of newspapers are tattered, shrieking arabs and old women, haggard and croaking. Both classes are compelled to contribute to the maintenance of the government by securing a license for the privilege of selling these cheap wares. Although the government needs every cuarto procurable, the reigning powers have always favored the tax from the rather vindictive idea that this sort of toll hinders to some extent the dissemination of the hated newspaper. For the latter is extremely disliked by thronal authorities, because it usually presents a formidable front to almost every administration. No matter what the ministry—radical or conservative—the coterie of officials is always confronted by a tremendous journalistic opposition.

It follows, too, that in a country as reactionary as Spain, the police arrange to render the existence of editors as undesirably interesting as possible. Libel suits, confiscations and imprisonments are the order of the day in periods of political excitement. And the restrictions placed upon writers have resulted in a form of composition that is a marvel of malicious suggestiveness. Allegories, words with a double meaning, tales, legends, and romances are employed to veil subtle attacks on persons in office. It is understood that a Spaniard may convey in a dozen lines an innuendo more poisonous even than that in the careful effusion of an intellectual Chinaman, and the Chinese possess almost to perfection the talent of wounding an adversary politely.

Ferreras, the founder of *El Correo*, is a past master in the art of stinging insinuation. At present he has no occasion to exercise his accomplishment, since his paper is become a ministerial organ. Ferreras is one of Sagasta's ardent supporters. The paper has always been popular, and has at all times had a large audience. At the moment the subscription list shows about 75,000 subscribers, an enormous circulation, the country considered. The editor-in-chief was offered office frequently, but he has elected to fight the battles of Sagasta in the columns of the *Correo* instead of in the Cortes.

La Correspondencia de España is the most sensational, and the most unreliable, of Madrid's newspapers. One week the paper is the terror of the monarchists and the delight of the republicans; seven days later the latter damn it while the former

praise. It supports everybody and nobody; it enlorges to-day what it will condemn to-morrow. Its elusive and delusive editorial column acknowledges no responsible head. Carlos de Santa Ana owns the *Correspondencia*, but he disclaims all responsibility for its utterances. The journal is supposed to have no editors—for legal and other obvious reasons. Its staff consists entirely of reporters. There is but one editorial; the rest is made up of local and continental news, served with a sauce that is dangerously peppery. *La Correspondencia* appears in the evening, and is called the "Night Cap." No Madrilenian goes to bed without his *Correspondencia*. Santa Ana took an important leaf from American journalism, and introduced the interview and other features of Cis-Atlantic newspaperdom. The proprietor is an unique character, for a Spaniard. He admits that he came to Madrid without a peseta. To-day he is a multi-millionaire, who has a large hand in every enterprise. He is proud of his humble origin. He has established several savings banks in different parts of Spain. He is conspicuous in a sense that Americans will appreciate, but which Spaniards cannot understand; he is an indefatigable worker.

The antithesis of *La Correspondencia* is *La Epoca*, the oldest and most conservative of Spanish journals. The *Epoca* is continually at war with everything which it is pleased to call "tainted with liberalism." For nearly fifty years the supersensitive *Epoca* has defended vociferously throne and altar—the monarchy and religion—and of late years has fought the Carlists relentlessly. Though not numerous, its clientele is sure and stable. *La Epoca* was started by Senor Escobas, who was created Marquis de Valdeiglesias by Alfonso XII. The editor-in-chief is Alfredo Escobas, son of the Marquis.

El Globo is Castelar's organ—that is to say, its readers are opportunists. Well edited, with a fair subscription list, it appeals to the politician and to the littérateur, especially to the latter, since its book reviews and literary articles are considered authorities.

The *Heraldo*, *Imparcial*, and the *Liberal* are publications founded within the decade. The first leans toward the conservatives, the second is independent in politics, while the latter lives up to its title. Of the three, the *Heraldo* has the largest circulation. Its editors, Figueras and Alire, are young men, full of push, but their patriotism is so entirely obstreperous that it is quite comprehensible why they should be suspected of being masked Carlists.

El Resumen is the organ of the military faction; its pages are devoted largely to the discussion of politics and of martial affairs.

There are scores of other publications that espouse everything from religion to the torero of the day. Every statesman, every politician, every financier has his little "grinder." The most part of them exist by subventions emanating from all manner of parties—collective and individual. Among these are such anti-clerical sheets as *El Motin*. There is also an immense tribe of illustrated periodicals, foremost of which is *La Ilus-*

tracion, which has a considerable circulation in South America. It is an artistic weekly, replete with the best efforts of recognized artists and gifted writers. Among the latter is the editor, Abelardo Carlos.

The number of satirical, comical, and "pistol" (blackmail) sheets is scarcely to be reckoned. The Spaniards, like all of the Latin races, dote on caricatures. And there is a class of publications in Madrid that has no replica in other countries—the tauromachic sheets. These are printed in the vicinity of the arena, and appear fifteen minutes after a bullfight has taken place; they are fairly devoured by the mob. The descriptions of tauromachy are in diction absolutely incomprehensible to the foreigner who is grounded in a book knowledge of the Spanish language. It necessitates a residence in Madrid of several years to seize the meaning of what *La Lidia* and *La Nueva Lidia* (the leading "sporting" journals) publish.

GLADSTONE*

RANDOM NOTES ON THE PERSONAL SIDE

THE year that saw Gladstone's birth was 1809—a wonder year, in which Darwin, Tennyson, Holmes, and a mentionable score of worthies on both sides of the Atlantic came into being. His father, John, was a member of Parliament in his day, and obtained a baronetcy late in life as a reward for his devotion to politics. This bespeaks a native, as his university course shows an acquired taste for that pursuit which might be the delight of kings if horse-racing did not already occupy its place.

It is well-nigh inconceivable to think of Gladstone as a mere boy—one of the noisy, awkward fraternity which pass through a stage of hobbledehoyhood, all wrist and ankle, with no resting-place for either hand or the other foot. Men with Roman noses do not seem to have been boys at all, in so far. It is, then, with a feeling of relief that one learns from a former fag of his at Eton College that he was "always tidy." His own fagging was lightly passed over in service to an elder brother, which hardly "counts," as a boy would say.

One of Gladstone's biographers will have it that Dr. Keate, headmaster of Eton in his time, flogged him upon occasion, the assertion resting solely upon the schoolmaster's notorious love for the rod. But the story runs the other way. It appears that the future statesman, acting as a preceptor, failed to report the missing of a lesson on the part of a friend. Taxed with it as a betrayal of trust, Gladstone truly replied, "No, for I was made a preceptor against my will"—the justice of which was so apparent that the outraged headmaster had not the heart to go on with the punishment intended. In later years Gladstone could not recall having been chastised, though he said, modestly

*In the next issue of THE CHAP-BOOK an article on Gladstone will appear by Justin McCarthy. For this reason these notes only are printed now.



W. E. GLADSTONE

enough, that he might very well have been. Speaking from experience of schoolboys, the only kind of boy which is ever uncertain of a punishment inflicted upon a given occasion is one in whom multiplied whippings have wrought confusion—of this sort Gladstone assuredly was not; leaving it quite unlikely that he ever suffered such an indignity.

But he was not without his boyish joys. His father having provided wood for a bonfire on the Guy Fawkes day that fell within his sixteenth year, he solemnly records the burning of "a very tall Pope"—a memory which perhaps kept him within the English church upon that momentous and critical period in his life when he so nearly went without it. It is this same year which discovers his first bit of verse—extolling Canning, at that time as afterward, his idol. The poem concludes:

Exult thy head, Etona, and rejoice,
Glad in a nation's loved acclaiming voice,
And 'mid the tumult and the clamor wild
Exult in Canning—say, he was thy child.

It accords with the fitness of things that Gladstone should have been fond of books and of strolling about with a friend and of debating societies, rather than that he should have gained repute as an oarsman, a cricketer or an athlete in any other sense. Even as an Eton lad he distinguished himself in forensics—a reputation heightened at Oxford, where some of his deliverances at the Union are still recalled as without a later equal.

It was to Christ Church that fate led Gladstone's footsteps—fortuitously, it may be, for many of his friends went to Cambridge rather than to any Oxford college. Yet it was something more than mere chance; for from Christ Church have gone out not less than eight of the prime ministers of England during the present century—Grenville, Liverpool, Canning, Peel, Derby, Gladstone, Salisbury, and Rosebery—a most amazing concourse, suggesting that the college is in reality a post-graduate course in the art of politics—la haute école.

It is seemingly that Monckton Milnes—the first Lord Houghton—sets the Oxford freshman down as "to be sure, a very superior person." The phrase fits him, just as the word "tidy" fitted the high-hatted, broad-collared schoolboy. His friends are Charles Wordsworth and Arthur Hallam, the nephew of the poet and the son of the historian. He was instinctively, it would seem, on the right side of questions, as when he put on the Greek costume during the Hellenic struggle for independence—it must have been mightily becoming, for all it was the day of the side-whisker and curling lock at the temple. One of the few early anomalies was the defeat suffered by him in the competition for the coveted Holland prize, borne off that year by an unknown schoolboy who was still the son of the mayor of Liverpool, Gladstone's own town. This was the rare exception; he left Oxford with that reputation for ripe scholarship which seems so wonderful in a country where a politician finds it something he can hardly hope to live down.

Church and State was the book wherein the young statesman won his first prominence as a writer. He was already in Parliament, and already

showing himself possessed of that finer moral courage which led him to revise and change his opinions when he felt they could be bettered. It was this that led his father to say that there was "no doubt about his ability, but a great deal about his stability." This, too, led him in later years to changes of front which exasperated his enemies, seeking to hold him in error. But this book of his proved his catholicity of mind as well. Carlyle, reading it, stumbles upon a quotation, and sets himself straightway to express his surprise. It was from Emerson's *First American Anthem*, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard, that the excerpt was taken, and Carlyle wonders to the author over the strange bedfellows that religious discussion discloses.

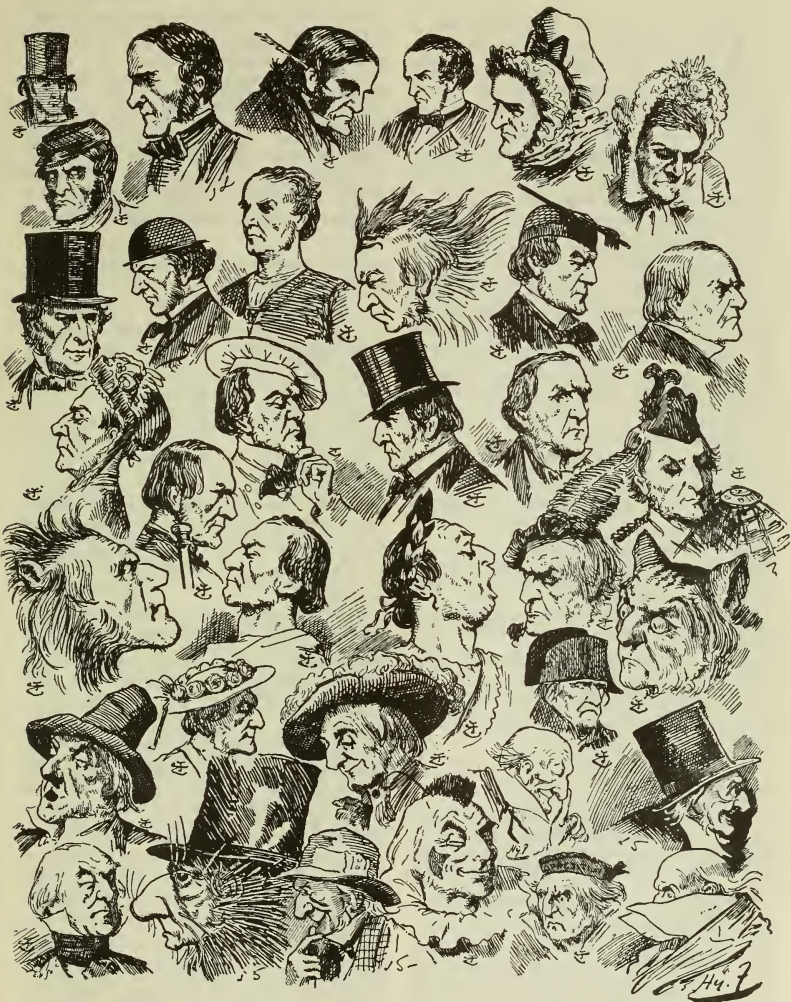
However willing to revise his judgments by more modern lights, Gladstone kept himself within the pale of his church. His sincerity is not to be doubted, for the same courage which led him to depart from earlier political opinions, however strongly expressed, would doubtless have brought him to an equal frankness had his faith wavered. Huxley might thunder over the Gadarene swine, and Dr. Wace might seem to be discomfited; but Gladstone kept fitting the first chapter of Genesis to the facts of geology in a manner the naïveté of which disarms criticism. Americans have to thank him for the very frank apology he made for his attitude as a Southern sympathizer during the Civil War—he was the more truly a friend to the United States for having been her enemy. Ireland, too, has a debt of gratitude to express far heavier. No Anglo-Saxon has ever borne the melancholy burden of the Celt with more honor and less assumption.

It must not be assumed from all this that Gladstone was a paragon. He came near to it, and when Martin Farquhar Tupper, who is undoubtedly the poet laureate of the everlasting kingdom of bores, spoke of

The Crichton—nay, the Gladstone of the age,

he was not so far amiss. Once the premier was asked to honor himself and the company by attending one of Punch's famous dinners. He was to meet Mr. Harry Furniss, who had discovered the Gladstonean collar and was in the habit of exploiting it weekly. Mr. Furniss was also to meet him, and the company looked forward with amusement to the night when the actual and the ideal should thus confront one another. The evening came and Gladstone with it—in a little band of white linen, behind which not even the lobe of the ear could be concealed! Indeed, it was this sense of humor, which, as in the case of our Lincoln, enabled him to carry many a heavy weight of care.

Spitefully witty things are attributed to Disraeli in plenty; none to this greater man. His humor and his good nature ran together; think of the books he has raised—from Tennyson to Stanley Waterloo! Our own Howells is not more of a panegyrist, and here language fails. But a literature he so greatly enriched was his in a sense which does not appertain to smaller men—in one case as in the other.



CARICATURES FROM "PUNCH"

(By John Leech, John Tenniel, Linley Sambourne, and Harry Furniss. Selected and re-drawn by Harry Furniss.)

THE SAVING OF JIM MOSEBY

A T a turn in the road, where a cottonwood-tree added its gloom to the night blackness, Jeff Lowder waited with straining ears. The night was very still, with only the steady, mournful swish of the river to ruffle the silence, and now and again the shuddering cry of a screech-owl far away—somewhere among the hills. The low-lying clouds rested smotheringly over the country-side, and the man pushed his hat back from his moist brow, resting his great, loose-jointed body against the tree-trunk. He was thinking, in his slow way, how like a human wall was the owl's cry in the distance. Again and again the insistent, dolorous call came to him through the darkness, until even his dull nerves writhed.

Suddenly he straightened himself and stared anxiously-eyed into the gloom. The faint patter of a woman's footfall sounded upon the road. Nearer came the muffled tap, tap of her feet, until the listening man knew that the woman must be quite close to him. In the dead blackness of the night he could catch no glimpse of her form, but his soul held no doubt—he knew her footfall as the dog knows his master's. He called softly to her:

"Mary Loo!"

She halted quickly.

"It's me—Jeff," he whispered. "I want to tell you somethin'."

She made no answer.

"Don't you be scared," he said. "I would n't pester you ef I did n't have ter. It's 'bout Jim I want ter tell you."

"Jim's in St. Louis with a load of cattle," came back her reply in sharp, startled tones.

The man passed from under the tree and stood beside her in the road.

"You suspicion thar's some 'un with me, do n't you? Ain't you got no more trust in me 'n that, Mary Loo?" he asked reproachfully.

"I can't trust anybody," she answered, with a little sigh. "Are you alone?"

"'Fore Gawd I am. An' I've got bad news."

The woman recoiled from him, and he thrust out a detaining hand, clutching her gown as he whispered:

"The Guv'nor's done offered a rewa'h'd fer him!"

"For Jim?" she gasped.

"Fer Jim! I seen it myself, stuck up on the Co'h't House do'h in Liberty. Five thousan' dollars fer the capter of Jim Moseby fer holdin' up a train in the Blue Cut on the fo'h'th day of May—that's what it says—with the Guv'nor's name to it."

Her quick breath broke into a sob. The man drew one heavy foot confusedly to and fro in the dust of the road.

"Don't cry, Mary Loo! Don't cry," he pleaded. "I hated to tell you—but some 'un had ter. I seen you go into Crenshaw's sto'h, an' so I come on up heah an' waited tell you'd come by on the way home. Some 'un had ter, you know."

"Yes, some one had to," she moaned between her sobs.

Jeff drew nearer to her, laying a hand gently upon her arm.

"But I ain't tol' you all," he said. "It's a rewa'h'd fer him dead or alive!"

Her sobs died upon her lips, and in the silence the man heard the rustling fall of some packages which she had held. He stooped and groped for them at her feet, and when his clumsy hands had found the things, placed them tenderly again in her unheeding arms. Her stillness terrified him, and he pressed close to her, trying to see her face through the gloom. Suddenly she wrenched her skirt from his grasp, and started away from him.

"Wait, Mary Loo! Wait!" he called. "Let me help you some way."

On she sped, speechless and unheeding, along the road. Jeff took two long strides and overtook her fleeing form.

"Cain't you ever trust me any?" he asked. "I ain't goin' ter foller you. I only want to tell you I'm a-goin' to keep a lookout to-night, so 'f any-thing happens I kin tell you. That's all."

She hurried on.

"I'll come up by the locus' tree an' whistle, lowlike, three times. Do you understand?"

Still she hurried on, unheeding.

"Fer Gawd's sake, Mary Loo, speak!" he cried, clutching her arm.

"I understand. Go back! Go back!" she cried, wrenching herself from him.

The man halted, and she sped away into the night. He stood and listened to her light footfall. Once or twice he heard her stumble among the ruts in the road. At length her footsteps died away, leaving only the river's murmur and the far-away cry of the owl to disturb the silence. With a sigh, Jeff turned and plodded heavily southward towards the river.

The Moseby's home was a low-ceiled, one-story house, with a loft under its slant roof. Perched upon the top of one of those high bluffs that line the Missouri river, where it comes drifting down from the north and turns sharply eastward to cut the state of Missouri into two nearly equal segments, one might glimpse from its front door, in the daylight, a wide panorama of forest-clad hills and flat "bottom-lands," with the great river writhing eastward. And in the daylight, too, one could see that the house was a dingy, unpainted thing, with a dusty, grassless dooryard, and at its rear a row of ramshackle outbuildings. But in the darkness, as Mary Loo toiled up the steep road towards it, the house was but a low-lying shadow, a little blacker than the night, with one faint yellow finger of light stealing from out a window beside the door. The woman laid her parcels upon the doorstep and slipped noiselessly around the house to the stable. A mare whinnied a welcome to her as she groped her way to the stall. She laid a caressing hand on the creature's neck, and then proceeded to saddle and bridle her, finding each strap and buckle with practiced, careful fingers. This done, the woman passed quickly to where her parcels lay, and gathering them up, entered the house.

In the grim, rough-plastered front room Jim

Moseby's mother sat, rocking to and fro in a low chair, her hands busy with her knitting. She was a tall, spare old woman, erect as a grenadier, sinewy as an athlete. Her face was deeply furrowed by age and sorrow and privation; but her smileless lips and her unflinching, gleaming eyes bade defiance to time and suffering. As her daughter-in-law entered the door the old woman glanced at her sharply.

"Has Crenshaw moved his sto'h sence maw-nin'?" she asked.

"I—I was hindered on the road," replied Mary Loo, nervously. "Where is he?"

"Where 'd you suppose he 'd be? He ain't took wings sence you been gone 't I know of. Where you goin'?"

The younger woman was edging towards the door into the back room, whence a ladder reached the loft above.

"To see Jim a minute," she answered, with a catch in her voice.

Jim's mother dropped her knitting, and rising from her chair grasped her daughter-in-law's arm.

"What fer?" she demanded. "What's the matter with you? You look like you'd been chased by wil'-cats. What you tremblin' fer?"

"Let me go, ma! I must see Jim. I've got something to tell him."

"Tell me!" cried the old woman, tightening her clutch of the girl's arm. Mary Loo began to cry weakly.

"Shut up that blubberin' an' tell me what you've foun' out."

"He's offered a reward for him."

"Who's offered it?"

"The Governor."

"The Guv'ner?"

"Dead or alive!"

Something like a shudder crept over the old woman's tall figure, leaving her rigidly erect and motionless. For a moment deep silence settled over the dingy room, while Mrs. Moseby gazed with wide, impenetrable eyes at Mary Loo's quivering face.

"Who tol' you that?" she asked at last.

"Jeff Lowder."

Quick suspicion leapt into the questioner's face. "Jeff Lowder! So that 's whar you been so long. A fine, dark night to go gallavantin' 'roun' with him."

A dull flush stained the girl's pale cheeks.

"Do n't, ma!" she cried. "You've got no right to suspicion me. Let go my arm. I must tell Jim."

"Oh! you must, must ye?"

"Please, please let me go. The mare's saddled, ready for him."

Mrs. Moseby laid her hands upon Mary Loo's shoulders, and shoved her into a chair in the corner.

"Now you set thar," she said, stationing herself in front of her prisoner.

"I won't! I won't! I must tell Jim!"

The old woman's relentless hands forced the risen girl back into the chair.

"You shan't! I've got no faith in Jeff Lowder, an' I've got no faith in you."

Mary Loo had been in awe of her husband's mother since the day she entered the stern old creature's door as a bride, and she covered now under the black eyes blazing down at her.

"You've got bad blood in you," went on the old woman; "bad blood! An' you come by it natural. Yer pa'h was the only Yankee sympathizer in this hull section, an' 'f he 'd got what he needed he 'd been strung up long 'fore the wa'h was over; an' I wish 't he had a been 'fore you ever come into the world! The day my Jim brought you into this house was the blackest day I ever seen, an' Gawd knows thar's been some black ones, thanks to them cussed Yanks yer pa'h was so thick with. I've suspicioned you sence the day you come back from Liberty, whar you 'd got yer schoolin' an' larned to think you was better 'n the rest of we 'uns. An' then you set up to teach school an' talked 'bout refo'hmin' us! Oh! I know. You need n't screw roun' in that chair. I ain't no fool! An' that's what you was thinkin' when my boy got crazy 'nough to marry you. You thought you 'd refo'him him! Lawd! Refo'him my Jim! You! you! who ain't wuth his wipin' his boots on!"

Mrs. Moseby's eyes flashed wickedly, but her words came in a whispered monotone that her son might not hear her voice. Mary Loo gazed up at her, affrighted. Never before had her mother-in-law's grim taciturnity given way to such wild flow of speech. She had realized from the first that her husband's mother hated her, and she had wondered wistfully at the cause. Now that she knew, she found no words of defense.

"You cain't say nothin', kin you?" went on the old woman. "You did n't know I seen through you, did you? Oh! I did—allus. An' I see through you now. You've tried an' tried to keep Jim from gittin' back what the Yankees stole from us. You've tried to make him think 't was wicked, an' 'f 't had n't been fer me I do n't know but you would have. You po'h, meachin', white-livered thing! You do n't seem to know it's a jedgment on 'em, an' all he kin git back is only a drop in the bucket to what the Yanks owes we 'uns. They ruined us, an' now we mus' set back an' fol' our han's an' starve while they roll in riches. Oh! It makes me wild, an' I only wish 't I was a man an' I 'd help Jim git even with 'em. While you! You pester him to quit; an' now you come sneak in with Jeff Lowder 't yer heels, an' try ter send Jim away from his own roof so 's 't he 'll git caught!"

Mary Loo sprang to her feet.

"That's a lie!" she flamed out in sudden anger. "It's because I want to save him. They 'll come here and catch him if he does n't go. Let me go to him! Let me go to him, I say!"

Mrs. Moseby looked at the girl keenly as she pushed her back once more into the chair.

"You have got a little speerit after all," she said. "P'raps you air actin' square an' p'raps Jeff Lowder tol' the truth." Her tone was a shade less harsh as she spoke thus, but the old suspicion and dislike crept into it as she went on. "But I ain't takin' any chances. An' even if things is as yer say, this is the safest place fer him. What of they do come heah? 'T won't be the fust time, nor

the las', I reckon. An' so lough's I'm heah they won't git him alive—or dead!"

There was a ring of boundless scorn and courage in her voice, and she drew herself erect with her arms crossed upon her breast, and such a glow of devotion in her hard, worn, old face that the younger woman, amid all her terror and grief and despair, felt a throb of admiration.

Mrs. Moseby catching a glint of that admiration in her daughter-in-law's face, and satisfied the girl was conquered, returned to her rocking-chair. Her knitting lay upon an opened book; brushing it aside she placed the book upon her knees and began to read, glancing now and again towards the corner where Mary Loo sat in silent misery.

The girl knew what the book was—a well-thumbed Bible, the only book her mother-in-law ever read. In truth, she read that one not easily, but formed each word carefully with her lips, turning the pages with slow, awkward hands. The strangeness of it all, that this grim old woman, who encouraged her son to brigandage and gloried in his crimes and defied the law with a bravado only equaled by his own, should read her Bible devoutly and be jealously proud of her position as a "proffessin' Christian"—the perversity of it all, and of a community which saw nothing incongruous in it, filled the girl's soul with wonder for the hundredth time.

Mary Loo belonged to that community by birth and residence, but she was of different stock from the others. Her father, an emigrant from New England, had gained the ill-will of his neighbors during the Civil War, and at his death left to his children an heritage of dislike and suspicion on the part of those neighbors. The girl remembered how, when she returned to the farm from school, the ill-concealed dislike of the people for her family had hurt her, and, above all, how the peculiar twist in their moral instinct had troubled her. With that spirit of missionary enterprise which is never quite absent from the man or woman of Puritan descent, she had burned to "reform" them. Yes—her mother-in-law spoke the truth; that was the idea which had led her to open a school. But it was not that idea which had caused her to marry Jim Moseby. Ah, no! It had been love, wild, unreasoning, passionate, with a hope to "save" him as a sop to her conscience. She remembered vividly when first she saw him down on the river road. It was in the evening twilight of a day in spring, when the air was full of the scent of apple blossoms. She was trudging homewards from her school, and he was riding slowly towards the river. He had not long before returned to Clay county after a few years of wandering, subsequent to the Civil War. He had been one of Quantrel's men in that struggle—or rather one of Quantrel's boys, as he was but a lad then, but a lad of such dare-devil courage that the story of his exploits was already become a legend of the Clay county hills. She knew that legend well enough, and had recoiled from it, but in that soft twilight hour when she met him in the shadowy river-road she had forgotten her horror of the story and had felt a strange thrill pass over her as she glanced up at his dark

face and felt his black eyes boldly studying her own. Not many weeks afterwards she married him—married him in spite of his ugly past, in spite of the rumor of his worse than ugly present life. His mother accused her of marrying him only to "reform" him, but Mary Loo, living it all over in her present misery, knew that in those mad weeks preceding the wedding the wish to "save" him had been but a feeble undertone to the wild love note that filled her soul. Afterwards, when the first tumult of passion was stilled a little, the old missionary spirit reasserted itself, and she strove to turn his life towards better things—longing then as fiercely to save his soul as now in his danger she longed to save his body. She had failed—failed utterly to change his life, but her love was not dead. Ah, no! The grim old woman reading her Bible and accusing her of treachery, little knew how overmastering that love was, and how uncomplainingly she would give up her own life if thereby she might save his.

And she was helpless!

His mother's iron will interposed between them, to declare that he must remain in the old house to meet his death! For what else could happen if he did not flee? A wild impotent horror filled her soul. Already she fancied that she heard the rustle of stealthy feet outside the house—drawing nearer and nearer, closing in upon them—two defenseless women and a hunted, unwarned man in a lonely farmhouse among the Missouri hills! The girl's breath came in gasps; it seemed to her that her mother-in-law must hear the throbbing of her heart. She clenched her cold hands in her lap. She knew that in another moment she must cry out or sob or laugh wildly, when suddenly there came to her reeling senses the sound of a man's whistle, low but distinct in the still night.

In an instant both women were upon their feet.

"What's that?" whispered the old woman.

With a bound Mary Loo reached the door and lifted the latch.

"It's Jeff!" she cried.

"Come away from that do'h!"

Mrs. Moseby sprang forward, but the girl escaping her outstretched hands fled from the house.

Across the barren dooryard she ran. The clouds had lifted, and in the pale starlight she saw Jeff standing under the locust-tree. As she ran towards him she heard the house door slam and the grating of its bolt.

"They've come," whispered the man, when she stood beside him.

Mary Loo pressed a hand to her lips to stifle a cry that trembled there.

"Two of 'em!" he continued. "I was watchin' the river road, an' I seen 'em when they come into it from the pike. I'd been crouchin' in the weeds. I thought they'd come that-a-way."

He paused, trying to see her face more clearly.

"Go on—go on!" she whispered.

"I felt sure they'd come on this heah business, an' when they got off their horses and struck off under the trees I know'd it fer certain."

"Yes, yes; hurry!"

"I follered 'em a bit, tell I was sure they was

comin' this heah way, an' then I come on straight up the bluff. They can't lead their horses up the bluff. They'll have to skirt along by the road."

"What else?"

"That's all. They ain't had time to git heah, the way they come. But they're comin', Mary Loo. I do n't know's Jim is heah, but ef he is, he oughter be wahn'd."

She trembled as she clutched the tree-trunk for support. The night air was heavy with the odor of locust-blossoms, and smothered her. She turned her face towards the yard, gasping for breath; her eyes caught sight of the house-window and of her mother-in-law's white head bent over her Bible. But the old woman's lips were motionless; she was not reading, she was listening, listening for the footsteps which even now, perhaps, were coming stealthily on, under the trees by the roadside. And the man they sought was there in the house-loft, unwarned, with only that white-headed old woman to defend him! Again the hopelessness of it overwhelmed the girl, and her sobs broke out once more.

"Hush! Hush, Mary Loo!" whispered Jeff, laying a great hand gently upon her shoulder. "Do n't cry. I know you do n't altogether trust me, but I'd do anything fer you. It ain't that I'm carin' so much fer Jim; but you. I've—" he hesitated, drawing a hand nervously across his mouth. "Well you know it, Mary Loo; I've loved you allus." He stopped confusedly, abashed by his own boldness. But the girl did not chide him for his avowal; she seemed not to have heard him. Her sobs were hushed, and she stood erect, her face turned from him, her head inclined a little as though she listened to something other than his voice. Suddenly she grasped his hand.

"You will help me?" she whispered.

"You know it," he answered.

"Then come."

She moved silently away from the tree, passing cautiously into the shadow of one near by, Jeff following on tiptoe. They skirted the yard, going towards the stable. Once Mary Loo glanced back, when, with a quick indrawing of her breath, she placed herself by Jeff's side, next the yard, and so they slipped on under the trees until they reached the stable.

"Go in and saddle the horse in the right-hand stall," she said. "You'll find the saddle and bridle there."

The man obeyed her unquestioningly, and while he fumbled rapidly in the dark, she stood in the doorway, her eyes peering sharply into the night. Before Jeff had finished, something crept silently into the starlight south of the house and passed thence under a tree, when it halted—a black patch against the darkness. Mary Loo's eyes did not leave that black patch as Jeff led the horse from the stall and stood beside her in the door.

"Take the road to the north," she whispered. "Ride straight on to the Liberty pike, and then turn west. You know the old Nixon house? Do n't stop till you get there."

"Is Jim thar?" he asked.

Mary Loo winced a little at the question.

"Never mind where he is. You're doing this for me. If you get there and tell old man Nixon what's happened, it's all you need do. It's a dangerous thing—are you willing?"

"Fer your sake, Mary Loo, I'd go plum' to——"

She interrupted him quickly.

"Then start. There's no time to lose."

They passed from the doorway, the man leading the horse, the woman placing herself between him and the black patch under the tree. Across the yard they glided, to the road, and as they stood there under the pale stars she suddenly threw her arms about his neck.

"Kiss me!" she murmured, thickly.

For an instant the man gazed at her with wide, bewildered eyes. Then, with quick outgushing of his breath, he caught her slender form close to his, covering her upturned face with hungry kisses.

"Now, quick! quick!" she urged, trying to free herself from his tight arms. He clung to her, raining his kisses upon her face.

"For my sake, Jeff! For my sake," she pleaded.

With a sigh he withdrew his arms and leapt into the saddle. As he did so a pistol shot rang out, clear and sharp in the still night.

"For God's sake! put the spurs to him!" screamed the woman.

He obeyed her command, and the horse plunged forward. Another shot cut the air. It missed its mark, and Jeff sped onward down the road. Like swift-rushing shadows, two horsemen leapt from under the trees in hot pursuit. Mary Loo waited until the hoof-beats of the flying horses dwindled to silence. Then, with something between a sob and a laugh upon her lips, she turned and ran to the house.

Mrs. Moseby had opened the door, and stood a bold, defiant figure against the lamplight.

"What's this shootin'?" she demanded, as Mary Loo turned the corner of the house.

The girl made no reply, but, mounting the low doorstep, pushed the questioner to one side.

"Answer me!" said the old woman, clutching at her.

Mary Loo turned upon her wildly. "If you stop me now, I'll kill you!" she cried.

She seemed to have grown suddenly taller. Her face was ghastly white, save for a spot of vivid red on either cheek. Her meek eyes were ablaze, and the elder woman, quailing before their strange light, stood in mute bewilderment as the girl passed swiftly into the back room and thence to the loft above. Even the sound of excitedly murmuring voices from the loft failed to arouse Mrs. Moseby to action, and not until she heard the tread of a man's feet upon the uncovered floor, followed by the grating of a bolt slipped from its catch, did she move from the corner where her daughter-in-law had pushed her. Then she sprang towards the back room, calling:

"Jim!"

"You are too late. He's gone," replied Mary Loo's voice, with a triumphant ring, and a moment later the fleet pater of the mare's hoofs outside gave proof to her words.

"What have you done?" cried the old woman, shrilly.

Mary Loo came slowly through the doorway, pressing a hand to her brow. She sighed wearily, and sank into a chair.

"I have saved my husband," she said. After a moment she whispered, as though speaking to herself: "They may come back when they find he is——" The sentence died unfinished upon her white lips. Then with a strange smile, she cried out: "Let them come! He's gone! He's gone!"

The next morning a neighbor came up the hill from the north, leading a horse. Leaving the animal in the stable, he passed to the front of the house, where Mrs. Moseby sat upon her doorstep in the sunshine, knitting doggedly.

"Mawnin', Mis' Moseby," said the man. "I've lef' a horse in the stable that belongs to you 'uns."

The old woman's black eyes disappeared behind their lids for a moment.

"A horse of our'n?" she asked.

"Yes 'um. Foun' saddled an' bridled, a-wan-derin' roun' the Liberty pike."

Mrs. Moseby clenched her knitting-needles fiercely. Her voice was grown suddenly husky.

"Was it the mare?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"No'm. The other 'un. An' the curus'est thing is that Jeff Lowder must a ben ridin' the hoss."

"Jeff Lowder?"

"Yes 'um. Leastwise Jeff was foun' not fer off."

He paused a moment to enjoy the eager curiosity in Mrs. Moseby's face. "Jeff was foun' not fer off, a-layin' in the road—dead!" He drawled the word out unctuously, happy in the knowledge that he was the first to tell a new and startling story. The old woman made no comment, but her eyes fairly burned his face.

"He 'pears to a ben shot in the back; half a dozen times, an' any one of 'em would a killed him. Ter'ble, ain't it?"

"Ter'ble."

"An' queer his bein' on one of yer horses. You ain't got no notion how he come by it?"

There was a strange expression in the yellow old face before him as the woman replied:

"Yes, I have got a notion how he come by it! 'F anybody asks you, you kin tell 'em Jeff Lowder stole that horse."

"That's not so!"

Mrs. Moseby and her visitor turned with startled faces towards the open door. Mary Loo was standing there, white and motionless.

"I loated that horse to Jeff," she said.

The man gazed blankly at her, pulling confusedly at his grizzled beard. He waited for her to explain her words, but she stood silent, with her eyes fixed unseeing upon the distant river that lay like a band of burnished bronze in the sunlight.

"Well," he said at last, turning perplexedly to Mrs. Moseby, "I must be goin' on. They've took Jeff's body to Crenshaw's. It's a cur'us business. It plum' beats me."

He shuffled away, turning once or twice to look

back at the two women. As he disappeared at a bend in the road the old woman resumed her knitting.

"You was a fool to tell him that," she said.

The air was sweet with the scent of locust-blossoms, and the bees hummed joyously among the flowers in the white sunlight. A soft breeze slipped up the hill from the river and touched the women's faces caressingly. Mrs. Moseby's needles clicked steadily on. After a time she raised her eyes and glanced at the still figure in the doorway.

"I'll take back all them mean things I said las' night," she said, with a strange note of shyness in her voice.

Mary Loo made no answer. Her gray eyes were looking out full of horror into the gentle spring day that rested like a benediction upon the world.

ANTHONY LELAND.

THE STORY OF A PLAY

THE FIRST VIOLIN

BY

J. I. C. CLARKE AND MERRIDAN PHELPS

THERE are many funny things about this dramatization of Jessie Fothergill's popular novel.

But, then, there are funny things about the novel itself. Of course, it is sacrilegious to say so, for we all love the novel. It is one of those books, like *Tribly*, that appeal to our affections, rather than to our brains, if we have any. In other words, to quote Kipling—

"It's pretty, but is it art?"

Of course, when Kipling said that he meant to be satirical. Strange as it may seem, Kipling is one of those writers who prefer to appeal to the affections. This is one reason why certain cold-blooded critics dislike him. So J. I. C. Clarke and Merri-dan Phelps (which, as Mr. Clarke has practically confessed, is only a thin disguise for Mr. Mansfield himself) may perhaps be forgiven for the method they have adopted with this play. At any rate, it is in harmony with the method of the book.

Miss Fothergill's novel, as everybody knows, is saturated with music, with sentimental music. Naturally, then, the evening began with the playing by the orchestra of songs made familiar in its pages. When the curtain rose we were introduced to the pension of Frau Schmidt, well represented by that thoroughly competent actress, Miss Annie Clarke, who is at last winning appreciation outside of Boston, and to the room of Friedel Helfen, whom Mr. Arthur Forrest made quite as interesting as Miss Fothergill could wish. In spite of his adored music, Friedel was lonely, poor devil, because he had no one to love, and when he took a pistol from his desk and rolled his eyes and soliloquized, you felt that tragedy was in the air. As he was about to pull the trigger, Eugen Courvoisier entered, bearing in his arms a child and speaking in the organ tones of Mr. Richard Mansfield. Eugen had just come to town to take the position of first violin in the orchestra to which Friedel

belonged, and he was looking for lodgings. It was night, and as the child was sleepy, what could be more natural than that the melancholy Friedel should offer to share his rooms with his new comrade. That is, what could be more natural on the stage? So there we had a pretty little family picture at the start, with motherly Frau Schmidt bustling, about with an armful of bedclothes in the background.

The next scene landed us in "the railway station and restoration at Cologne." The "restoration!" You may be sure that the fine Teutonic hand of Merridan Mansfield Phelps revealed itself here. Is n't it a nice word? It's just the kind of word those cultured Americans use who have lived abroad for seven months, and, on their return home, speak English that is just a little queer. At the station we had some comedy. Such comedy! Have n't you ever noticed what awful comedy plays have that appeal to the affections? There seems to be something antipathetical between the affections and genuine humor. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne could write something quite fine on this theme. Let us draw the veil over that comedy, and pass on to the meeting between May Wedderburn, whom Miss Lettice Fairfax, emancipated from the thralldom of Daly, made as English and as sweetly pretty as heart could wish. As in the book, May was on her way to Elberthal, was separated from her friends, and was prevented from catching her train. Then we saw her amusing meeting with Eugen, their lunch tête-à-tête, and the exposure of Eugen's innocent deceit in keeping her waiting for several hours (how time flies on the stage!) through the bold declaration of Anna Sartorius that trains ran to Elberthal every half-hour! We had had a glimpse of Anna in the first act, when we saw that she was wicked; now we knew that she was also mean, and we were prepared to hate her.

The second act brought us back to Fran Schmidt's, and we found that Eugen and Friedel had become as brothers; that is, as brothers are in plays that appeal to the affections. It was beautiful to see how Eugen's son, the little Sigmund, adored Friedel, and to see also how happy Friedel had become. But Eugen was not happy. In fact, he hinted to Friedel that he never could be happy; he even went so far as to reveal that his dead wife had committed a crime, and that he had taken the disgrace upon himself. In the book, you remember, he kept dark about that. But wital he tried to be gay, and he told Sigmund, the boy, wonderful stories, more wonderful than any Miss Fothergill ever thought of. There was one about a dreadful wolf who ate up two good little boys and then fell asleep in the house of the poor widow, their mother. When the poor widow came home she found the wolf there and saw what had happened. But she was an awfully clever widow. She ran for a pair of sharp scissors that she kept in the house, and she ripped open the belly of that wolf, and the two boys hopped out. "And you may be sure she was very glad to see them." Then she took two big rocks, and she placed them in the wolf's belly and she sewed them up tight. Just imagine the feelings of that wolf on waking up! Was n't it an



MR. MANSFIELD IN THE FIRST VIOLIN

awful punishment! Well, besides these stories, Sigmund was going to have a grand Christmas party given for him, and, just as they were getting ready, in came May Wedderburn looking for rooms. Face to face she met Eugen, and then what do you think she did? She cut him dead, because he had played that little trick on her at the station! But Eugen had his revenge a few moments later, when she tried to pay him for her share of the lunch they had eaten together. Wasn't his repartee bright, though? But it served May right; as Miss Fothergill would have said, May felt awfully "cut up" about it. She must have felt worse when, after the Christmas party, Eugen rushed away and dragged May out of the water, where she had fallen while skating. On their return to the pension, the real love-making began, and very pretty it was, too, all the more pretty because Eugen was so sure that with that dark cloud in his life he never could win a girl so beautiful and gifted with so marvelous a voice. (Of course, you knew all the time that May had a lovely voice. Do n't you remember how beautifully Miss Fothergill described it?)

From Frau Schmidt's we were transferred to the waiting-room in the concert-hall in Elberthal, where Herr von Francius was giving a concert, and where his favorite pupil, Miss Wedderburn, was to make her début. Herr von Francius we found in despair because the artist

engaged to play his new composition had been taken ill. Then Eugen Courvoissier showed his nobility of character by offering to play the composition, for Von Francius had been jealous of him and had treated him badly. You see, this is all different from the book, but it was cleverly devised, and it made an interesting situation. Eugen covered himself with glory, and as for May, by her singing of the aria from Samson and Delilah, she brought the house down. The aria, by the way, was superbly given. How many people noticed, do you suppose, the line on the program announcing that the singer was Miss Marguerite Hall? As the concert progressed, Anna Sartorius, whom we had seen from time to time only to dislike the more, was getting in some fine work. "A splendid fellow, your musician!" she sneered to Karl Linders, one of Eugen's devoted friends. And then she repeated the awful scandal about Eugen. As the newspaper men say, "What a nose for news!" women of that sort have! Anna Sartorius might have made her fortune as a reporter for the New York World! Mr. Karl, however, would n't believe the story, and before the whole orchestra and in presence of May he called on Eugen to scotch the lie! Then occurred the great situation of the piece. Close of the third of four acts, you know. Eugen hung his head in shame. Oh, let the curtain drop. "Blute nur, liebes Herz!"

In the last act, we found Eugen a soldier brave and covered with honors, in the chapel of Rothenfels Castle. His regiment happened to be quartered near by. Like many another real and imaginary sinner before him, he had sought relief in the society of bullets. In literature there seems to be a strong rivalry between the army and the monastery. What could be more natural than that Eugen should have drifted into the chapel and should there be recognized as the brother of the lord and master of the estate, and addressed as "Count?" But we knew all along that he belonged to one of the finest families. By another of those chances that make plays that appeal to the affections so much better than real life, Sigmund, who had been sent to his uncle, appeared, and a few moments later May Wedderburn happened along and had a touching interview with Eugen, and for the first time May confessed her love for him. She didn't need to be told by the now repentant Anna Sartorius, who happened along, too, that he was the most maligned of men. Then the count happened along, and we had a beautiful reunion of tried and happy hearts. Oh, how perfectly the drama reproduces nature!

Do you wonder that even at the fog end of the season a play like this should make one of the biggest hits of the year? It pays to appeal to the affections. Mr. Mansfield will make more friends by his performance of Eugen than by the much stronger and more artistic work that he is capable of doing. Still, on the whole, it is a very clever performance, mannered and affected here and there, to be sure, but very deftly sustained. Throughout the piece Mr. Mansfield introduced several "stunts" which show how versatile he is.

He drops into German with wonderful facility; he sings with touching sweetness; he tells fairy stories with the air of a born raconteur. He has not had a chance to give so many expressions of his talent since he sang in comic opera. He is supported, too, by very serviceable players, and the whole production may be witnessed with pleasure and edification by any refined family. W.

REVIEWS

HEROES BY LAND AND SEA

THE GENERAL MANAGER'S STORY: OLD TIME REMINISCENCES OF RAILROADING IN THE UNITED STATES.—By Herbert Elliot Hamblen. 12mo. The Macmillan Company.

SPUN-YARN: SEA STORIES.—By Morgan Robertson. 12mo. Harper & Brothers.

ABOUT a sailor of the sea, a scout of the prairie, a hunter of the woods there has always shone an aura of romance. The chief element of this has probably been the personal danger that each has had to undergo, and the strong self-reliance and quickness of resource which it has developed. We have felt that they were men. Now we have, through Mr. Hamblen, another sort of hero. In his book, the brakeman, fireman, and engineer of a railroad are seen to be of the same sturdy breed as the sailor and the pioneer.

To be sure, we have already had Mr. Cy Warman, but he writes short stories, and short stories are episodic. Any kind of a man can be heroic in an episode, but only a hero can be so in the continued incident of a novel. There we learn to appreciate the fiber that makes him. When he fronts death in a paragraph, accomplishes a narrow escape in a sentence, and turns over the next page in calm continuation of every-day duty, dismissing into the past the moment that pinned him beneath flaming wrecks, or carried him by a hair's breadth beyond the pursuing load of a "wild train," then we feel that we are grasping hands with one of the strong. There is flesh and blood in him. We like his Anglo-Saxon continence of emotion, his brevity and clearness of description. Ever after, our rides on trains have a new interest. We appreciate the harsh discipline, the work, the bravery, the devotion, and the sterling worth of the invisible men who are responsible for us. And from it we gain a new conception of the man himself. He is of a race apart from ours, just as is the sailor and the plainsman. His physical courage in the face of accidents and his fellow-men, his peculiar freedom among his kind which delivers into his use the force of muscle and the left lead as his surest method of holding his own, his rooted traditions as to the customs of his craft—all these are exotic. He lives his own life completely. He crosses the fence of his "right of way" much as though he were on shore leave. In bringing before us this man and this life, Mr. Hamblen has given us a new type.

But there is more than this interest in the book. The American people enjoy hugely three things—to be told a good deal about something of which they know a little, whence comes the vogue of the

popular-technical; to be told the development from small things of any true success, and to be shown the inside mechanism of machinery. The Manager's Story does this clearly and with the stamp of truth. There is absorbing interest in it all. Even the discharge of a man or the reporting of repairs are so real that they hold our close attention.

From the author of *On Many Seas* we expect no less than vigorous expression and realistic detail, nor are we disappointed. Mr. Hamblen takes extraordinary things so much for granted, and tells their details with such simple matter of course, that his style is as refreshing as a green tree over a high brick wall. There has been nothing recently written with more of the thrill of genuine excitement in it than the account of the flight down the mountain before the unmanageable train of heavy freight. Again, in three brief sentences the author tells of how a heavy boiler rolling down a hill only just missed going over him by a lucky deflection. There is life in it, and we breathe deep of its clear oxygen. Yet for all that, the style is not literary. If we were captious, we could find fault extensively; but we will not, for in spite of its defects, it makes its impression. Nor is the story itself well constructed. It has the interest of personal experience until the promotion of the narrator is carried beyond the engineer's cab—then it plainly becomes theoretical. There seems to be a sharp break at that point, and the remaining pages, happily few, are written to fill out the logical sequence. It is necessary in justice to the title that the man become conductor, telegrapher, superintendent, manager—therefore he is pushed along the line of promotion—but the vitality of the tale leaves it when it sheds its oily overalls, and washes its grimy hands.

To turn from Mr. Hamblen to Mr. Robertson is like going from the street to the theater. The play is good—extraordinarily so—for the men are strong men with undiluted passions and pluck, the incidents are dramatic, and the stage settings are good. We are well satisfied.

The five tales that make up the book are varied in theme, but have underneath them the same thought—the glorification of individual might, and the yet impressing of its helplessness in the face of mightier forces, such as fate, circumstance, and the sea. They are written with a repression that is fine, and with a forceful appreciation of the power of a situation or a condition that prints them strongly on the memory. We are not likely to forget the Freed Black or Captain Swarth and his Pirates.

The stories deal with improbable, though not impossible, conditions—a loss of memory for thirty years, brought about by a blow on the head, and a subsequent restoration under exactly the same circumstances; the bringing into port through a howling gale of a dismasted schooner by a useless tramp, who was, nevertheless, a born mechanic; the capture of a Scotch-manned slaver by a negro-manned pirate, the confinement of the Scotchmen in the slave-hold, their madness, the lunatic-sailed ship, and their fearful revenge; the mixing of a

cargo of cotton and acid in a derelict to produce gun-cotton, the ramming of it by a Spanish cruiser, and its explosion; the tossing by an earthquake wave of a junk and a pirate up the side of a hill, by which the pirate was smashed and the junk left intact, the agreement that the pirates were to launch the junk and were to receive passage in it in return, the fierce toil to accomplish this, and the final catastrophe—these are the bare materials. But from them there is evolved a spirit of power and weirdness. They take hold. In spite of the improbability of the events, there is an impression of the inevitable in them which assures the reader of their truth.

It is a curious fact that in these two books, each showing in its own way the strength of man, there is scarcely even an incidental woman.

WHO'S WHO

Who's Who, 1898.—Edited by Douglas Sladen. 12mo. Adam and Charles Black. \$1.75.

SINCE Mr. Douglas Sladen has taken hold of Who's Who he has certainly gone far towards making it what's what, and the success which has made a second year on the same broadened lines possible and profitable is well deserved. It is not perfect; but it contains a deal of information not to be had elsewhere, and it answers the question implied in its title compendiously and with substantial accuracy. In fact, its use might be made compulsory with great advantage to the staffs of sundry international journals now remarkable for their lofty handling of subjects without their own narrow limits, in which they pay not the slightest regard to previous accomplishment on the part of the persons whose works they are supposed to review. For there is really nothing in English to take the place of these biographies of living persons and personages, the more that they exhibit, for the most part, all the naïvetés of the unaccustomed autobiographer. And, as it is especially rich in such notices of young men and women of letters, it has already become a sort of literary hot-house or forcing-bed, in which budding geniuses bourgeon and bear, however prematurely, their first fruits of fame.

Enhancing its value this year is a table of British proper names not pronounced as they are spelled—names of the Marjoribanks type—

There was once a person named Cholmondeley,
Who lived in a manner quite holmondeley;

Said he: "It is plain,

To be sure, but again,

It cannot be said that it 's holmondeley."

a table which the American views with a species of pained surprise, having always supposed a knowledge of these orthoëpic vagaries to be acquired by the Briton instinctively—there appearing to be really no other manner in which such idiosyncrasies could be gained. That the list is quite incomplete, omitting such names as Blackstone, Bohun, Bouverie, Coutts, De Gex, Mohun, Parnell, Vaux, and scores more; that it is frequently inaccurate, as in the pronunciation of Farquhar (the same as

Thackeray's Harry Forker), Saumerez (almost always summery), Chaworth (which is here called "charworth"), and others; and that it should omit a number of American patronymies of the same kind, like Beall (bell in Virginia), Crowninshield (crunshle on Cape Cod), Talliaferro (tulliver through the South), Sellover (slover, in New York and Pennsylvania) and a hundred more—all these things are to be expected when the subject has been given such recent attention.

The list of pen names has been amplified, though the error of calling a married woman's maiden name a "pseudonym" is repeated, and Charles Lutwidge Dodgson's middle name is given as Lewis, just as it was printed erroneously last year. Among the more notable omissions are Bertha M. Clay—Charlotte Mary Braeme, Carmen Sylva—Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, Joaquin Miller—Cincinnatus H. Miller, and Sydney Yendys—Sydney Dobell. There is a newly-inserted necrology, which would have had its value enhanced twenty-fold by adding the dates of death to the names. In Part I there are also long lists of lords and ladies of high degree, dukes, marchionesses, baronets, K. S. I. E.'s, G. C. B.'s, G. C. V. O.'s, and all the other assorted things which Americans love to read about so dearly, as the worn-out "peerages" in all our public reference libraries attest.

Part II, as before, is devoted to the biographical sketches which, as has been remarked, are so largely autobiographical. This lends to the pages a charm quite indescribable, as when Mr. Hall Caine reluctantly admits that he "had a good deal to do with the breakdown of the three-volume novel," or M. Henri Blowitz tempts the pun which always comes to mind on the mention of his name, by artlessly remarking that he has, among a host of other journalistic marvels, "written more than 4,000 columns in the Times." There are more Americans included than there were last year, but we are disposed to quarrel with a system—or lack of system—which permits the name of Mr. William Livingston Alden to be inserted and not the name of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich; of Mr. Arthur Warren and not of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith; of Mr. Stephen Crane and not of the Rev. John Banister Tabb, and many more, Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, Mr. Elihu Vedder, and other painters, designers, and sculptors among them. A little painstaking here could not fail to repay the trouble it would take; for there is no good reason why Who's Who should not flourish in the United States as well as it does in England, though it assuredly should not sell for 3s. 6d. in the one country, and \$1.75, more than double, in the other.

NEGRO JARGON FROM A NEGRO'S POINT OF VIEW

FOLKS FROM DIXIE.—By Paul Laurence Dunbar. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

WE understand that Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar is a negro; but whether he is of the full blood or a mulatto, quadroon, or octoroon, we

are not informed. The question of color is of importance only from the ethnological position; for we cannot see how a colored man has any advantage over a 'white in the matter of making good literature out of what is obtainable from Southern life. It is curious to observe, however, how much criticism, favorable or unfavorable, has been affected in Mr. Dunbar's case by the fact that he is a negro and at the same time an author.

Nobody has seemed to expect that a review of one of Mr. Dunbar's books would ever be written without making a strong point of his African lineage. The obvious foundation of this is the assumption that he is a negro of the full blood, a representative of his race, and therefore in his genius a triumph of the sons of Ham. It would, indeed, be a notable fact if a pure-blood negro should write a book and that book should be a piece of fine literary art, the expression of a rare and original genius.

But we are not especially curious on this point. We prefer to read these twelve stories of 'Folks From Dixie' with regard to themselves, and not having the author's pedigree at all in view. Are these stories of value (and if so, to what extent?) as works of art? Do they set forth the life they are made to represent with an appreciable stroke of originality? Or are they mere echoes caught from the genius of Harry Stilwell Edwards, of Joe Chandler Harris, of Thomas Nelson Page?

Regarded as literature, Mr. Dunbar's book discloses no distinguishing gift of style. The stories are imagined with considerable accuracy and told very cleverly; but they are not able to clutch attention and hold it fast. The negro life in them is authentic, yet not remarkably interesting. It is life without background and without aerial perspective. There is wanting, too, the entourage of picturesque circumstances.

Mr. Dunbar feels keenly, and expresses in good measure the grotesque elements of negro life in the South, and in some of his sketches contrasts between black and white are amusingly thrust upon us. His pathetic passages are not very successful nor is his humor as rich as that common to his people in the days of slavery when they banded jocularities around the corn-pile at husking time.

Regarded as stories to read and toss aside, this dozen has value. Each sketch will repay reading. There is a smile on every page, a good laugh here and there, and everywhere the entertainment easily afforded by simple pictures of droll and vaguely humorous characters.

The artist, Mr. E. W. Kemble, who made the eight full-page illustrations for Mr. Dunbar's book has done his part well. Evidently he felt the caricature in most of the stories, and therefore gave his pictures a strong touch of exaggeration, which is much heightened in those done in colors, especially when a "preachin' bruddah" is the sitter. Taking the book as a whole, it is an engaging hammoel companion for the afternoon of a hot day—good to go to sleep over with a gentle grin on one's face, and the patois of Mr. Dunbar's Dixie-folk slowly dying out of one's mind. Without being in any way remarkable, it is a successful volume.

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SEMI-MONTHLY

June 15, 1898

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NOTES

AN INCREASE IN NEWSPAPER PROFITS during war times has been accepted as an indisputable fact by almost every one. And the very simplest processes of logic lead one from this to an explanation of the extraordinary fighting spirit which the press displayed during the weeks before the final declaration. But a more careful investigation would make it less sure that this is a rich harvest season for the press. Circulations have undoubtedly increased, and the more lively and warlike the paper the greater has been its gain. But expenses have also increased tremendously. Special dispatch boats cost money, and you cannot even get cooling drinks for the war correspondents at the Tampa Bay Hotel free of charge. The cost of getting news for the censor to suppress, and of inventing it this side of the danger line is really very great. Now, in ordinary times an increase in circulation is worth while, no matter what is costs. And it costs a great deal sometimes. It is rumored in professional circles that the last 80,000 of The Ladies' Home Journal's subscribers cost that paper considerably more than the money which they paid into the treasury of its proprietors.

Two things, in ordinary times, make these costly spurts worth while. A convenient rule in a newspaper office is that you can make permanent twenty-five per cent of any temporary increase in circulation. And in ordinary times any permanent increase means just so much more advertising at just so much higher rates. And here is where all rules fail in war times. Advertising does not increase as does circulation; on the whole it has decreased considerably since war began. And the papers find themselves in the position of losing more money with every extra copy sold. For it is no longer a

paradox to any one that the newspaper costs more than you pay for it every time, and that it is only the advertising which can put anything on the credit side. Until war stimulates general business more than it has as yet, the immediate pecuniary returns of war to the newspapers are not going to be large.

Of course, no newspaper can afford to be economical. The best war news and the best "fakes" must be had. The public will tolerate no niggardliness in such matters. And the newspaper which has any hopes for the future must hold its own now. It was cheap enough to urge the necessity of war, and the policy was unquestionably popular. But war itself is proving a very expensive luxury to many a paper, and we may expect that no violent efforts will be made to continue the war should peace seem in prospect.

ONE CLAUSE of the law of compensations has long been familiar to the student of affairs as they are disclosed in the daily newspapers—the fact that there is only about so much of interest in the world at large, so that unusual happenings (and the unusual is always a factor in news) in any given place make against the happening of other things out of the common run elsewhere. Notable calamities, the Chicago fire, the Johnstown flood, the St. Louis cyclone, are just as certain to leave the world free from casualties in general as a presidential election, a world's exposition or a legislative scandal are to diminish the sum total of all other happenings.

It has been objected heretofore that this was not an actual but a relative cessation of the lesser matters which, under ordinary circumstances, make up the most of the daily paper; that these were dwarfed by a change in the point of view, and so com-

manded less space, rather than that they ceased even for twenty-four hours. The better informed have been certain, however contentious their opponents, that in times of national upheaval in politics, for example, scandals, crimes, and accidents, the bulk of current happenings, either cease to exist or if they do exist, take on the flavor of the dominant news and grow out of politics almost entirely.

The yellow journals of New York are finding an unexpected proof of this since the breaking out of war. Many of the wise men declined positions as correspondents, seeing in the space they occupied in the paper greater remuneration for staying at home than in the salary to be paid them at the front. They have been grievously disappointed. So engrossed has the community become in the new navy and the new army, and their conflicts with Spain, actual or rumored, that its component members apparently have no time left to do criminal things or things otherwise disgraceful, leaving your sharp-nosed reporter without his carrion.

A FEELING OF GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT mastered us on the morning of May 23d, when we learned that one of the most delightfully romantic and picturesque fêtes which a yellow journalism had ever planned for this grateful country had failed to come off—had, in fact, “fluked” completely, if one may venture upon such an expression. In the New York World we had read the following fascinating bit of correspondence from Topeka:

A Romany gypsy queen will be crowned here on May 22, at which time between 800 and 900 of the tribe will assemble to do her honor. Already the queen-elect has arrived at Topeka, with an escort of sixty Romany gypsies.

Such a ceremony is of rare occurrence. There has been but one gypsy coronation in the United States, and that was last year, at St. Louis, when a queen was crowned for the English tribe.

The Romany tribe dates its lineage back to the Pharaohs. It is said to be the oldest of the gypsy bands. For several hundred years the headquarters of the tribe have been in Austria. A few weeks ago Queen Sophia Fryer died in Austria. She had ruled the Romany gypsies sixty-two years.

The news of her death was received by her daughter, Molly Fryer, a few days ago. A conference of gypsies was held, and it was decided to crown the late queen's daughter on May 22, at which time she will be twenty years of age.

The preliminary arrangements for the coronation are being made by Louis Stackovitch, a brother-in-law of the queen-elect. The gypsy band is now camped near Topeka. The coronation will be a time of feasting and joy. The ceremonies will extend throughout the week.

The ceremonies of coronation will be in charge of Father Metrovitch, high priest of the Romany gypsies. He lives at Chicago.

The crown which was worn by the late queen, Sophia Fryer, is now being remodeled for the queen-elect. It was a magnificent affair, composed of precious jewels and gold. Extra jewels and ornamental work are to be added to it. Minnie Youngs, a cousin of Molly Fryer, will bring the crown from Austria, and in the coronation ceremonies at Topeka will formally present her with the crown.

Molly Fryer, the queen-elect, is called a beauty among gypsies. She is possessed of sparkling black eyes, a dark skin, and a graceful figure. She came to the United States eight months ago. She speaks English but little, but she speaks twelve other languages. Three months ago she married Gustav Stackovitch, a Romany gypsy from Australia.

Louis and Gustav Stackovitch and their wives have a camp separated from the large camp. They are the bon-ton of Gypsdom. Their tents, wagons and furnishings are better than those of the other gypsies.

It can do no harm to confess that in our innocence we went so far as to write to Mr. Paul Kester, the author of *Tales of the Real Gypsy*, asking him if he intended to be present at the coronation, and suggesting that in such an event *THE CHAP-BOOK* would be glad to have from him an illustrated article on the subject. Mr. Kester expressed no disbelief in the story, but his affairs made it impossible for him to be at Topeka. We can therefore only present our readers with the account of the affair which is furnished us by the *Topeka Daily Capital*:

Yesterday was the date announced some weeks ago for the crowning of a gypsy queen of the world in North Topeka.

It was claimed that untold multitudes of picturesque, swarthy skinned Roumanians would assemble under the swinging grape vines of Soldier creek woods and would celebrate the weird coronation of a gypsy queen.

It was claimed that relatives of the alleged queen were in Austria preparing rich robes and jewelry set with precious stones for use at the momentous occasion.

Meantime the “queen,” a dirty-faced, stoop-shouldered female, whose choicest garment was a red calico wrapper, told fortunes in a smoky, malodorous tent at the remunerative price of one dollar a tell. Several evil-eyed men loafed about the tent in the day time, trading horses, watches, knives, and obscene stories with those who came to look upon the alleged grandeur of the gypsy camp.

While the queen was flim-flamming the proprietors of the Floral Festival for a daily guarantee and a generous slice of the net receipts to boot by occupying a dimly lighted booth and distributing ready-made fortunes, the men were loafing and bartering.

The gypsy queen and her retinue of tramps was the most foundationless, indigestible fake that ever was advertised in a newspaper.

Nothing has been seen of the gypsies for over a month. They folded their filthy tents and stole away. It was not proven that they stole anything else, for they were pretty closely watched by the police. They promised to return in time for the “coronation.” But their promises, like their prophecies, were false fabrications built to deceive a generous public which had given them board and lodging for thirty days.

But there was no great sorrow at the breaking of the promise. Some of the officers of the law were even heard to murmur:

“Them gyps are gone—and we’re d— glad of it!”

Newspapers from San Francisco to New York that swallowed the fake with a great gusto of cuts and copy should take notice that the gypsy queen canceled her date; reason not stated.

We had thought that the imagination of the country was all being employed in authentic cablegrams from the seat of war. But it is not so. In Topeka alone is an unfledged sensational novelist of the first rank.

ANOTHER EFFECT ON THE NEWSPAPERS of war has been that a tremendous number of special writers for the Sunday papers have found their occupation gone. The Sunday editor wants only war articles, and it is only a comparatively small class that can furnish them. Furthermore, the same “stuff” does for newspapers everywhere. The woman writer finds that her article on *The Home Life of Women Doctors*, and *Shoes for Dogs the Latest Fad of Fashion* are no longer the marketable commodities that they were. From the point of view of the reader this is a good thing. It relaxes the strain which used to be upon one Sundays. But from the standpoint of the

"special" writers the thing is serious. Actual penury is what threatens them.

NEWSPAPER PEOPLE OUT OF EMPLOY seem to be numerous in the Klondike. Perhaps our special writers will go there. Joaquin Miller sends to *The Land of Sunshine* a rather amusing account of some of them.

"We are fortunate in having fine neighbors" he says; "newspaper men and artists from the great Eastern cities, and we are entertained and instructed. Men do not play cards here as they did in California. But there are newspaper men and newspaper men. The camp is overrun with homeless fellows going up and down claiming to be working for this paper or that. They are too worthless to provide supplies and too lazy to build cabins and keep them in order. They are a numerous nuisance here. There were three women of this sort who used to go up and down the creeks, booted to the thighs and all girded and plumed like Jack the Giant Killer, but they found other business. One is a good cook for a good company of miners, one is kicking high at a higher salary in a dance hall, and one has got married a time or two. Would that the other newspaper tramps would find something better to do than 'cousining' around from one mining camp to another. I say this not only because it is right, but because the miners have asked me to say it. No man is a real man who shirks the task of packing his load over the Pass, where he can have every alternate sack of flour for packing it over, and other things in like way; or at least could last season. He may be talented and he may be tolerated, but he is at the same time despised."

There is another account of a visit to their cabin made by a newspaper woman:

"Life is not a bit monotonous in a Klondike cabin, much as you might imagine it. All sorts of people call, of all sexes and conditions; more women than you would think; good women, bright and beautiful, with healthful color from brisk walks in the keen cold. One woman who sat watching Kreling, to his great annoyance, as he cooked, said, 'N. G.! It would kill me to eat that.' He looked at her a moment and then said very seriously, 'No, madam, it would not kill you. It might cripple you for life, but it would not kill you. However, I wish you no harm, and you shall not even be crippled.' And with great gravity and deliberation he set only two plates. Then she left."

PROFESSOR CHARLES ELIOT NORTON is not a favorite, for the moment, or more would have been said of his retirement from the active position of lecturer on the Fine Arts at Harvard. Only those who know Harvard realize what this means to the university, and through its graduates to the outside world. It is perhaps too much to say that Professor Norton has been the dominant influence in Cambridge; the place is too big for that. But for many years he has come nearer than any other

single personality to embodying the many curious qualities which we call vaguely the "Harvard spirit." One never felt quite sure whether Professor Norton influenced the university or whether it was that by a wonderful sensitiveness he had come to be the spirit of the university made concrete.

Objection to such broad generalizations as this will be made by every man who has lived in Cambridge. Part of Harvard's independence consists in each man having his idea of what Harvard really is; and rarely did any one agree thoroughly with Professor Norton. He has been called by every class un-American, reactionary, a kind of Raskin manqué. Hundreds of men took his courses, in Fine Arts III and IV, which were ostensibly on the history of ancient and mediæval art, without ever consciously listening to what was said. But the lectures would not keep inside the lecture room. They were in the whole atmosphere of the place; they formed a kind of background to which the new student learned to fit his life. A kind of mental aristocracy, a fastidiousness, an assumption that beauty and delicacy were things it was not effeminate to love, a vigorous and unyielding independence of judgment, a democracy of feeling which comes rather from a feeling that there are inequalities that can be bridged than from any conviction of equality, an emphasis constantly laid on manners, with the idea that in the end this meant morals as well—all these were various phases of thought which as found in the Harvard undergraduate were directly traceable to Professor Norton. They talk a great deal about the "atmosphere" of Harvard. It can never be quite the same without Fine Arts III and IV.

AMERICA HAS A CRITIC OR TWO of catholic taste—men who may be relied upon to read the literary works of the day with a fine appreciation of the good there is in them. But in that respect there is no one to compare with Mr. Gladstone. Being a kindly man by nature and education, and one quite fearless in his opinions, he never hesitated in saying that he had enjoyed a book, and in telling why. There was not the slightest suspicion that he would injure his reputation as a judge of such matters by rather voluminous and rather indiscriminate praise—on the contrary, he seems to have believed that the uniform courtesy of his manner in this regard would win for him higher esteem than greater strictures could—and in this he was undoubtedly correct.

As for the reading public, it always put its trust in Mr. Gladstone's judgment, which, though obtained by devious means now and again, was always pronounced with characteristic candor and generosity. A recently published collection of these opinions of his begins with a complimentary review of *The Life of the Rev. Joseph Blanco White*—"Single Sonnet" White, quite as much as it ever was "Single Speech" Hamilton. He does not scruple here to compare him with Shelley, to the latter's disparagement, rather, however, on grounds of religion than of art.

His wideness of view was shown by the modified approval given by Marie Bashkirtseff's *Journal*, as well as of Sonia Kovalevsky's *Biography*. The few books that "influenced" him most were, so he told the *British Journal*, Aristotle, St. Augustine, Dante and Bishop Butler. Robert Elsemere and Dodo, the Heinemann translation of Felix Gras's *The Reds of the Midi*, and all sorts of things written by Mr. Hall Caine, these exemplify a curious taste in fiction.

Many an American has to thank him for kindness of this sort. Mr. Harold Frederic had a most commendatory note regarding *In the Valley*, and *The Damnation of Theron Ware*. Dr. Henry Van Dyke's *The Poetry of Tennyson* was highly complimented, and the letter in Mr. Stanley Waterloo's *A Man and a Woman* had his strong approbation.

It is curious to note that, toward the last, Mr. Gladstone had misgivings regarding the value of the judgments he so generously meted out. He wrote M. Tisot regarding his *Life of Jesus*, on December 4, 1896, and said, "If you find the use of my name will be in any manner of degree injurious, you will then forbear from using it."

But the smile of the more astute among the critics never troubled him further than that, and the public never swerved in its devotion to his standard, whatever it was. Gladstone's kindness will be memorable when the shrewder judges are dust.

PRINTING PRESSES ONCE DEVOTED TO PEACE TRACTS now rumble with books of war. A small volume, evidently printed at this time in response to the popular demand, called *War*, and published by the Doubleday and McClure Company, is made up from actual war experiences during the rebellion, as told by soldiers on both sides. The major-general commanding the army of the United States gives the first of these, and various majors and captains, with a solitary private, round out its small dimensions.

The stories are those of personal heroism. The *Bravest Deeds I Ever Knew* is the title of General Miles's initial tale. The episode best worth remembering is that of the young officer who urged his troops into deadly fire with the exhortation:

"Come on! come on! Do you want to live forever?"

General Miles localizes this at Malvern Hill in the person of a young Confederate colonel. We opine it has happened in other states and in foreign parts as well—indeed, it had a Greek flavor, and might have been said in the charge at Plataea.

Captain T. J. Mackey, who served the South in the corps of engineers, has nothing quite as impressive as this to tell, but his account of *The Bravest Deed of the War* is much more convincing, both in subject-matter and in corroborative detail. Briefly, it sets forth that an Iowa captain went out and took the regimental standard from the Twenty-Seventh South Carolina single handed, only to be shot by the brigadier in com-

mand. There are several other stories, but none of equal interest, though all are of the same kind.

It appears from them taken collectively that nothing appeals to the soldier, as to the civilian, so much as sheer daring hardihood, and that the instances of it are innumerable in every engagement. It is not the merely animal man, the brute or plug ugly, who excels in this sort of performance, either; but generally the sort of man who goes pale at the sight of danger and pulls himself together to act in defiance of it. In other words, here, as everywhere, brain, not brawn, is the factor determining success.

NOTHING SEEMS TO HAVE SO JARRED the literary sensibilities of the minor poet as the failure of one of him to buy whisky for another of him who had just bought whisky. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is the accused; the accuser no less eminent a versifier than the author of *Om. Mammon, A Spirit Song*, Mr. Louis M. Elshemus, who has not been without mention in *THE CHAP-BOOK*. Let him tell the fatal omission in his own unequaled way, quoted from a letter of his to the *New York Times*:

As to the man who is received in every club and in most houses I have found out that he lacks the most rudimentary manners. It was at the club that I was introduced to him. I said I had read his works, and had been interested in his poems; I incidentally mentioned that I was a poet, and offered him a cigar, which he accepted. Then we walked down stairs. In the reading-room I introduced him to a number of friends of mine and suggested, "What will it be?" We all three decided on "Scotch." We drank together and chatted quite animatedly, when he was called away by some members near by. He talked awhile. I waited for him to drink the last round, as his glass was left standing on the barstand. After five minutes he returned. I thought he would drink to my health or ask me if I cared for another, as every gentleman does, before taking leave of me. No. My surprise was worth taking with a kodak. He came up; did not look at me; he took his glass of Scotch in his hand and silently stole out of the room, without thanking me for the drink I paid for him—without looking my way. I almost succumbed to a burst of surprise; still I restrained it and simply drank my glass out solis. This act was so ungentlemanly that I immediately pronounced him to be an ordinary man, on whom human manners had had no influence whatsoever.

It seems the sadder to have shocked Mr. Elshemus, for his sensibilities are not few nor to be hardened by exposure. He says himself:

Lamartine, when asked to read some of his poems to a private audience for their entertainment, rejoined that he could not recite his own verses, because the memory of his feelings while writing the poems would cause him to grow so emotional that he feared he would weep. He was a genuine poet—a modest, sensitive, and whole-hearted man. One time I was asked to read one of my love songs; at first I declined, but, taking courage, I began at the first stanza; at the second my voice quavered a little; at the third my voice trembled—and I felt tears collecting in my eyes. That settled my reading my own effusions to friends. I shiver when I contemplate my having to read them before an audience of strangers. But that shall never be. I'm too much like Lamartine.

There is a partiotic cry raised also by Mr. Elshemus, who would like to see the contract labor law extended to poets and lecturers. But here he exhibits a fatal inconsistency: how can the man complain of British verse who, by his own admission, drinks Scotch whisky? They hang for that in Kentucky.



MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE

IN ST. SWITHIN'S CHURCH, BOURNEMOUTH, SUNDAY, MARCH 6TH, 1898.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

THE long-expected news has come at last, and brought with it, after all, a shock nearly as great as if it never had been expected—as if we had not been waiting for it through long and anxious weeks and months. William Ewart Gladstone is dead, and has left no one behind him in English statesmanship who could, by any possibility, be regarded as his peer. Gladstone was, on the whole the greatest Prime Minister England has ever had.

We must assign to him that position, whether we regard the amount and the value of the practical work he did in statesmanship or whether we consider merely the intellectual power of the man. He was one of the very foremost of English orators, whether in Parliament or on the platform. In my time, so far as my judgment goes, his only rival as an orator was John Bright, and in his inexhaustible readiness of debating power he was far superior to Bright.

Gladstone never, indeed, was tried by any such supreme national crisis as that which, more than once, taxed to the uttermost the energies of the elder and of the younger Pitt. No moment arose during Gladstone's time when the safety and very existence of the empire seemed to be at stake. All that we know is, that to every crisis which arose during his time of leadership he proved himself equal, and we have no reason to doubt that a yet greater strain would have called into exercise yet greater powers. Gladstone has left on English legislation, a far deeper and more lasting mark than it was the fortune of either Pitt to make. Sir Robert Peel comes nearest to him in this kind of achievement among modern English Prime Ministers; but Sir Robert Peel's field of activity was narrow indeed and unvaried when compared with that of Gladstone. If Edmund Burke had been a Prime Minister, he might perhaps have equaled Gladstone in beneficent legislation, but Burke never had a chance of holding high office in the State. There are two qualities in which Burke and Gladstone greatly resembled each other. One was the immense capacity for acquiring and turning to account a vast stock of information on almost all subjects—I should say that these two men were far superior to all other English working statesmen in the extent and the variety of their knowledge. The other characteristic which they had in common was the quality of intense and overmastering conscientiousness. What Macaulay said of Burke might very well be said of Gladstone: he was sometimes wrong in his conclusion, but he always judged from

the right point of view. It would be impossible to think of either Burke or Gladstone adopting any political course because of any selfish or personal motive. Again and again Gladstone renounced the most cherished prejudices of his birth, of his bringing up, and of his surroundings, because he saw that the truth was not in them, and he heard the voice of Truth calling on him to follow her.

It would probably be very difficult to convey to an American reader a full estimate of the struggle through which the mind and heart of Gladstone must have passed before he made his resolve to undertake the disestablishment of the State Church in Ireland. An American has nothing to do with such questions; he has no State Church principle to trouble himself about, and there is no possibility of his being called upon to discuss the question whether a country whose majority are in favor of the State Church has a moral right to enforce its State Church on another country, the vast majority of whose inhabitants are decidedly against it. Gladstone had been brought up in the very atmosphere of a State Church. The Eton and the Oxford of his younger days were almost strictly State Church institutions. He championed in his first book the right of a State to set up a Church, and to favor and promote its teaching. To the end of his life he seems to have held to the principle of a State Church for England, where the great majority of the people belonged to its ministrations. But it was borne in upon his mind and upon his conscience that England had no right to impose upon Ireland the burden of a State Church, whose ministrations were absolutely rejected by at least five-sixths of the population. When Gladstone had made up his mind on this subject he followed out the course dictated to him by his conscience, undismayed by any difficulties, counting the loss of friends and followers and of popularity among his own set as nothing when compared with the maintenance of the rightful cause. So it was, too, with him when his mind became satisfied of the justice of the Irish national claim for Home Rule. He was slow to see the justice of that claim; it took him long years to form a conviction. Nothing can be more utterly unfounded, more directly opposed to the facts, than the belief very common among certain political sections in this country, that Gladstone suddenly came over to Home Rule when he found that the Home Rule party in the House of Commons had become so strong as to make it difficult for a hostile ministry to hold its place. I know of my own knowledge that the belief is utterly unfounded. I know of my own knowledge that twenty years ago Mr. Gladstone was beginning to open his mind to the whole subject of the Home Rule claim, and was willing to be convinced of its justice and of the possibility of a system of national government for Ireland.

Mr. Gladstone was not then convinced; he had two principal doubts which he desired to have satisfied before he could make up his mind. His first doubt was whether the majority of the Irish people really desired a separate and local government, and his next doubt was whether it would be possible to set up such a local government without damage, or at



GLADSTONE'S LAST PORTRAIT



HAWARDEN CASTLE



THE LIBRARY AT HAWARDEN

all events, danger to the strength of that Imperial system which as an Imperial statesman he was bound to maintain. He told me himself that these were the two points on which at that time he especially desired to be satisfied. When events, experience, and fuller information had satisfied him on these points, he became a Home Ruler, and it seemed as nothing to him to risk office, power, popularity, and position in the hope of carrying his measure of home rule. As it was with him on this Home Rule question, so it was with him on all other questions—he only wanted to see the right course. When he saw it he followed it to the end.

Gladstone had in him no taint of that vulgarity—I can use no other word—which mars the intellect of so many other statesmen and fills them with the belief that a nation's greatness consists merely in the extent of territory which she overruns and adds to her rule. With him the greatness of England meant the development of her intellect, the education of her people, the improvement of the condition of her poor, the lightening of burdens on the too heavily laden, the maintenance of exalted ideals, the noble ambition to be just. Gladstone's desire was that England should be a benefactress among the nations; he had only a feeling of pity and contempt for those whose chief desire would be to make her a swaggering tyrant, boasting the extent of her conquests and proclaiming the number of her slaves. Gladstone was, above all things, a Christian in statesmanship as he was a Christian in private life. He did not believe in any greatness which sought to set itself outside the principles of the Christian faith. No semblance of temporary success could delude him for a single instant out of his fixed belief on that subject. In that belief he lived and struggled, won complete success now, met with temporary failure then. In that belief he died. He combined in a manner which seems to me absolutely unique amongst statesmen, the virtues of a dreamer with the virtues of a worker; the virtues of a recluse with the virtues of a leader of men.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

BALLAD OF THE SABER CROSS AND 7

A TROOP of sorrels led by Vic and then a troop of bays;

In the backward ranks of the foaming flanks a double troop of grays;

The horses are galloping muzzle to tail, and back of the waving manes

The troopers sit, their brows all knit, a left hand on the reins.

Their hats are gray, and their shirts of blue have a saber cross and 7,

And little they know, when the trumpeters blow, they'll halt at the gates of heaven.

Their colors have dipped at the top of a ridge—how the long line of cavalry waves!—

And over the hills, at a gallop that kills, they are riding to get to their graves.

"I heard the scouts jabber all night," said one; "they peeped my dreams with alarm.

That old Ree scout had his medicine out an' was tryin' to fix up a charm."

There are miles of tepees just ahead, and the warriors in hollow and vale

Lie low in the grass till the troopers pass, and then they creep over the trail.

The trumpets have sounded—the General shouts! He pulls up and turns to the rear;

"We can't go back—they've covered our track—we've got t' fight 'em here."

He rushes a troop to the point of the ridge where the valley opens wide,

And Smith deploys a line of the boys to stop the coming tide.

There's a fringe of fire on the skirt of the hills; in every deep ravine

The savages yell, like the fiends of hell, behind a smoky screen.

"Where's Reno?" said Custer, "Why do n't he charge? It isn't a time to dally!"

And he shouts for help, and he waves his hat to the men across the valley.

There's a wild stampede of horses; every man in the skirmish line

Stands at his post as a howling host rush up the steep incline.

Their rifles answer the deadly fire and they fall with a fighting frown,

Till two by two, in a row of blue, the skirmish line is down.

A trooper stood over his wounded mate, "No use o' your tryin' t' fight,

Blow out yer brains—you'll suffer hell-pains when ye go to the torture to-night.

We tackled too much; 'twas a desperate game—I knowed we never could win it.

Custer is dead—they're all of 'em dead an' I shall be dead in a minute."

They're all of them down at the top of the ridge; the saber cross and 7

On nearly a breast, as it lies at rest, is turned to the smoky heaven.

The wounded men are up and away; they're running hard for their lives,

While the bloody corse of rider and horse is quivering under the knives.

Some troopers watch from a distant hill with hope that never tires;

As the shadows fall on the camp of Gall they can see its hundred fires,

And phantoms ride on the dusky plain and the troopers tell their fears

As the bugle rings, the song it sings they hope may reach his ears.

There's a reeling dance on the river's edge; its echoes fill the night;

In the valley dim, the shadows swim on a lengthening pool of light.

On the Hill of Fear the troopers stand and listen with bated breath,

While the bugle strains on lonely plains are searching the valley of death.

* * * * *

"What's that like tumbled grave stones on the hilltop there ahead?"

Said the trooper peering through his glass, "My God! sir, it's the dead!"

How white they look! How white they look! they've killed 'em—every one!

An' they're stripped as bare as babies an' they're rotting in the sun."

And Custer—back of the tumbled line on a slope of the ridge we found him;

And three men deep in a bloody heap, they fell as they rallied 'round him.

The plains lay brown, like a halted sea held firm by the hand of God;

In the rolling waves we dug their graves and left them under the sod.

IRVING BACHELLER.

OLD-TIME DRINKS AND DRINKERS

HUFF-CUP AND NIPPITATUM

A POTENT drink, beloved of gay sparks and roystering blades was huff-cup. This was a slang expression for very strong brewed ale, as this quotation would show:

In certain towns * * * against a Christmas or Whit-sunday, the Church wardens of every parish provided half a score or twenty quarters of mault, * * * which being made into very strong ale or beer it is set to sale, either in the Church, or some other place assigned to that purpose. When this Huff-cup, as they call it, and this Nectar of lyfe is set abroche, wit is he that can get the soonest to it and spend the most at it.

That never-failing well of reference, Stubbes, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, also calls it strong ale.

There is such headie ale in most of them (the markets) as for the mightinesse thereof among such as seek it out, is commonly called huff-cup. * * * It is incredible to say how our malt-bugs lug at this liquor.

In *The Old, Old, Very Old Man*—John Taylor's poem on Thomas Parr, then one hundred and fifty-three years old, we learn that—

Hee had little leisure time to waste
At the Ale-house Huff-cup Ale to taste,

but drank plain ale instead.

The Art of Flattery thus mentions it:

To quench the scorching heat of our parched throtes with the best nippitatum in this town, which is commonly called huff-cup; it will make a man look as though he had seen the devil.

It was a catch-penny dodge of some London tavern-keepers of olden times, strongly suggestive of some modern trade tricks, to hang up a sign in the tap-room that but a single glass would be sold at a sitting. The result is told by old Decker, in his *Seven Deadly Sins Seven Times Press'd to Death*:

Then you must have another brewing called Huff's Ale. at which, because no man must have but a pot at a sitting and so be gone, the restraint makes them more eager to come in, so that by this policie one may huffe it four or five times a day.

There is one survival of the word to-day. A strong ale called Huff is still brewed at Winchester school for the use of the fellows.

Nippitatum or nippitatu used above was another slang name for strong ale. "Well fares England, where the poor may have a pot of ale for a penny; fresh ale, firm ale, nappy ale, nippitate ale." In the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, is a full reference and use of this word:

My father oft will tell me of a drink
In England found, and nippitatu call'd
Which driveth all the sorrow from your heart.
Lady, 'tis true, you need not lay your lips
To better nippitatu than there is.

The word huff-cup came to be used derivatively to indicate a noisy roysterer. I can see the swaggerer of Elizabeth's day, in breeches bombasted and stuffed with sawdust, with peasecod-bellied doublet, great ruff, feathered hat and gay shoe-roses, reeling up to a red-lattice and bawling in for another pot of huff-cup; the word and the character seem well mated.

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

THE WISE MAN OF THE SEA

CAPTAIN MAHAN is not without honor in his own country; yet the publication at this time of a collection of his essays, given first to the American public through its magazines several years ago, shows him to have been a disregarded prophet, preaching in a wilderness of national indifference. Were it any satisfaction to so pure a patriot and so profound a thinker, I Told You So would serve as a title for this work better than another. It is no small matter to have thought out a paper on *The United States Looking Outward* as long ago as 1890 which shall be timely in 1898, and what is true of this first paper is true of the seven others: whenever conceived or published they deal with questions now demanding solution and matters imminent in our national life by reason of this current war. The opening paragraph of the volume begins, "Indications are not wanting of an approaching change in the thoughts and policy of Americans as to their relations with the world outside their borders;" the closing paragraph decides that Cuba is the best strategical point in the Gulf of Mexico, and the rest of the book may be fairly judged from its beginning and end.

"There is no sound reason," wrote Captain Mahan eight years ago, "for believing that the world has passed into a period of assured peace outside the limits of Europe." "On the other hand," he adds, "neither the sanctions of international law nor the justice of a cause can be depended upon for a fair settlement of differences, when they come into conflict with a strong political necessity on the one side opposed to comparative weakness on the other." These are the sayings of a true prophet.

No less instructive is *Hawaii and Our Future Sea Power*, published early in 1893. What is set forth there as abstract reasoning is about to become an historical fact this current month. The tradition of Washington, is to be overthrown, it appears, upon the facts disclosed by this naval critic as now tested in the crucible of war. It is almost a personal victory of the modern over the ancient American, one the mouthpiece of the national sentiment growing into the imperial, just as the other voiced the colonial sentiment which grew into the national with the war of 1812, and was finally welded into a whole in 1861-65. Taken in connection with several others of the papers here, it is possible to see the outcome of our possession of the Philippines. It has been a matter of common notoriety that the Congress would have definitely and curtly disposed of Hawaiian annexation long ago but for the knowledge that Captain Mahan was speaking a language regarding it which, if not wholly intelligible to the national lawgivers, was still one they could not refuse to learn, however slowly.

When Captain Charles E. Clarke had brought the Oregon into such a position that American newspaper men could board her and interview him,

THE INTEREST OF AMERICA IN SEA POWER, PRESENT AND FUTURE.—By Captain A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., U.S.N. 12mo. Little, Brown & Co.

after that surprising voyage which is, after all, the highest feather in the American ship-builder's cap, he said that he hoped the unnecessary miles he had traversed in a time of national danger would be an object lesson to those who oppose the canal connecting the Atlantic and Pacific. The essay here, now five years old, on *The Isthmus and Sea Power*, might have been a lesson as well. It is only less convincing than the Oregon's actually steaming from California to Florida because one is concrete and the other necessarily abstract, though the latter furnishes a score of reasons while the former gives but one.

It is a waste of time to say again that these papers are apposite. The next one is called *Possibilities of an Anglo-American Reunion*. In 1894 Captain Mahan writes that his only objection lies in the fact that "the time is not yet ripe." "The ground is not prepared yet in the hearts and understandings of Americans, and I doubt whether in those of British citizens," he goes on to say. Here again, is a growth in the spring still with us which excels that of all the nine months before. We know the statement to be correct, even as we know the matter is ripening rapidly and the time assuredly at hand when the English-speaking nations shall stand together in a bond as strong as that of any alliance—the bond of complete international understanding and the wider patriotism. We are the only nations of the earth who can understand one another.

If further proof were needed of the book's timeliness, it can be found in the titles of the four papers remaining: *The Future in Relation to American Naval Power*, *Preparedness for Naval War*, *A Twentieth-Century Outlook*, and *Strategic Features of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico*. Together they constitute the strongest plea ever put forward for the assumption of an imperial status by these United States—a plea which has its roots, not in national vanity or mere pride, but in the feeling of self-sacrifice, of isolated contentment abandoned, which is necessitated by our taking our place in the great world at our doors.

Captain Mahan makes it sufficiently clear for the most obtuse that our indwelling, our desire to amass wealth at the expense of the world without, to enjoy the advantages of a high civilization and take upon ourselves none of its duties, are all unworthy of us. He finds in the very armaments of Europe the safeguard of Christendom against outer barbarism. He would have us march with them in this reduction of the earth's surface to law and order as it is understood in Europe. He does not say, even by inference, that it has not been good for our national life since 1865 that we should have been living within our own borders and upon one another, though there is a well sustained belief that such is the fact; but he does make it clear that it will not be good for us in the future, our house having been set well in order, not to become in actuality what we assert ourselves to be in fancy, one of the world's Great Powers.

LETTERS TO DEAD AUTHORS

IV

TO MR. SAMUEL RICHARDSON

SIR: If you retain, as doubtless you do, the feelings of an author, you must summon your spirits to hear the most afflicting news of your fame. You have become an English classic, which, in this age of ours, is equivalent to saying that you are no longer read. Eighty years ago, in her preface to your *Correspondence*, Mrs. Barbauld wrote, "Sidney's *Arcadia* is a book that all have heard of, that some few possess, but that nobody reads." Nearly as much might now be said of *Pamela*, *Clarissa*, and *Sir Charles Grandison*.

Take courage, Sir; for observe that while old poetry is still read by the few, neglect is the inevitable portion of novelists dead and gone. Mr. Fielding's works are not, I fear, much more commonly studied than your own. Thanks to your works, says Mrs. Barbauld, "the moated castle is changed to a modern parlour"; but ten or twelve years after the lady wrote, the moated castle returned to romance, raised by a magician's wand, and the parlour, for a season, disappeared. Now we have both parlour and castle; "improbable events" share our interest with "natural passions." For mankind is no less eager to be amused with adventures that can never befall themselves than to study, in books, exactly such occurrences and persons as entertain them least in daily life. It is with these that you delighted our great-grandmothers, "introducing useful maxims and sentiments of virtue," while presenting Mr. B—in the costume of the housemaid, for purposes, and in a situation, very far from virtuous. I conceive that your vogue rested greatly on this edifying combination of the virtuous sentiment with the vicious action or design. Even in your own outspoken day, ladies complained that they read *Pamela* with a blush; they were at once provoked and improved. In this fortunate double arrangement you have now many followers, and fiction of the most squalid and depraving characters and situations is uniformly written for the profoundest moral ends. The reader, however, is now expected to supply the virtuous maxims for himself, nor would a writer be encouraged who stated his valuable and pious inferences with your sedulity. I have not observed that the ethics of the age have been sensibly elevated by your moral successors, but they are talked about, their books are purchased—verily, they have their reward! These also are your offspring: Tess is a descendant of Mrs. Pamela's, though less fortunate because less *rusée*—they are two wonderful pure women! Moral design, with naughty description, these things secured your vogue, or helped to secure it. The physical relations of the sexes are never for a moment absent from the minds of the readers of *Pamela* and *Clarissa*. Are Mr. B—and Lovelace to succeed or fail? This is the point towards which curiosity strains. Remembering this, and looking at your portrait, I could conceive your

youth to have been as liberally bestowed as that of Mr. Samuel Pepys. You were over fifty when you wrote *Pamela*, and confessed that your elderly eyes "were always on the ladies." But, whether by timidity or virtue, your life was ever pure (we have your own word for it); though even Mrs. Barbauld finds your conduct cleaner than your imagination.

How swiftly tastes and manners alter! Ninety-three years ago, sixty-four years after *Pamela* was published, Mrs. Barbauld expresses our very ideas about that famous book. Its fame "is now somewhat tarnished by time," she says, and attributes its old success to the new experiment of "a novel written on the side of virtue," the virtue of a maiden passing through perils extremely *scabreux*. But was Pamela's behaviour virtue, or was it calculation, and is it a reward to marry a mean libertine, who listens at keyholes and opens letters? We know Mr. Fielding's opinion on this head, and I confess to agreeing with the author of *Joseph Andrews*. When did Pamela first think of catching Mr. B——? Probably when she did not leave his house, on the excuse of finishing his flowered waistcoat—and that reluctance to seek safety occurs early in the tale. The reward of marrying a man who retained Mrs. Tewker in his service can only have been worldly. Your regard for wealth and rank blinded you, one fears, to the circumstances that Pamela was a minx. "She has an end in view, an interested end," (I again cite Mrs. Barbauld), "and we can only consider her as the conscious possessor of a treasure which she is wisely resolved not to part with but for its just price. * * * Can a woman value her honour infinitely above her life, * * * and yet be won by those very attempts against her honour to which she expresses so much repugnance?" Assuredly not, and Mr. B—— was a poor Don Juan or he would have begun by winning Pamela's heart. Yours is not a nice morality, and your vogue depended on a curiosity rather prurient, as well as on that old romantic situation of the prisoned and oppressed virgin. It is the ancient stock-piece of romance, though no moat surrounds the *château* of Mr. B——. Of these opinions, Dr. Watts gave you an example. Yet, Sir, Pamela may still be read with entertainment by those who can admire your ingenuity, your touches of nature (such as Pamela's curious fondness for her clothes), while they are repelled by your ethics. To be sure, the astonishing length of this treatise dedicated to the virtues rebuffs most modern students. A man needs to seek a desert isle, devoid of printed paper, if he would taste Pamela.

Of Clarissa, your friend, Dr. Johnson, says: "It is not a performance to be read with eagerness, and laid aside forever, but will be occasionally consulted by the busy, the aged, and the studious." One of the busy, the aged, and the studious consults Clarissa, alas! but "occasionally." You say, to M. Depreval, "Tom Jones is a dissolute book. Its run is over, even with us. Is it true that France had virtue enough to refuse a license for such a profligate performance?" (January 21, 1750.) No, it was not true! The run of Tom

Jones can never be "over" while men have humour, style, and goodness of heart. Nor did the virtue of France extend so far as you were informed. In the Secret Correspondence of Prince Charles I have found him sending for Tom Jones, both in French and English, interested, no doubt, in a work which contains allusions to his own immortal adventures. Clarissa, which he also demands, is little read, though when read is admired for the stainless character of your heroine. But, in the changes of taste, it has become unspeakably odious to me to watch her in the toils of the abominable Lovelace. He, as Mrs. Barbauld says, would assuredly have been run through the body in England, long before he met Clarissa. Yet Characteris, you may remind me, was allowed to live on, amidst the disgust and detestation of mankind. I never knew a Characteris or a Lovelace, and I take the liberty to suppose that you were as unfamiliar with such persons. But I do not deny that your portrait displays a height of ingenuity. In reading parts of my Lord Byron's letters, one says, "Richardson, didst thou imitate Nature, or did Nature, in Lord Byron, imitate Richardson?" The tone of my lord and that of Mr. Lovelace are often identical. You divined the truth, or Byron modelled himself on your inventions, which latter I suspect to be the better opinion. The artifice succeeded, and my lord was as fortunate as your commoner, who "has an uncle, no dishonour to a peerage whose peers are more respectable than the nobility of any other country," as Clarissa declares. After her great scene with her betrayer, a sense of humour might have prevented you, Sir, from making Clarissa knock the chiseled elegance of her nose against a chair, so that the feature bled copiously. Or is this a touch of realism, as we say now, and a gem among your jewels? Your reformed rake, Mr. Belford, who lets these horrors go on, and does not place his sword at Clarissa's service, is a character, one hopes, quite incredible. For Miss Howe, with as much loveliness as her namesake, the Maid of Honour, and more discretion, we may thank you; for she was ready, like Beatrice, to eat Lovelace's heart in the market place.

Room does not permit an excursion into the innumerable virtues of Sir Charles Grandison, a region now sadly unfrequented. For the taste of mankind has condemned the length and improbability of your romance, wholly composed of such letters as only you and the nymphs of your "flower garden of ladies" ever wrote.

My own opinion takes a place between my Lord Macaulay's and my Lord Oxford's. The latter says of your books: "No writings, save those of Shakespeare, show more profound knowledge of the human heart." The former peer talks of your "deplorably tedious lamentations, which are pictures of high life as conceived by a bookseller, and romances as they would be spiritualized by a Methodist preacher." Knowing, Sir, your novels are tedious, we must needs confess them so to be. Such is the fate of the most fortunate novelists; vogue in their day, neglect after their day is ended. Yet a modern of sense would far liefer read you than these spiritual children of yours who now

sadden the sunlight. They, I think, will never be with you in the honorable and uninvaded privacy of the English classics.

Obediently your servant,

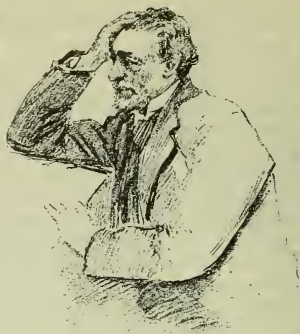
A. LANG.

SOME SPANISH POLITICIANS

THE Spaniards are our foes—made so by the grim edict of war. But not long ago the streets of Chicago were brilliant with the red and yellow of the banner of blood and gold (*oro y sangre*), while shouts of welcome rose from the throats of thousands, as a Spanish princess bowed and smiled to the admiring crowds. That they are enemies now, fiends incarnate whetting their navaja for the blood of "Yankee pigs," is one of the ironies of history. In the lull between the battles it may be possible to look at the leaders who govern the destinies of Spain, and judge them not as enemies but as men.

Sagasta, Moret, Silvela, Romero Robledo, Castelar; they are names which figure in the newspapers, and we know that they are men prominent in the land of our enemies, but to most of us they are sinister scoundrels wrapped in cloaks who hurl defiance at us from afar, whose bravery is merely bluster, and whose arts are of cruelty and vengeance. In reality, they are men very much like the rest of us, save that they are "down on their luck."

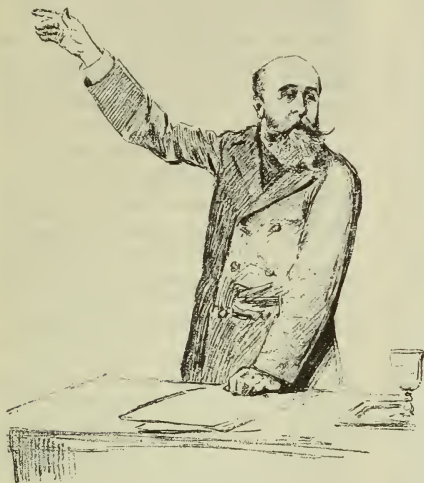
The political parties of Spain cannot be counted on the fingers of both hands, but roughly speaking they may be divided into two groups—those which are against the monarchy and those which are not. The conservatives, the dissident conservatives, the liberals, and the advanced liberals are for the monarchy. The Carlists, the republicans, the socialists, and (in all probability) the Weylerites are against it. The portraits here printed are of five Spaniards, each a leader; each representative of a different train of political thought. Don Práxedes Sagasta, the man in whose hands is the destiny of Spain in the hour of trial, is perhaps more comparable to an American politician than any of the group. He is an adroit political manipulator, who has governed Spain off and on during the past thirty years, more by ingenuity in seizing upon the mistakes of his enemies than by ability in originating a policy. He is a political time-server, with a rare genius for manipulation, and would find little difficulty in adapting himself to the methods of American politics. Unlike the others, he is a man who has risen from the people, and unlike them, he is not a scholar in the highest sense. He first came into prominence at the time of the unfortunate King Amadeus of Savoy, and by trimming and temporizing he managed to prolong the regal life of his royal patient beyond its natural course. In 1878 he created a new party known as the dynastic liberals, in opposition to the conservatives under Canovas, but supporting the Bourbon monarchy, which is practically the position he maintains today. It was then that he conceived the tactics of absenting himself with his followers from the Cor-



SAGASTA

tes when they found themselves in a powerful minority, and we have seen those very tactics tried against him within the past year. Sagasta would have avoided war had he dared, for Spanish honor means little to him in comparison with office holding, and one thing is certain, that he will make peace when he dares, for he is too astute a politician not to realize the hopelessness of the present struggle. His personality impresses one as that of a man who thoroughly understands the game of politics. The lines of his face are deep and well defined; he has thick, determined lips, and his shaggy gray hair and beard are almost Ibsenesque. Rather careless in the matter of dress, and decidedly democratic in his surroundings, he has nevertheless all the politeness of the true Spaniard. His manner of speaking is quiet and precise, and he has the same wonderful knowledge of men and their ways which characterized the late Mr. Blaine.

Señor Moret y Prendergast, the late minister for the colonies, is at present the most unpopular statesman in Spain, but the one of greatest foresight and ability. Had his scheme for Cuban autonomy been adopted sooner and in its entirety, had his people realized as he did the power of the United States, and the hopelessness and cruelty of the Cuban war, Spain might have been saved the ignominy of its inevitable defeat. Moret and Martinez Campos, the two men who thoroughly realized the futility of the Cuban war, each found his hands bound fast by tradition and sentiment at the moment when each might have been his country's savior. Could they have worked together, could they have convinced their countrymen of what each knew but too well, how much misery, how much bloodshed might have been spared by them! Yet both were driven from public life in disgrace. Señor Moret is a distinguished writer, and an orator of rare ability. He speaks English fluently, and understands the Anglo-Saxon character thoroughly. His knowledge of America is marvelous for one who has never visited us, and



MORET



ROBLEDO

this may perhaps be better realized when it is known that he is a constant reader of Puck, and comprehends the satire of its political cartoons. He has, above all other Spanish statesmen, a knowledge of the world, but like many a prophet is not appreciated in his own country. Some day Spaniards may realize the wisdom and statesmanship of this man, but it will be too late.

Señor Silvela is what might be called a Spanish mugwump. He is the leader of a little group of conservatives who felt themselves too good for their party, and hence withdrew to sulk alone. A great lawyer and a writer of marked ability, he is perhaps best known in Spain as an orator, among a nation of orators; a man who can speak for hours without a single note, each sentence perfectly rounded, each word distinctly pronounced, and all accented with easy, graceful gestures. His manner in conversation is cordial and simple, and has that indefinable charm so peculiar to the Spanish gentleman, which the Spaniards themselves call "muy simpático." He is at present not a power, except as a political free-lance, but in the merry-go-round of Spanish politics his turn may come, and the country might fare worse.

On the shoulders of Romero Robledo fell the blood-stained mantle of Canovas, but he is too insignificant for the part. He does nothing but storm and bluster, and coquette with Weyler, and

nobody knows exactly what he wants except that he is against the liberals and upholds the cruel policy of Weyler. Perhaps he will play into the hands of the Carlists when the time comes; perhaps he will play Weyler for a winning trump, and



SILVELA



CASTELAR

perhaps he will subside in his own mediocrity, which is to be hoped will be the case.

Don Emilio Castelar, the erstwhile republican chieftain, the greatest orator and the greatest writer of Spain—is the one Spaniard whom Americans have been taught to revere. He once admired us, but now no words are too bitter to express his hatred for the "Land of the Pig." But Castelar, whatever may be his faults, is a patriot. Although president of the short-lived republic, and a life-long advocate of the principle of democracy, he publicly retired from the leadership of his party and accepted the monarchy as for the best interests of Spain. He is Spanish to the bone, and every act of his is for the best interests of Spain according to his lights. His marvelous oratory was once raised in behalf of the Cuban slaves. What a pity he has become so blinded by his pro-Spanish sympathies as to overlook the misery of the Cubans of to-day. Now his hand is raised against the regent. Does he believe the hour is ripe for a republic? If so, he is still consistent, for though accepting the monarchy temporarily he remained a republican, and refused even to set foot inside the palace. Castelar is a bachelor of limited means, who lives surrounded by his books and art collections. His cook is Spanish, his wines are Spanish, and he himself is Spanish first, last and always, and then republican. He is not a great statesman. He is too honest, too theoretical for that, and as president he made a woeful failure, but among all modern Spaniards none is more admired and respected, even by his foes.

Such are a few of the men prominent in Spanish politics, but the politics themselves seem to be in a hopeless mess. The ship of state is drifting, its commanders know not where; but whatever the outcome, there is always one situation, once described by Señor Canovas as follows:

"There are at the extremes of the political arena

two intransigent, irreconcilable parties—the Carlists in the rural districts, the socialists and advanced republicans in the large cities. Between these there is the great mass of the nation, who remain calm and resigned whether Sagasta or I direct the affairs of the monarchy."

Upon the resignation of the great mass of the people depends the life of the monarchy. How long will it remain resigned to the folly and incompetence of its opportunist rulers, who accept war as the lesser of two evils, instead of boldly facing the inevitable!

ANGELINA

WHEN de fiddle gits to singing out a ole Vahginny reel,
An' you 'mence to feel a ticklin' in yo' toe
an' in yo' heel;

Ef you t'ink you got u'l'igion an' you wants to
keep it too,

You jes' bettah tek a hint an' git yo'se'f clean out' o' view.
Case de time is mighty temptin' when de chune is in de swing,

Fu' a daky, saint or sinner man to cut de pigeon-wing,
An' you couldn't he'p f'om dancin' ef yo' feet was boun' wif twine,

When Angelina Johnson comes a-swingin' down de line.

Do n't you know Miss Angelina? She's de da'lin' of de place.
W'y, de ain't no high-toned lady wif sich maunahs an' sich grace.

She kin move across de cabin wif its planks all rough an' wo'
Jes' de same 's ef she was dancin' on ol' Mistus' ball-room flo'—

Faet is, you do' see no cabin,—evaht'ing you see look grand,
An' dat one ol' squeaky fiddle soun' to you jes' lak a ban';
Cotton britches looks lak broad-clof an' a linsey dress look fine,

When Angelina Johnson comes a-swingin' down de line.

Some folks says dat dancin's sinful, an' de blessed Lawd dey say,

Gwine to punish us fu' steppin' when we hyeah de music play.

But I tell you, I do n' b'lieve it, fu' de Lawd is wise an' good,
An' He made de banjo's metal an' He made de fiddle's wood,
An' He made de music in dem, so I do n' quite t'ink He'll keer

Ef our feet keeps time a little to de melodies we hyeah.

W'y dey's somef'n' downright holy in de way our faces shine,
When Angelina Johnson comes a-swingin' down de line.

Angelina step so gentle, Angelina bow so low,

An' she lif' huh sku't so dainty dat huh shoe-top skaceely show;

An' dem teef o' huh'n a-shinin', ez she tek you by de han'—
Go 'way people, dain't anothah sich a lady in de lan'!

When she 's movin' thoo de figgers er a-dancin' by huhsef,
Folks jes' stan stock-still a-sta'in', an' dey mos' nigh hol's dey bref;

An' de young mens, dey's a-sayin', "I's gwine mek dat damsel mine."

When Angelina Johnson comes a-swingin' down de line.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.



A RUNAWAY MATCH

"SO the day is really fixed!" said Miriam, standing with her Julia, her one admiration, on the topmost step and prolonging good-bye. "Mamma says you've been whimsical about it. But why not? It is n't a show wedding, and if the bride can't be allowed to veer and tack all she wants—well, what's the use of being a bride?"

Julia was lifting her skirt a little with one firm hand, and preparing to descend, in the lovely, tentative way of well-poised women.

"Yes," said she, with a pleasant sort of smile, not in the least significant of an emotion beyond the commonplace, "the day is fixed. A week from tomorrow; or, as those blessed English say, Wednesday week."

Miriam, a younger woman, radiant in blonde hair and light-blue ribbons, detained her with an outstretched hand.

"I hope you'll be happy, dear," she said, impulsively. "I know you will."

Julia smiled again.

"Thank you, dear," she answered. "I shall—of course. Good-bye."

Midway down the steps the girl arrested her a second time, bending forward with a swift little motion.

"You're going to meet Fielding," she said, in a hasty, impressive whisper. "The author, you know. Stare at him." Then she turned about and went into the house.

Julia went on down the avenue with her swift, assured step, head in air and eyes front, to encounter the man who had been prophesied. He, too, was hurrying; but she did not, according to advice, stare at him and pass on. She stepped before him and held out her hand. There was mischief in her eyes; bravado, too. Fielding was a tall, well-made fellow with black hair rather iron-gray, dark moustache and violet-blue eyes. He took off his hat mechanically, and looked at her for an instant, puzzled, before touching her hand.

"Morning, Ben!" said she, saucily.

His face flashed all over like sudden sunshine.

"By all that's great!" cried he. "Julee!"

She looked at him in silence, and her eyes danced.

"Are you Julee Maynard?" he interrogated. "Are you?"

"Yes, if you are Ben Fielding."

"Do you know the taste of cold apple-pie from a dinner-pail?"

"Ay; and cheese in wedges."

"Did anybody ever tie your tail of hair to the chair-back?" He glanced at the little locks by her temple. They had a powdering of gray, and he faltered. But she was used to the gray; it had ceased to daunt her.

"Yes," said she, merrily, "and filled my waterproof hood with gravel. And drowned my doll. And put bewildering papers on my kitten's feet. And thou art the man. But we must part; we are obstructors of traffic."

He turned about with her.

"Where are you going?" he asked, peremptorily. "To the station. We live in Linden, thirty miles out."

"Do you take cabs, or cars and things?"

"No; I walk."

"I'll walk with you."

He did not ask whether he might. He knew. They swung off in time down the avenue, and several persons who knew Fielding looked at him curiously, his face was so alight. He seemed to have come on the recognition of great good-fortune.

"Now, tell me the whole story," he began, midway in the Garden. "Where did you move? That was about the time I ran away, and brought up at college."

"Out West. I did n't like it much. We tried to grow up with the town, and the town did n't grow. So we came home, and then went abroad. By that time, you were famous."

"Nonsense!" he said, with a frown. "I'm not famous now, and I've passed the line. I'm forty-two. There's no hope for me. Still, for a bound boy, naked of friends and cash, I've no cause to complain."

"At least you are known," said she, tentatively, with a pretty little lift of the brows, "and prosperous—and married!"

"I have some local significance," he amended. "I can pay my bills—and I am married."

The last phrase, though she had herself evoked it, she subtly did not seem to hear.

"There was a great outcry in Latham Corners when you ran away," said she, reminiscently.

He laughed, with a boy's delight in turmoil, and pride at having caused it.

"Was there?" he asked. "Tell me about it."

They had penetrated the narrow streets leading to the station, and their progress became a continuous dodging of fruit-stands and loafing men. The snow was black down here; it had given way to necessity, and lost its look of miracle. The world hummed with life. All the way there had been keen little commonplaces filled into their talk; but afterwards they only remembered what had touched their intimate selves. They leaped from one life to the other, the inner and that about them, without preamble, like minds accustomed to trot in pairs.

"Well," said Julia, talking in detached phrases, while they picked their steps, meeting and parting at turnings of the way, "we missed you—or I did—that night, when you did n't come home with the cows. The Deacon got them himself at seven o'clock. Was n't he cross? Mad as hops!" She knew she was falling into the vernacular of their youth, and she liked it. When had she felt her head so light, her blood so quick and warm? Spring had come back, and the intangible fragrance of a homely world. A hundred forgotten sensations roused themselves within her, and dashed pell-mell into the current of life; the taste of frozen barberries, the smell of apples, the great dramatic stillness of a snowbound day at home. "The Deacon's jaw was set like a nut-cracker. He did n't tell until Sunday—you know that was

Thursday—and then everybody said you were 'treated bad,' and had made way with yourself."

They had entered the waiting-room.

"But you did n't," he demanded, turning upon her. "You knew."

"I did n't know," said she, soberly. "Not till years after. You put the note too far inside the cover, and I did n't find it till I had given up expecting it. Then my little niece got into the Third Reader, and wanted to use the book; so I tore off the cover. It was a hackneyed situation, but that's the way it was."

"Well!" said Fielding. "Well! you must have thought me a nice chum!"

Her brown eyes had softened almost with a hint of tears, but she laughed, though a little ruefully.

"I did think you were 'real mean,'" she owned. "That was the way I should have put it then. This is my train. I have n't a minute to spare."

She put out her hand, but he did not receive it with the conventional grasp. He held her wrist lightly, to detain her. There was a keen light in his eyes.

"Julee," said he, "look at Track Nine! Do you see? There's a train in three minutes for the Corners. We could go down there together, look at the old place, walk through the grove, and get back to the Junction at five. You could take your train there, and I should be home in time for dinner."

Her face flushed, and lighted into a beauty he remembered. No one had had so vivid a look. He dwelt on that, and forgot, for an instant, what he had asked.

"I have a mileage," she said, irrelevantly, and he was recalled.

He released her wrist.

"Wait," he said. "Stand right here." In a moment he came striding back with tickets. The decision made, he had accepted it, and having all the ways of men, could dominate the moment with much outward calmness. They walked soberly into the car, and he seated her by the window.

"Did you care?" he asked, under the friendly cover of the starting train.

"Care?"

"Yes, when I went. When you thought I had gone without a word."

She turned and looked at him with a steady frankness.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I cared."

"Did you cry?"

"Lots, my grand inquisitor; rivulets and runnels."

"And you found the note afterwards?"

"Yes; the year after I 'did up' my hair."

"Do you remember what I said in it?"

There was a moment's silence until a brakeman passed by, and then she laughed again; this time with some pathos over a grief recalled. "You wrote 'Wife' with a capital!" said she. And they left the note for after-consideration.

"Are you ever going to marry?" he asked, finally, from an irrepressible curiosity.

"Oh, yes," said she, pointedly in her society manner; "next week."

"Next week? The devil!"

"Oh, no! a gentleman from California."

"How old is he?"

"Fifty-six."

"I knew it! Rich?"

"Yes, moderately, I believe."

"Professional?"

"No; raisins."

"And you're going there to live?"

"Yes, on Wednesday week."

"Then we'll take our carnival to-day!"

"Oh, yes," she concurred, with a beautiful innocence; "that is precisely why we can."

Conversation became a little stagnant after that. The gentleman from California seemed to have arrived, an invisible presence sitting bodkin between them. Fielding hated him. What the lady felt, she did not say. They talked of Fielding's work, his last book, his prospects of being sent to Russia or Japan. But it was a little too much like afternoon tea, and their spirits drooped. Still, Fielding blamed no one but the gentleman from California, and ground his teeth. He was used to getting what he wanted; only it sometimes happened that he did not know what he really wanted until it was too late. By and by the train drew up at a bleak little station in an arid plain of snowy fields—Latham Corners.

"By Jove!" cried Fielding, with a sudden access of life; "there's Rufus Gill!"

"No!" She had risen, but she stopped at the next window, for a glance. "It can't be."

"It is!"

They descended, and a lank fellow with red hair cropped close and shrewd blue eyes came forward as if to meet them. He wore a buffalo coat, mangy in many places, and even that did not ensure him from the cold. A knit comforter, made of hues bravely primary, was wound about his throat. Fielding bore himself gaily. All the irresponsible excitement of the situation had come back to him.

"How are you, Rufe?" inquired he, jovially. "Give us your fist!"

But the youth was gathering milk-caus with a practiced hand.

"I guess you're off there," said he. "That ain't my name."

"Ain't you Rufe Gill?" Fielding made the concession of his verb to place and time.

The other straightened himself.

"Well, no," said he; "I ain't. But father is."

The two chums looked at each other blankly. Then they broke into laughter.

"We're older than we thought," said she.

"Or younger," amended Fielding. "We're minors compared with the son of Rufe. Come!"

They joined hands, and took the snowy road at a run. Meantime, Gill the younger had come to a realizing sense that this was not the manner of people who, even in summer, alighted at Latham Corners. His hand was on the horse's blanket, and he paused in the act of drawing it off.

"Ride?" he called after them, and Fielding returned boisterously:

"No, much obliged! Can't stop."

Then the two, breathless, paused in the shadow of the great pines where the snow only sifted and

never lodged; they gazed about them in pure delight.

"My God!" said Fielding, and he did not say it irreverently, "to be back here after all!"

"It was not so far from town," she whispered, after a pause. "You could have come any time."

"No, I could n't; not alone."

They looked and listened as if they were drinking in life and love and youth. The shadows under the trees were miraculously green, translated from the blue of common days. Two or three little soft birds went whirring by. Brown twigs were tracing lovely lines above the snow. Just inside the grove, they knew Clintonia would bloom next year; there, too, would hang the pink pocket of the lady's slipper. A thousand crowding memories held them silent.

"You must n't be cold," he said, turning to her at last, with his old-time kindness. It seemed very warm and sweet, unkindled after many years. "Kilt up your petticoats, Missy! You can walk better so."

"Yes, I will," she returned, simply, obeying him as she always had, save when they fought like fierce-clawed animals. "I can take the ribbon off my muff."

It was quite natural to walk along, hand in hand. They had a past, and they had found a present; but there was no future coming—not even Wednesday week nor Fielding's tête-à-tête dinner with his wife. No one was in the snowy road that day. The ruts had been worn smooth and polished by broad runners, for this was "sleddin' time," and a wholesome hour for hauling ice. There was evidence of bygone work, but no present sign of its warmth and motion. They had found an island where other castaways had lived and left their traces, but which now lay open to no eye save heaven's. The sky was clearest blue; it burned in its coldness as the sky of August burns from heat. Fielding looked up at it passionately. He had complained lately that his eyes troubled him a little, from the weakness of overwork; but he thought of that no more. Light was grateful to him; he seemed to himself to be expanding to take it in. The world was very still, too. Fresh from the city as they were, it was a blessedness of some new, rare sort. All the ideals that belong to a crowded life fell away; all its necessities, too. The clamor of the distance seemed very poor and thin, as it pierced their solitude in a moment of recollection; but soon it came no more. Fielding's thoughts were tumultuous, so that they almost excluded the woman at his side. Thus runs the true marriage, according to the male conception of things. His mind roves abroad, but only happily so long as he feels the warm hand soft in his, the faithful step at his side.

Julia walked evenly and well. At a turn in the pine-fringed road, she stopped and looked at him.

"You know what you're going to see," said she, breathlessly, "the minute we get round this corner!"

"Of course; the old elm—then the schoolhouse chimney."

"Yes; and Pignut Hill."

"Suppose they've moved the schoolhouse, or painted it white!"

"Oh, they would n't! That is n't in the nature of things. Come, let's run, and have it over."

They dashed round the corner, and Julia stumbled into a flurry of snow. He caught her; but neither of them cared, though her boots were caked and her petticoats whitened. The schoolhouse was safe. They stood looking at it as if it had been a temple, a pathetic fondness in their eyes.

"Do you want to go in?" he asked.

"No," she demurred, slowly. "At first I thought I did, but I guess not. There would n't be the same maps on the board."

Fielding's eyes had been roving.

"By George!" he said, "do you see that? by the corner of the platform?"

Julia shrank a little. For the moment she felt as if the wraith of his old tyrant might have come to reclaim him.

"Do you see it? Do you?" he insisted. "It's the nose of a double-runner. Do n't you remember how we used to leave 'em here when we'd got tired of coasting, and cut across to the pond to skate? Come on! I'll drag you up the hill." He left her, and ran forward to pilfer their steed—named Victory. "Significant!" he remarked, pointing to the blue letters on their red ground. "I have seen and conquered. I am the man. Get on, and I'll take you up hill."

She looked at him saucily.

"Not I," she said. "I'm as strong as you. I go to gymnasium."

Then he entreated.

"Oh, Julee, please! You used to."

So Julia sat meekly down, and he lowered his head and made a dash for the hill. He reached the top, breathless. He had not been to gymnasium, and he was stouter than in the days of round jackets. But his old cunning had not forsaken him. He could steer a double-runner. They whizzed down like Icarus, with no after-tragedy; and when they slowed at the bottom, Julia only got up while he turned the sled, and then took her sovereign place again. She thought, with a half mirthful, half pathetic smile all to herself, how stiff he would be to-morrow, how subject to matrimonial oil and red flannel; but she did not care. The necessity of the time was her excuse. Over and over they took the hill, up and down, till their faces tingled and they stamped their aching feet. It was Julia who remembered the clock.

"Our train goes at five," said she, falteringly. "It's 'after dark.'"

Fielding did not answer, but he drew the sled back to its shelter under the wall. Julia stepped back as he left it, to brush a little snow from the cushioned top. She felt as if Fair Ellen might reasonably have kept an affection for Lochinvar's horse. They went away, soberly and slow. Their spirits had sunk with the sun.

"I suppose we could n't just turn into the cross-road, and look at the horse-sheds?" he said. "I do n't care much about the meeting-house, but the

third shed was where we ate supper that day, you know, when we tried to run away together."

She shook her head.

"Nor down the cartpath to the Broad Meadow? That's where I set my traps till you made me promise not to."

She laughed, a little sadly.

"You did promise," said she. "But—play it's Judgment Day—did you keep it?"

His quizzical look came back; this was the one usually evoked by his after-dinner stories.

"Well," said he, evasively, "I did n't set them any more there."

They waited at the station, where, for a time, they were all alone. There was very little left to say. If old recollection had come thronging back upon them, they might have exchanged a hundred antiphonal "do-you-remembers." But it was not so much that they recalled a past existence as that they were thrown back into it, and welded there so strongly that it seemed now the condition of life itself. Once he turned upon her with the savage-ness of forbidden moods.

"Are you really going to be married?" he asked, and the tone held a note of command. She raised her pretty brows a shade.

"Oh, yes," she answered, with a little remoteness; "I told you so."

"Next week?"

"Yes; as Rufe used to say, 'This very next Wednesday that ever was.'"

"Are you going to be happy?"

She wondered what would be the counter-effect of changing the question into another tense, and inquiring, "Are you happy?" but she only answered, still with the same air of elusive reserve: "Oh, we must n't get into abstractions! In a moment you'd be asking me what happiness is; and what could I say then? We might end with metaphysics and the Mediaeval schoolmen."

He frowned. He never liked to be rebuffed, and his little friend had not been used to chaff him. The train drew slowly in, and Julia went springily up the steps and into the kerosene-flavored atmosphere. The color was still in her cheeks. Her eyes shone, not only from past delight and exhilaration, but perhaps an anticipated joy. Fielding bent over and asked irrelevantly:

"When shall you see him?"

"Who?"

"The raisin man?"

"To-night," she answered, with a little beat in her voice. "At seven-thirty."

"This very night?"

"That ever was."

"Shall you tell him?"

"What?"

"How we ran away?"

Julia turned about, and looked him full in the face. Mischief shone and bubbled in hers.

"What a lot of questions you do ask!" she remarked. "You are a Lesser Catechism."

"But shall you?"

"Ah! that's no fair." And he knew she was right.

When their train stopped at the Junction, Field-

ing not only handed her out, but, with one backward thought of his waiting dinner and his warming slippers, looked across the platform to the track where her car stood waiting. If he went home with her he could get into the city at nine; but he thought of the raisin man, and forbore. His foot was on the lower step. Their hands met.

"Goodbye!" said she. But he did not answer. At that instant he was conscious only of moving away from her against his will, and yet sadly and strangely with it. Julia was withdrawing her hand; but suddenly, as if by an overwhelming impulse, she grasped his closer, and began to run a little with the starting train.

"O Ben," she said, breathlessly; "there's something I must tell you!"

"Yes! yes!"

"It is n't the raisins!"

They grasp broke, and the train took him away.
ALICE BROWN.

THE STORY OF A PLAY

DIVORÇONS

BY

VICTORIEN SARDOU

IT seems odd that this comedy should be so unfamiliar to our audiences. Among the large number of people who gathered at the Fifth Avenue Theater on the first night of its recent presentation by Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, there were very few who had seen it before. Fifteen years or so ago Alice Dunning Lingard took the piece through the country. But who among the younger generation remembers Alice Dunning Lingard? Several foreign artists have presented the play here, among them Agnes Sorma, who, during the past season, gave it a few performances; but, so far as our American theater-goers were concerned, she might as well have been appearing in Berlin or in Vienna. To all intents and purposes, the recent first night had all the éclat of a new production.

Mrs. Fiske has at last proven beyond a doubt that the public accepts her permanently. It established her, however, as an actress of intensely serious and emotional rôles. So it was particularly interesting to see what she would do with so light a character as Cyprienne.

When the curtain rose I felt myself in Paris. The scene could hardly have been improved; it had atmosphere and chic.

But that maid who held the center of the stage! Why is it that our actors butcher French so horribly, and as a rule, fail so dismally in trying to reproduce French character? It is only one American actor in a thousand, for example, who can pronounce correctly the word *monsieur*, which in a French play occurs, of course, again and again. The maid in this instance brought us straight back to New York, and during her conversation with the inevitable *garçon*, her fellow-servant, it became plain that we should have to take a good deal of the French local color on faith.



MRS. FISKE AS CYPRIENNE

The conversation itself, however, struck the note off the play. From it we learned that Madame Cyprienne des Prunelles spent a large part of her time in the perusal of law books dealing with divorce. At once our suspicion was aroused, and it was confirmed on the appearance of Cyprienne's husband, Henri, accompanied by his friend, Clavignac. According to Henri, there was reason for Cyprienne's interest in the divorce laws. For several months she had been flirting with Adh  mar Gratignan, a worthless fop, who had fascinated her with his gallantries. Henri, like the man of the world that he was, took the matter very coolly. But, of course, he must let the fellow know that he did n't propose to endure any more nonsense. So he had devised a nice little trick to catch him. For the sake of being near Cyprienne, he explained to Clavignac, Adh  mar had taken a room in the opposite house, and had fallen into the habit of coming in by the door leading from the garden. The next time he opened that door he would find himself trapped! Just wait and see.

Then Henri, in order to give Cyprienne the impression that the coast was clear, announced loudly that he would go out with his friend. Instead of leaving, however, the two conspirators tiptoed into the next room and watched. A moment later Cyprienne herself appeared, drew down the window shade, and waited for a response to this

signal. Presently the door was quickly opened, and a loud ringing of a bell followed.

Henri's electrical device had proved a great success!

When Henri himself confronted the lovers, he spoke more in triumph than in anger. He was so much older and wiser than his wife that he found it hard to treat seriously even her flirtation with another man. Besides, long before marriage he had learned something about the ways to manage a woman.

Instead of railing at Cyprienne and kicking her adorer out of the house, he proposed that they all sit down together and take a serious view of the situation. He treated the lovers as if he were a kind father soothing his children. Cyprienne, it was plain, had grown tired of him and preferred a man nearer her own age, who in turn was devoted to her. Very well, then. There was only one thing to be done. He would let her get a divorce and marry Adh  mar. This would be a pleasant arrangement for Adh  mar, who was poor, for Cyprienne would bring him a very good income. But for Cyprienne herself it would be a little trying, inasmuch as she was used to spending about three times her income. However, there would be compensations for Cyprienne in the happiness of her new marriage; and as the curtain fell at the close of the first act it seemed strange that the little woman should not express more elation at the prospect.

At the beginning of the second act, however, Cyprienne appeared to be in far better spirits. The future looked very rosy, and now that a perfect understanding had been established between her husband and herself, she felt much more at ease with him. What a relief it was to talk friendly with him about her affair with Adh  mar. She liked him so much for his generosity to them both that she sat on his knee and rested her arms affectionately on his shoulders. To his questions about the flirtation she replied with perfect openness. How long had it been going on? Three months? Oh, no; just four! And had she ever made an appointment with him? Never! But he had kissed her, of course? Oh, yes, several times. Once on the neck, once on the arm. And he had written such delightful letters! Henri expressed a desire to look, and a whole drawerful was placed in his lap. What an idyl! He could not help being touched by the charm of it. Indeed, they both enjoyed talking about it so much that they could not conceal a sign of irritation when Adh  mar entered and found them in attitudes of affection.

Henri excused himself naturally, and Adh  mar very kindly allowed him to continue his endearments, which were, of course, wholly paternal. In return for this nobility of treatment, Henri invited Adh  mar to stay for dinner. Cyprienne clapped her hands for joy! A betrothal dinner a trois! How delightful! But as soon as Adh  mar had disappeared for a time, Henri announced that he should not be able to be present at the dinner; he had invited Adh  mar simply for Cyprienne's sake.

This was a blow to Cyprienne. Why could n't he stay? There was no reason.

Yes, there was a reason, Henri explained. He was going to dine at Dagneau's.

With a woman, of course! Cyprienne's eyes flashed. With that horrible Madame de Brionne. There was no doubt about it! A fine trick to be played on her by a woman who pretended to be her friend. Henri laughed and parried, declaring at last that he was not going to dine with Madame de Brionne.

Then Cyprienne knew it was some other woman. Was she young? Was she pretty? What was her complexion? What color hair? Oh, it was unbearable that Henri should treat her so. She—she was almost tempted to go and dine with him herself! What an idea! She would, she would go! Away she flew for her hat and gloves, and the last we saw of her was as she made her escape from the house on Henri's arm, laughing with childlike delight at the adventure.

Poor Adhémar! Think of his feelings when he presented himself for that little dinner party!

While he was wondering disconsolately what Cyprienne's desertion of him really signified, Henri was ordering dinner in a cabinet particulier at Dagneau's, turning occasionally to consult his wife and ignoring the suggestions of the voluble Italian waiter.

You should have seen that waiter, by the way.

He talked like a blue streak, he bowed, he ogled, he darted from one end of the room to the other, he ordered his minions about as if they were his slaves. Sardou had created in the part a great opportunity for character-work, and every actor who gets it must bless him. It isn't long, but it's very, very "fat," just the kind of part a young actor makes his first hit with.

While the little waiter was arranging the table, a card came up for Henri. Adhémar knew that he was to dine at the restaurant, and had pursued him for news of Cyprienne.

As he stood at the door there was nothing for Cyprienne to do but to hide behind the screen, while Henri received him.

Of course, Henri hadn't the remotest idea where Cyprienne was to be found. The servant had said she had gone to see her aunt who was ill, and Adhémar, on reaching the place, learned that the aunt had been dead four months. What a ridiculous blunder! It was the other aunt, of course, and she lived at the opposite end of Paris.

Adhémar was disgusted. He wanted to know, as a friend, if Henri believed in that story about the aunt. Had Cyprienne ever worked the sick aunt business before? Was she—ah, did she mind telling a little fib now and then? Well, he'd go to that other aunt's house, anyway, though it was pouring rain, and it was n't possible to get a cab in Paris.

When he disappeared, Cyprienne emerged from behind the screen and had a few caustic comments to make. How sensitive the most mendacious of women are about being accused of fibbing!

The husband and wife sat down to dinner, and Henri became very loquacious and philosophical,

and the Italian waiter flew around him, ordering here and ordering there.

Such brisk service I have never seen in Paris or anywhere else. Where do you suppose Sardou got his idea for that waiter?

Suddenly the diners were violently disturbed. A "gentleman" insisted upon breaking into the cabinet. There were calls for a gendarme, and in a jiffy the room was full of soldiers and waiters, all clamoring and running about in most approved comic opera style.

The commissary of police, attracted by the trouble, mistook Adhémar for a jealous and wronged husband, and ordered Henri's arrest. After a time, of course, explanations were offered and accepted, but not until Cyprienne had been forever cured of her infatuation, and had learned to appreciate the blessing of a level-headed husband.

On the whole, *Divorçons* wears very well, and if it were the work of Sardou in 1898, it would be received as a most diverting comedy executed in the modern manner. Only French actors, perhaps, could save the last scene of the last act from seeming utterly forced and preposterous, but even they could not hide the fact that there Sardou descended into gross farce.

As for the performance, as I have already intimated, it was not French for a moment. Mr. de Belleville came nearest to suggesting the Gallic temperament. Mrs. Fiske was even farther away from the real Cyprienne than the very Tontonic Sorma. She brought to it a serious face and a manner absolutely lacking in finesse. Her reading of the lines had at times wonderful subtlety. But she is temperamentally unsuited to the rôle. W.

NEWS

SWIFT runners, through the Mahdi's land,
Dart tirelessly to bear the word
When first the hot Egyptian sand
By some mysterious foe is blurred.

Through listless tropic jungles speed
Dark men, alert, intent, and keen,
Who bid their scattered tribesmen heed
Some startling portent they have seen.

Lithe island messengers ply deep
Their paddles in the southern sea,
When first on dim horizons creep
Strange, mated things of mystery.

Slow rousing from his night of days,
The Eskimo awakes, reborn,
Hearing first time, in awed amaze,
A gun salute the Arctic morn.

O'er desert sand and 'neath the sea
The lightning's instant message goes,
To tell the whole world speedily
What now some lonely village knows.

We scan the path outside the door
By day and night with eager eyes,
And only things unknown before
Can yield the charm of fresh surprise.

The gossip of the world flies fast,
The idlest rumors far are blown,
And swiftly gathered to the past
Are all the deeds an hour has known.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.



GEORGE CHARETTE



OSBORN DEIGNAN



CAPTAIN C. V. GRIDLEY



JOSEPH W. POWELL

THE UNDYING JOKE

EIGHTEEN hundred years ago a Latin epigrammatist wrote these lines:

Dialulus, once a leech, is now, forsooth,
An undertaker: chaunting not his trade.

Probably the joke was eighteen hundred years old then, and was received, when Martial uttered it in this particular form, with that mixture of outward tolerance and secret joy which still greets the familiar witicism. Is it that we are, for the most part, timorous and conservative concerning our jokes as we are concerning our religion, and enjoy those most which are sanctioned by long and respectable usage? Or, is the real fact this: that there are only a few jokes in existence, and that, under varying forms,—befitting each the spirit of its particular age,—they, like other mental processes, repeat themselves indefinitely,—fresh and young in garb only: in existence old, primeval?

An old volume of Martial's Epigrams, lying open before me, has suggested these thoughts. Martial lived at Rome during the first century of the Christian era, yet, if we consider for a moment the subject-matter of some of his famous satires, we shall find some strangely familiar themes, and some, even, which we are wont to consider eminently recent and up-to-date. Indeed, the poet speaks of himself and his work in a manner that seems very modern, and yet is very ancient among writers of social satire. He does not assume the air of inspired prophecy; he indulges in no illusions as to his work. Of his first book he says:

Some of the epigrams which here you read
Are good, and some so-so, and some
Are really very bad; a book, my friend,
Cannot be made in any other way.

This frank and humorous statement is characteristic of Martial's mind, and the same cheerful cynicism and sense of the ridiculous are what constitute the force of his Epigrams.

Coming to Rome as a young man from his birth-place in Spain, he spent most of his life in the Imperial City at a period between the reigns of Nero and Trojan, chiefly remarkable for luxury and vice. Never was there a time when a satirist might find more work ready to his hand—work that deserved stern denunciation or unlimited censure. But Martial chooses rather to rebuke these follies by ridiculing them.

The similarity between some of his lighter fancies and those of our own nineteenth century thought is extraordinary. Human nature arrayed in a toga was evidently very like that of to-day attired in the newest London fashions; and the Roman Joke differed little from its American descendant. Note the familiar Joke about Rich Wives:

Gemellus seeks the rich but aged hand
Of Maronilla, and lays earnest siege;
Wooes and beseeches her with many a gift;
Is she so beautiful?—No, not at all.
What, then, attracts him?—What, indeed, but this,—
Her mortal cough! i. 10.

The Jokes about Lawyers; their loquacity:

Cinna, is this to plead,—to take ten hours
And say nine words, and then to ask the Court
For four extensions? What a time to take
For saying nothing. viii. 7.

Their greed:

O Sextus, do not waste your funds in fees
To lawyer and to judge; 't were simpler far
To pay your creditor. ii. 13.

The irrelevance of pettifoggers:

My suit has naught to do with battery,
Nor poison dire; I simply here complain
That this, my neighbor, has stolen my three goats:
And this the judge expects me now to prove.
While you, with swelling words and gestures wild,
Dilate on Cannæ and the Pontic War,
The Punic faith of Carthaginians,
Of Sylla, Marius, and the Mucii.
I pray you, Postumus, is it not time
To say one little word about my goats? vi. 19.

The Joke about Unpaid Tailor Bills:

Basus has bought a Tyrian cloak, the price
One hundred pounds; and yet, we know it's cheap;
And why? Because we know he'll never pay. viii. 10.

The Joke about the Insincerities of Society:

You ask me, Nasica, but when I
You know I'm otherwise engaged; and so,
With your permission, I shall dine at home. ii. 79.

The Joke about Doctors:

Bath'd, supp'd, in glee Andragoras went to bed
Last night, but in the morning was found dead:
Would'st know, Faustinus, what was his disease?
He, dreaming, saw the quack, Hermocrates. vi. 53.

The Joke about Widows:

The shameless Chloe on the stately tomb
Which held her seven husbands wrote these lines:
"The work of Chloe, who has placed this here."
How could she state the facts in plainer words? ix. 15.

The Joke about False Hair:

The golden hair that Galla wears
Is hers; who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it. vi. 12.

And here is evidently the forerunner of the Joke about Messenger Boys:

Eutrapelus, the barber, works so slow,
That while he shaves, the beard anew doth grow. vii. 83.

As for the Joke about Shopping, Martial arrayed it in most captivating guise.

In the 59th Epigram of the 9th Book, Mamurra plays the part of him who shops *con amore*. (To-day it would be Her;—but this is the Age of Woman.) He inspects beautiful slaves and ivory carvings. He measures a couch inlaid with tortoise shell, and regrets that it is not large enough to fit his dining-table of citron wood. He tests some bronzes by the sense of smell to discover whether they have the true Corinthian aroma. He weighs a number of antique bowls and criticises a collection of emeralds. At last, worn out by fatigue, at the eleventh hour he buys two cups for a penny, and carefully carries them home.

The good brother of our day and generation who had occasion, in meeting, to read a discourse written by a fellow-clergyman, and at the end of

his prefatory prayer uttered these remarkable words: "And, O, Lord, may we enjoy the sermon as much as if we had written it ourselves!" little knew that the fact he so naively admitted, the fact of an author's admiration of his own work, had been recognized almost two thousand years before with a cynicism characteristic of the author. In the 52d Epigram of the 11th Book, Martial invites Julius Cerealis to dinner, and after promising his guest many dainties, offers him a supreme attraction:

I shall recite no verses unto you,
While you shall license have to read your own.

As for the well-known lines written during the seventeenth century concerning Dr. John Fell, Bishop of Oxford:

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this, I'm sure I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

they are only an imitation of the Roman poet:

Sabidius, I do not love thee; yet
I cannot tell the reason why,—
I do not love thee; more I cannot say.

i. 32.

In the millennium, perchance, we shall see that new thing which the Athenians so earnestly desired; but in the mean time let us thank the kindly provision of nature which enables each generation to enjoy the same jokes as it does the same games; that as, in all ages, small boys will find their happiness in kites and marbles, so we, children of a larger growth, shall continue to enjoy the old story, just because it is old, and to relish, with unswerving fidelity, the Ancient Joke.

B. H. HOWE.

A PASTEL

CHILD or woman as you please,
Gravely young or gaily old,
Muse to fire and minx to tease,
Loving, yet how pure and cold!

Diana with a color-box,
Scorning all the sex of man,
Sweetly-glancing Paradox,
Angel and Bohemian.

Wild bird caged in city grim,
Drooping sans the fevered streets;
Head of logic, heart of whim,
Strong-willed, weak-willed, colds and heats.

Box of melodies at strife,
Pagan, Christian, humble, vain,
Craving death—and fuller life;
Paris—or Siena's fane.

Purse-forgetting business-man,
Counting gain on fingers slim,
Socialist the world to scan
Through the tears that doubly dim.

Rosy revolutionist,
Preaching loud the reign of Peace,
While her pretty lips unkist,
Wars of man and man increase.

Raise me from the arid dust.
Kindle faiths and dreams foregone,
Shining eyes of love and trust,
Breast to rest a life upon.

I. ZANGWILL.

CORRESPONDENCE

CHAP-BOOK REVIEWING AND SPANISH COLONIAL METHODS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

BEGGING a gentle reviewer's pardon, I did not compare the presidency of Diaz to our election of Tecumseh. Not being purposely imbecile, I could not. Diaz is not an Indian. Tecumseh was one. Any one remotely familiar with even the modern history of Mexico knows to whom my comparison refers, and it will stand. Meantime, we have not even elected one of the proud but blanched "descendants of Pocahontas." And we never will.

It is always easy to identify a critic who has never traveled Spanish-America, never read one original "source" of its history, never read even the wonderful Laws of the Indies. He is the man who believes that the Spanish have exterminated their Indians. And herein lies his cousinship to the "philosophical historian" of his admiration. I know that philosophy well. It is the genius which knows without learning, which dares the wilds of an armchair, which deliberately prefers the hearsay of second-hand books to a study of God's own MSS. For accuracy it substitutes a judicial accent. Except real knowledge, it fears nothing so much as a generous emotion. "Philosophy" once meant love of wisdom; now it means love of looking wise.

A most philosophical historian, truly, he who assumes to understand Spanish-America without seeing its greatest problem—that the Spanish, instead of destroying the Indian, made him a citizen and kept him so. The Indian has everywhere in the colonies far outnumbered the Iberian. He does so still. And that is what is the matter with those republics. Even our zeal in importing ignorant and lawless immigrants to replace the aborigines we have exterminated—ninety-five per cent of them—has not brought us to so sorry a pass.

The Spanish colonial methods were and are bad, not so much because they were Spanish as because they were colonial. But the administration toward the aborigines was so honorable that only those who have never seriously studied it fail to respect it. And the schools, hospitals, asylums, and other public benefices for Indians in Spanish-America are purely Spanish, and not in any case republican. Every one knows that who knows even the date of their founding.

My book on Mexico was not written to tell my countrymen what they ought to do. They know better than I. If they do not, any man in an easy chair can tell them. My only object was to point them to the truth about another country, and that I have done. And it is not newspaper education. We have declared war on Spain, but it does not follow that we must declare war on history.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



REVIEWS

OUR FIRST COLONY

THROUGH THE GOLD FIELDS OF ALASKA TO BERING STRAITS.—By Harry De Windt, F.R.G.S. 8vo. Harper & Brothers. \$2.50.

ALASKA: ITS HISTORY, CLIMATE, AND NATURAL RESOURCES. By the Honorable A. P. Swineford, Ex-Governor of Alaska. 12mo. Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.50.

IT remains to write a good book about Alaska. Mr. Harry De Windt has been over the Chilkoot Pass and down the Yukon river. He has learned that mosquitoes, like degrees of latitude, grow larger as they near the pole. He has read, evidently with some care, the published observations of his friend, Mr. William O'Gilvie, surveyor to the Dominion of Canada. He has talked with many of the men who, later, "struck it rich" in the Klondike. These are his qualifications for writing a book in which, perforce, the things he knows at first hand are of trifling importance beside those he is compelled to re-hash. It shows a character of considerable determination to write a book about a gold field which one has traversed without knowing there was any gold there; but if Mr. De Windt had not been a man of determination he would never have surmounted the Chilkoot Pass, as he himself admits.

The book is not lacking in interest. It was printed, judging from the date of the preface, late in 1897. It prophesies dreadful sufferings for many of those obliged to winter in the gold fields, presumably with insufficient food. In this, happily enough, Mr. De Windt is mistaken. It also contains a mild attack upon the United States for refusing to settle the boundary question in accordance with the figures prepared by the Dominion of Canada. Happily, again, and with great good nature, Canada has now settled the dispute according to the figures prepared by the United States. For thus removing at a troublesome time a dispute which might readily have become exacerbated, like other family quarrels, the Dominion has hardly been thanked enough—it is an international evidence of friendliness which outweighs a number of recent and unpleasant happenings.

Yet these matters, and others similar, do not lead to any profound respect for Mr. De Windt's judgment. He is safer when he quotes Mr. O'Gilvie, even though the latter estimates that Bonanza creek alone is on the way towards yielding \$600,000,000 of gold. When it is remembered that this is only a creek, that the rivers are rich, and that there is the most surprising amount of quartz running from \$20 to \$3,000 a ton, the possibilities are enormous. The silver question, all there is left of it, may be settling itself, once this latest El Dorado is thrown open to the world.

Mr. A. P. Swineford, formerly governor of the territory, avoids all the errors and omissions of Mr. De Windt in his account of the "History, Climate, and Natural Resources of Alaska." He draws some surprising pictures of this most northerly of our possessions. For example, it covers more degrees of latitude than the United States from

Florida to Maine, and exceeds in area the entire territory of the country east of the Mississippi river! Far from being a bleak and frozen region, as Mr. De Windt seems persuaded in spite of summer mosquitoes, its more southerly regions are warmed by the Pacific gulf stream, until they possess a damp, rainy climate not dissimilar from England's. The land is arable in great stretches of territory, and capable of supporting an enormous population. To some such future as this Mr. Swineford is looking, regarding the mineral resources of Alaska as of little more value than the agricultural. He pictures a prosperous and self-contained state where we think only of eternal snow.

For this book, also, Mr. George Kostrometinoff has prepared an account of the discovery and occupancy of Alaska by the Russians. There appears the usual pitiful tale of hideous sufferings inflicted upon the aborigines. Just as the two races were beginning to comprehend one another, the country was sold to the United States, and sufferings ten times worse than before were inflicted upon the natives. The territory was in the hands of a monopoly—as soulless as Blackstone asserted all corporations to be, and as wholly without scruple as willing employes and complaisant employers can make it. While Governor Swineford has no kindness in his heart towards these gentry, who were the real cause of the purchase, he is eager to vindicate the memory of Secretary Seward from knowledge of their designs. Some of the chapters relating to the monopoly afford melancholy reading to the man who venerates America as a land of the free.

Despite these various excellencies, the book does not fit the time. We learn of coal and copper when we are looking for gold. Could the learning and acumen of Governor Swineford be combined with the knowledge at first hand of the actual Klondike region, which is in British Columbia for the most part, which Mr. De Windt does not possess, a very good book might result.

One thing in particular seems to escape detailed attention—the question of mining on the seaboard. We learn that the largest quartz-crushers in the world are there, but nothing further. It is a certainty that millions are taken out annually by a simple operation, made possible by the proximity to the sea. Mr. De Windt's book is provided with an index, which it hardly needs. Governor Swineford's has none, and it needs one every hour. We suppose that even in war times the Klondike will not be entirely forgotten. An authoritative book on the country remains to be written.

JACK OF ALL TRADES

CALEB WEST, MASTER DIVER.—By Frank Hopkinson Smith. 12mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MR. HOPKINSON SMITH'S serial, now appearing as a spring novel, lacks nothing but a good billboard to make it ready-to-be-acted melodrama, to follow *The Streets of New York*, or *The Two Orphans*.

The master diver, always accompanied with the

sign facial of a big, fuzzy beard, is cast as the unappreciated, elderly, but magnificently tender husband of the erring girl-wife; Bill Lacey, the hand-somest of the diving crew, as a suffering and hypnotic Lothario; while Captain Joe and Auntie Bell act as chorus to rub things well in on the moral and humanitarian side. The government agent for the inspection of lighthouses comes in as a general scapegoat and understudy for the foiled villain.

The usual secondary love drama is supplied by the young lighthouse engineer from the city of New York, and his ethical subjugation by the kind of rare grass widow whose eternal femininity leads a man up, as according to Goethe, instead of on, according to custom.

The story begins strongly, and promises to enlarge the heart with the enlargement of knowledge of the simplicity and bravery of those who literally go down to the sea. The chapters relating to the laying of the enrockment blocks of the lighthouse on Shark's Ledge by Caleb and his men have all the directness and charm of affection and entire understanding, the combined touch of painter and expert.

Not every man has Stevenson's wisdom in letting the women alone. With the advent of the girl-wife and her sorrows the book becomes mawkish and runs in a facile descent to a mush of sentimentality probably far removed in truth from sane and wholesome seafaring people.

The characters are all dressed from the stock in the green-room, and the colors are muddy from usage. There is only a trace here and there of the delicate choice and suffused warmth of color which marked Mr. Smith's briefer and earlier work; while in that presentment of character which made Colonel Carter dear and possible, there is the only shadowy and absurd Major Slocomb of Maryland, even so the most lovable and viable of them all.

Possibly the most salient virtue of a real swell is that he does not know that he is it. Too much protest as to "cucumbers smothered in crushed ice" served to the young man who attends small dinners "immaculate in white tie and high collar," and counts among the chief of the articles of vertu in his apartments an "umbrella lamp of sealing wax red," sets them down as reckless luxuries of the highest form. Mr. Smith is almost as afraid as Mr. Harding Davis that one shall not know the exceeding "an faitness" of his high-lifers, and naturally ends by making one doubt the authenticity of his information.

If anybody should know the sort of inspectors the United States employs, it is one who has worked with them. But the episode of Carleton has nevertheless something of the uncertainly picturesque about it. Unless this is one of the spots where the civil service does not serve, it would seem to the simple citizen rather hard to get a man appointed who did not know one end of his transit telescope from the other. Perhaps, however, truth is maintained in desirable balance by the white light of purity and wisdom shining as an aureole about the head of the official of the officials.

Travelers who followed a white umbrella into

Mexico, believing, returned therefrom scoffing and saying that the bits therein so fascinatingly described were nowhere to be found; some of Mr. Smith's brothers of the water-color craft say also that his adorable marines are mostly blue sketch paper and a striped pole; members of the labor movement state that the knowledge of their organization, habits, and actions is but very imperfectly shown forth in the victories of big Tom Grogan.

The author of all these productions is, by his own biography, master of three arts. It is therefore only courteous and also perfectly psychological to suggest that while following any one of them, he may be somewhat distracted by the others. It is notoriously unfair to expect a man to see truth on three sides, when for most of the world it has at best only two.

In Caleb West, Mr. Smith has at least shown himself a perfectly plausible engineer.

WHEN STOCKTON IS NOT STOCKTON

THE GIRL AT COBHURST.—By Frank R. Stockton. 12mo. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

GIVEN a handsome, brown-eyed, broad-shouldered young man at Cobhurst, of the kind that look especially sweet while haying and harvesting, there must naturally, sooner or later, be a girl there also.

The plotting and counterplotting of the two candidates and their backers toward this inevitable end, forms what basis there is to Mr. Stockton's latest and most innocuous tale.

There is the usual complement of simple and lovable middle-class villagers, among whom this writer loves so well to move, with his quick and whimsical sympathies. But this time he does not seem to have wholly succeeded with that half-focus of oddity and reality which constitutes the entirety of his peculiar fascination.

Not that the people about Cobhurst are dull or commonplace, but that they neither act, think, nor talk Stocktonese. They are barely more fanciful than a kindergarten, whereas one has been taught by long and brilliant precedent to expect much more in that line.

A recent photograph of Mr. Stockton shows him gazing somewhat less severely than usual, out of a rather expensive window upon an early spring landscape of great luxuriance. The Girl at Cobhurst might well have been dictated upon this spot, after such a dinner as its pages so fondly describe. It bears about the same relation to sober literature that a bit of *vers de société* does to poetry.

Fancy, not being a machine, cannot, like an electrical battery, be eternally self-running. Yet, like her sisters of a lesser art, she must keep herself notoriously young and fair and nimble, and be very long a-dying.

If Mr. Stockton is only having a bit of fun, or a brief attack of idleness, his faithful public will wait with cheerful patience for something better, but they will consent but hardly to a willful water-

ing of his literary stock. The consequence of being one of a kind is to remain so. There seems to be danger of the Stockton species dying out.

MRS. ATHERTON'S RENAISSANCE

AMERICAN WIVES AND ENGLISH HUSBANDS.—By Gertrude Atherton. 12mo. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

WE have never joined loudly in the demand that American writers should always and continuously live in their own country. Mr. Henry James's expatriation, for example, has never seemed a crime to us. And for reasons a little different perhaps, after reading several of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's volumes, we manifested no reluctance to have her leave these shores, and even welcomed her absence. But after examining her latest novel, *American Wives and English Husbands*, we have an increased respect for the chastening power of England, and we could even contemplate Mrs. Atherton's return without trepidation.

Patience Sparhawk and *Her Times* represented the culmination of the work of this lady upon the soil to which she was indigenous. His *Fortunate Grace* was apparently the product of a middle period, when residence in London had naturally led her to a contemplation of the problem of international marriage. *American Wives and English Husbands* is the calmer consideration of the same problem.

Mrs. Atherton has often indulged in hysterics since she has been in London, availing herself freely of the columns of the London press for this purpose. She has attacked American men and English women, and nothing had prepared us for anything more than her usual cheap sensationalism when we took up this volume. She has been the master of a miraculously vulgar touch, which took the freshness and distinction from any subject she touched. Her heroines have seethed with passion, intellect, and commonness. Her treatment of the English language has been barbarous enough to justify armed intervention.

Why cannot we send a colony of women authors to England? Mrs. Atherton's shining example of improvement would justify experiments at the nation's expense. In this new volume she lacks many merits which one might wish she had, but she has almost completely rid herself of her most vicious habits. Now when she sets out to depict a lady, the result is not, as formerly, a monstrosity of ill-breeding. She can almost write good English. A lovely spirit of calm and of quiet thoughtfulness seems to have descended upon her. There is perhaps a slight loss of that tumultuous energy which formerly marked her work, but this is amply compensated by the real strength which underlies it all.

Since writing this volume Mrs. Atherton has relapsed a bit, and has appeared in the newspapers protesting that she cannot write of English and Americans without being attacked for maligning the Americans. Frankly, we doubt this. The present book maligns nobody. It is singularly

mild in nature. It shows, not that Americans are bad husbands, but that Englishmen can be very good ones, even for a nervous, individualistic American woman. The heroine, though she comes of Southern aristocratic stock, was born and reared in San Francisco, first in poverty and afterwards in comparative affluence, and under the best influences of Western civilization. Mrs. Atherton has the advantage of knowing something about San Francisco—an aid deplorably lacking when she was writing of New York—and the picture of society there is interesting and plausible. A childish episode in Lee Tarleton's life had been the encounter for a few months with an English boy, whose father for family reasons had brought him abroad. Naïvely this boy, Cecil, later Lord Maundrell, and Lee plight their troth, and through all the triumphs of her girlhood Lee keeps a vague feeling that she really will marry him. Had she not grown up to be a beauty, she never would have done so, for, of course, later she releases him from the engagement he had half forgotten. But coming to America, he sees her, and they are married.

An Englishman, according to Mrs. Atherton, can only live with a wife who subordinates her individuality to his, who becomes a habit with him, who becomes, in short, an Englishwoman of the old fashion. Her heroine believes this, and for three years bravely and sturdily she does her best. Even when she grows a little weary of it, and decides that she wants a year's vacation back in California, Mrs. Atherton spares us tantrums, and keeps even the husband rational though hurt. Just then the underbred American wife of Lee's father-in-law threatens to disgrace the family, and Lee finds how closely she is bound to their interests. She takes no vacation, and the husband comes at the same time to a more rational, more modern, more American view of the marriage relation. Mrs. Atherton's heroine is an agreeable surprise. She makes no strange demands for freedom, and her idea of a successful marriage seems to be largely the achievement of compatibility of temperament. She proves that if the course of international love does not always run quite smooth, it may be made to.

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THE GOLFCIDE AND OTHER TALES OF THE FAIR GREEN.—

By W. G. Van T. Sutphen. 16mo. Illustrated. \$1.00.

VANITY FAIR.—By W. M. Thackeray; with Biographical

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Time and the *Hours* says: "Surely in these brief intimate chapters Mr. Le Gallienne has made something like a very small masterpiece. Such writing has a flavor and grace of its own that should make it memorable with the few, while its plain sincerity, its rare kindness and sympathy, must endear it to many."

The *Boston Post* says: "It is pathetic, witty and tenderly humorous."

The *City Press*, Philadelphia, says: "'The Romance of Zion Chapel' is a novel of rare literary finish and impressive power. It is the novel of a poet who can write prose of rare distinction; of an epigrammatist who can flash wit and wisdom in a bewildering profusion of pregnant phrases; of a psychologist who can present objectively his keen, interpretative analysis of human motives and human character; of a painter who can project his portraits in relief against a background of hazy chiaroscuro."

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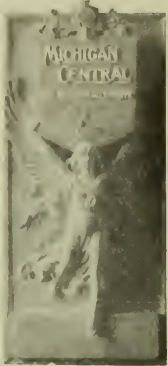
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THE CHAP-BOOK

Vol. IX, No. 4

SEMI-MONTHLY

July 1, 1898

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NOTES

THE SENSE OF HUMOR, for which we as a nation are famed, was never perhaps so unpleasantly to the fore as in the present times. Generally speaking, our keen sensitiveness to the ludicrous, our instincts for burlesque, have not been so strong as to lessen the dignity of our international relations. But at the present moment the one thing in the Spanish-American war which might have been expected to keep something of sacredness is being twisted into light jests. One may or may not believe that the war is one of vengeance or humanity rather than conquest, but the watchword, "Remember the Maine," came from such an appalling calamity that it is distinctly not to be spoken too lightly.

Two small instances in Chicago which pass almost unnoticed among the small humors of the passing hour seem to us an extraordinary comment on the earnestness with which we prosecute the war. A saloon on Clark street has lately been rechristened "The Maine," and signs all over its front windows exhort the passer-by to "Remember the Maine." The place seems luridly cheerful, and no doubt any quantity of people remember it daily.

"Remember the _____" Supply anything to fill the blank and you have a joke, according to the American idea of humor. A month before the excursion season to Milwaukee commenced for the steamer Christopher Columbus the inhabitants of Chicago were urged to "Remember the Whaleback." Everybody laughed, remembered the Christopher Columbus, and thought it a very good advertisement. And undoubtedly, the country through, people are being told to remember beer gardens, our dead sailors and chewing gum, all in the same form and almost in the same breath. Is it possible

that the American public thinks the war is merely a substitute for the ordinary summer out-of-door vaudeville?

AS YOU HAPPEN TO FEEL about such matters in general, you will be pleased or not to learn from Mr. Henry Romeike of the Clipping Bureau that Lieutenant Hobson is one of his subscribers, and that last November he entered an order asking for all "personal notices" of himself which should appear in any newspaper. If the order had been entered this spring, before Mr. Hobson started to become a hero, it would be rather insufferable. As it is, we are mainly troubled by the thought of the enormous sum which Hobson will owe Romeike when he is released. "Up to the time he sailed with Sampson's fleet," says Mr. Romeike, "I had been able to supply him with only about forty clippings. Now I am making over four hundred a day." Unless something is done to stop this, the gallant Hobson will be Romeike's debtor for life, unless Congress makes an appropriation to pay his bill.

THE SPANISH LANGUAGE seems to be causing a great deal of trouble to the educational authorities of New Mexico. The wild patriots of the Rio Grande region object to having any Spanish used or taught in the schools now that we are at war with the mother country of that tongue. We do not advocate that the Castilian speech should anywhere be made the official one. But it occurs to us that now, more than ever, there is need for a knowledge of the language. Surely all of us realize that Spanish is the tongue of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, as well of the Iberian peninsula, and we all imagine that the war will leave us in closer relations than ever with these regions.

Already reports come to us that the Rough Riders are somewhat grumpy because they cannot understand the "nigger Spanish" of the insurgents. Of course, the schoolboy of the moment cannot hope to be the rough rider of the next moment. But he hopes to have a sugar plantation in Cuba shortly, or to go out on a diplomatic mission with General Merritt to the Philippines. And in all such events he must be able to manage la lengua Castellana.

RIDING UPON THE CREST of the patriotic wave, the American shield-of-arms is sharing honors with the stars and stripes. But with a difference. The flags all have their stripes properly colored and arranged, and when a star or two is lacking it means nothing more than that the country has grown since its purchase. The shield, however, though in use as a decoration for the windows of shops, factories and residences, or as an article of personal adornment, is invariably wrong. It may be worth while knowing—for if the shield is worth having, it is surely worth having right—that there are no stars upon the blue chief, or upper third of it, and there are seven white stripes to six red below, reversing the disposition made in the national standard. There is, of course, no reason for the difference; but it exists and should be respected.

It is equally true that there is no heraldic reason for using the dark indigo blue which makes the flag so somber. It should be a bright, vivid color—as blue as the red is red. All who know the French tricolor will bear witness to the gain in beauty and vigor imparted to it by the use of a blue that is blue. The only excuse offered for making the ordinary bunting flag so much too dark is the practical one—indigo does not fade as sky blue would.

And the solitary star of the Cuban banner, now so much in evidence, is also standing on its head much of the time. The star should have one of its five points directed to the top of the flag, not the bottom. If reversed it implies distress, and it is not the Cubans who are suffering so much these days.

THE COLLEGE BOAT RACE at New London was a good one, and Cornell and Mr. Courtney deserve a great deal of praise for winning. But it is unfortunate that Harvard was not victorious simply on account of Mr. Lehman. What he has done for American college athletics is truly marvelous. Before his coming the crews at New London behaved like hostile armies on the eve of battle. To be sure, the crews called on each other once every other year, but beyond that they treated each other more like rival pugilists than gentlemen and sportsmen.

This year the crews of Yale and Harvard called on each other frequently, and the latter even went so far as to invite Cornell to dinner. These incidents are in themselves not very remarkable, but they mean that Mr. Lehman has shown us the difference between gentlemanly sport and profes-



RUDOLPH C. LEHMAN

sional athletics. He has spent the last two winters in the arduous work of teaching the Harvard crews how to row, and they have lost both times. If the crews had won every one would have known of this man, who came from England and spent two years trying to help us. As it is, his crews have lost, his hard work has gone for nothing, and he returns home bearing the blame for two more Harvard defeats. So we say it is unfortunate that Harvard did not win.

A CORRESPONDENT IN PARIS writes of the now celebrated Rodin Balzac: "The art world here has presented no very pleasing spectacle since the opening of the salons. An opinion having prevailed that M. Auguste Rodin's statue of Balzac is a failure, many of M. Rodin's fellow-sculptors have made indecent demonstrations of joy. One, who has peopled an entire European kingdom with bronze and marble gentlemen in frock-coats and attitudes, took so little pains to hide, when I called upon him, his satisfaction at seeing crowds in fits of laughter at the Balzac that I quite felt for his own self-respect. The fact of the matter is the public will come round in a year or two to the view of the present minority, find out that M. Rodin's statue is a work of extraordinary power, and turn the tables on M. Rodin's colleagues."

Meanwhile the comic papers have their own good time with the matter. The jest which we reproduce



BALZAC—BY RODIN

from *La Vie Parisienne* comes close to representing the popular view of M. Rodin's rough-hewn method. The impressionistic style in marble is likely to prove a harder thing for the public to understand than the most daring manifestations of modernity in painting.

AMONG THE INCIDENTS of newspaper life in times of war is the time-honored device of inserting a simple anagram by way of proper name in the news columns of one paper for the sake of seeing it copied by an unwary rival. Too late the latter discovers it to be an humiliating confession of theft, and the former exults. A few weeks elapse, and the process is reversed. It was just before the passing of one of the great news associations of the country that its papers announced, a day late, that something unpleasant had happened to a Hindoo notability. His name was given as the Prince Siht el Otspueht. Being rightly interpreted by turning it other end to, it read, "The U(nited) P(ress) stole this." One of the New York journals of enterprise and audacity printed an item a fortnight or so ago to the effect that a prominent Austrian officer had been injured by the operations



Oh, they were right in telling you that my daughter is charming. See, here is her bust by M. Rodin.

From *La Vie Parisienne*.

of the Americans in Cuba. His name, it appeared from the cable dispatches, was Refflie W. Thenuz. When appropriated bodily by a leading rival, overzealous in not denying its readers an account of every possible occurrence, it was learned that it was a combination of reversed and phonetic spelling signifying merely, "We pilfer the news." It is quite likely that nothing printed in either of the papers concerned will be quite as true as this during the continuation of the war.

SPAIN IS HAVING ALL THE SATISFACTION of success without in any way incurring the penalties of glory. Havana is still rejoicing in a screaming farce wherein the Yankees win a battle by killing a solitary mule. The exhilarating bravery of Hobson and his comrades has not become known in the peninsula, where the journals, illustrated and otherwise, are rejoicing greatly over the destruction of the "Merry Mae," as they designate the vessel, in all seriousness. The statement that Admiral Sampson ordered the ship sunk in the channel where she lies is commented on as proving that, while he may not be much of a sailor, he would succeed as a comic actor. While the American Congress is devising honors for Hobson, Spain is setting his ship beside the Baltimore, which it firmly believes to be at the bottom of Manila harbor, sent there by the guns of the vanished Spanish squadron.

It appears from the advices received in this country that the Rough Riders, after nine days of inaction on shipboard, were marched eight miles over impossible roads and under a tropical sun into a carefully prepared ambush set by more than double their force of seasoned Spanish regulars.

Yet the Americans drove their enemies back with heavy loss. If raw levies from the United States, commanded by a surgeon and a politician (no disrespect to Colonel Wood or Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt is intended), surprised, fatigued and hungry, can yet drive back a superior force of trained Spanish regulars, there does not seem to be much use in their prolonging the agony. And there would be none, if it did not appear in the Spanish papers that the Americans were repulsed with heavy loss and their arms and equipments captured by the Iberian cohorts.

Americans sneer at a nation which permits itself to be so deceived. Yet they manifest no disgust when Mr. Richard Harding Davis is discovered concealing the weaknesses revealed in the army by Mr. Poultney Bigelow, and are able to hear with customary complacency Mr. Davis's threat to have the army do something to Mr. Bigelow for calling attention to the fact that we have no cordite, no smokeless powder, no rifles of modern make, nor a great many other things which poor Spain has. It was actually necessary for Mr. Bigelow to remind Mr. Davis that this was "not France."

GERMAN SENTIMENT we are apt to think unanimous in favor of Spain. But the lesser press, which we do not often see here, reveals a different side. The drawing from *Simplissimus*, which we reproduce, is from a distinctly radical point of view, but it is a keen comment on the attitude Germany is likely to take. To the victor belong German laurels, and to him alone.

AT THE CLAIRVOYANT'S



I see in the West . . . two fierce enemies . . . fighting . . . in a sea of blood. . . It is concealed from me . . . which shall wear the laurel of victory on his brow . . . yet I see one thing clearly . . . whoever of the two shall be the victor . . . shall receive a congratulatory telegram from Berlin.—From *Simplissimus*.



COMPOSITE-PHOTOGRAPH MEDAL OF THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION

THE PHANTOM LINER

THE fog lay thick on Georges Bank,
Rolling deep fold on fold;
It dripped and dripped from the rigging dank,
And the day sank dark and cold.

The watch stood close by the reeling rail
And listened into the gloom;
Was there a sound save the slatting sail
And the creak of the swaying boom?

Out of the dark the great waves crept,
And shouldered darkly by,
Till over their tops a murmur crept
That was neither of sea nor sky.

"Is it the churn of a steamer's screw?"
"Is it a wind that sighs?"
A shiver ran through the listening crew,
We looked in each other's eyes.

No engines throbbed, no whistle boomed,
No foam curled from her prow,
But out of the mist a liner loomed
Ten fathom from our bow.

Ten fathom from our bow she grew,
No man might speak or stir,
As she leapt from the fog that softly drew
Like a shroud from over her.

We shut our teeth in grim despair,
Then, like one under a spell,
Right through her as she struck us fair
I saw the lift of a swell.

There was never a crash of splintered plank,
No rush of incoming tide,
There was never a tear in the mainsail dank
As her hull went through our side.

Unharméd we drifted down the night,
On into the fog she drove,
And through her as she passed from sight
I saw the lift of a wave.

Was it some ship long lost at sea,
Whose wraith still sails the main,
Or the ghost of a wreck that is yet to be
In some wild hurricane?

Was it a warning to fishing boats
Of what the fog may hold,
As over their decks it drips and floats
And swathes in its clinging fold?

I cannot tell, I only know
Our crew of eighteen men
Saw the gray form come, and saw it go
Into the fog again.

WINTHROP PACKARD.

SYMPATHETIC CRITICISM

ONE may say, in a general way, that there always have been, and probably always will be, two kinds of critics—those who judge a work from the outside, according to fixed standards and in an absolute authoritative manner, and those who appraise it from the inside, according to its own principle of being, seeking to penetrate it, to comprehend it, to possess themselves of its point of view; or judicial critics, and what we may call sympathetic critics. Literature is indebted to both these methods; but in a scientific, democratic age like ours, the tendency seems towards the more sympathetic form. Goethe said that a loving interest in the person and the works of an author, amounting to a certain one-sided enthusiasm, alone led to reality in criticism; all else was vanity. No doubt more will come of the contact of two minds under these circumstances than from what is called the judicial attitude; there will be more complete fusion and interpenetration; without a certain warmth and passion there is no fruitfulness, even in criticism. In the field of art and literature, to be disinterested does not mean to be cold and judicial; it means to be free from bias, free from theories and systems, with mind open to receive a clear impression of the work's characteristic merits and qualities.

It is tradition that always stands in the way of the new man. In politics, it is the political tradition; in religion, the religious tradition, and in literature, the literary tradition. Professional criticism is the guardian of the literary tradition, and this is why any man who essays a new departure in literary art has reason to fear it or despise it, as the case may be.

It is when we take up any new work in the judicial spirit, bent upon judging and classifying, rather than upon enjoying and understanding, the conscious analytical intellect on duty and the sympathies and the intuitions under lock and key, that there is danger the judicial blindness will fall upon us. When we approach nature in the spirit of technical science, our minds already preoccupied with certain conclusions and systems, do we get as much of the joy and stimulus she holds for us as do the children on the way to school of a spring morning with their hands full of wild flowers, or as does the "gleesome saunterer over hills" in summer with only love and appreciation uppermost in his mind?

Professional criticism often becomes mere pedagogical narrowness and hardness; it gets crushed over with rules and precedents, pinched and sterilized by routine and convention, so that a new work makes no impression upon it. The literary tradition, like the religious tradition, ceases to be vital and formative.

Is it not true that all first-class works have to be approached with a certain humility and free giving of one's self? In a sense, "except ye become as little children" ye cannot enter the kingdom of the great books.

I suppose that to get at the true inwardness of any imaginative work, we must read it as far as

possible in its own spirit, and that if it does not engraft and increase its own spirit upon us, then it is feeble and may easily be brushed aside.

Criticism, which has for its object the discovery of new talent and in Sainte-Beuve's words to "apportion to each kind of greatness its due influence and superiority," is one thing; and criticism, the object of which is to uphold and enforce the literary tradition, is quite another. Consciously or unconsciously, when the trained reader opens a new book he is under the influence of one or the other of these notions—either he submits himself to it disinterestedly, intent only upon seizing and appreciating its characteristic quality, or he comes prepossessed with certain rules and standards upon which his taste has been formed. In other words, he comes to the new work simply as a man, a human being seeking edification, or he comes clothed in some professional authority, seeking judgment.

There is reason, therefore, in the contention of a Chicago college professor, that we should not bring to a poet like Whitman the same critical temper that we bring to Milton. Milton is founded upon the literary tradition; he planned his work after the classic models. Whitman brushed these aside, at least as to form, and found the tradition of his own land and hour sufficient. If we come to Shakespeare with the classic tradition in mind, where are we? Voltaire came to him in this temper, and he found him less a poet than Addison; he was a drunken savage. He read him through Racine and Corneille, and found him far less than either of these.

Our best reading is a search for the excellent; but what is the excellent? Is there any final standard of excellence in literature? Each may be excellent after its kind, but kinds differ. There is one excellence of Arnold and Milton and the classic school, and another excellence of Shakespeare and Wordsworth and Burns and Pope and Whitman, or of the romantic and democratic school. The critic is to hold a work up to its own ideal or standard. Of the perfect works, or the works that aim at perfection, at absolute symmetry and proportion, appealing to us through the cunning of their form, scheme, structure, details, ornamentation, etc., we make a different demand from the one we make of a primitive, unique, individual utterance, or expression of personality like *Leaves of Grass*, in which the end is not form, but life; not perfection, but suggestion; not intellect, but character; not beauty, but power; not carving, or sculpture, or architecture, but the building of a man.

It is no doubt a great loss to be compelled to read any work of literary art in a conscious critical mood, because the purely intellectual interest in such a work which criticism demands is far less satisfying than our æsthetic interest. The mood in which we enjoy a poem is analogous to that in which it was conceived. We have here the reason why the professional reviewer is so apt to miss the characteristic quality of the new book, and why the readers of great publishing houses make so many mistakes. They call into play a conscious mental force that is inimical to the emotional mood in

which the work had its rise; what was love in the poet becomes a pale intellectual reflection in the critic.

Love must come first, or there can be no true criticism; the intellectual process must follow and be begotten by an emotional process. Indeed, criticism is an afterthought; it is such an account as we can give of the experience we have had in private communion with the subject of it. The conscious analytical intellect takes up one by one, and examines the impression made upon our subconsciousness by the new poem or novel.

Where nothing has been sown, nothing can be reaped. The work that has yielded us no enjoyment will yield us no positive results in criticism. Dr. Louis Waldstein, in his suggestive work on the subconscious self, discovers that the critical or intellectual mood is foreign to art; that it destroys or decreases the spontaneity necessary to creation. This is why the critical and creative faculty so rarely go together, or why one seems to work against the other. Probably in all normal, well-balanced minds the appreciation of a work of the imagination is a matter of feeling and intuition long before it is a matter of intellectual cognizance. Not all minds can give a reason for the faith that is in them, and it is not important that they should; the main matter is the faith. Every great work of art will be found upon examination to have an ample ground of critical principles to rest upon, though in the artist's own mind not one of these principles may have been consciously defined.

Indeed, the artist who works from any theory is foredoomed to at least partial failure. And art that lends itself to any propaganda, or to any idea "outside its essential form, falls short of being a pure art creation."

The critical spirit is always a bar to the enjoyment or understanding of a poet, when it has hardened into fixed standards. One then has a poetical creed, as he has a political or religious creed, and this creed is likely to stand between him and the appreciation of a new poetic type. Macaulay thought Leigh Hunt was barred from appreciating his *Lays of Ancient Rome* by his poetical creed, which may have been the case. Jeffreys was no doubt barred from appreciating Wordsworth by his poetical creed. It was Byron's poetical creed that led him to rank Pope so highly. A critic who holds to one of the conflicting creeds about fiction, either that it should be realistic or romantic, will not do justice to the other type. If Tolstói is his ideal, he will set little value on Scott; or if he exalts Hawthorne, he will depreciate Howells. What the disinterested observer demands is the best possible work of each after his kind. Or, if he is to compare and appraise the two kinds, then I think that without doubt that his conclusion will be that the realistic novel is the later, maturer growth, more in keeping with the modern demand for reality in all fields, and that the romantic belongs more to the world of childish things, which we are fast leaving behind us.

Our particular predilections in literature must, no doubt, be carefully watched. There is danger in personal absorption in an author—danger to our

intellectual freedom. One would not feel for a poet the absorbing and exclusive love that the lover feels for his mistress, because one would rather have the whole of literature for his domain. One would rather admire Rabelais with Sainte-Beuve, as a Homeric buffoon, than be a real "pantagruelist devotee," who finds a flavor even in "the dregs of Master François's cask" that he prefers to all others. The French have a name for this vice—*engouement*—the fondness of the toper for his tippie, the appetite of the gormand for a particular dish. Arnold thought Carlyle's criticism of Goethe savored too much of *engouement*, and that little of it would stand. No doubt some of us, goaded on by the opposite vice in readers and critics, have been guilty of the same intemperate enthusiasm toward Whitman and Browning. To make a cult of either of these authors, or of any other, is to shut one's self up in a part when the whole is open to him. The opposite vice, that of violent personal antipathy, is equally to be avoided in criticism. Probably Sainte-Beuve was guilty of this vice in his attitude toward Balzac; Scherer in his criticism of Béranger, and Landor in his dislike of Dante. One might also cite Emerson's distaste for Poe and Shelley, and Arnold's antipathy towards Victor Hugo's poetry. Likes and dislikes in literature that are temperamental, that are like the attraction or repulsion of bodies in different electrical conditions, are hard to be avoided, but the trained reader may hope to overcome them. Taste is personal, but the intellect is, or should be, impersonal, and to be able to guide the former by the light of the latter is the signal triumph of criticism.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

GODDESS OF LIBERTY, ANSWER

GODDESS of Liberty, listen! listen, I say, and look
To the sounds and sighs of sorrow this side of
Sandy Hook!

Your eye is searching the distance, you are holding
your torch too high
To see the slaves who are fettered, though close at your feet
they lie.

And the cry of the suffering stranger has reached your ear and
your breast,
But you do not heed the wail that comes from the haunts of
your own oppressed.

Goddess of Liberty, follow, follow me where I lead;
Come down into the sweat-shops and look on the work of
greed!

Look on the faces of children, old before they were born!
Look on the haggard women, of all sex graces shorn!
Look on the men—(God help us! if this is what it means
To be men in the land of freedom and live like mere machines!

Goddess of Liberty, answer! how can the slaves of Spain
Find freedom under your banner, while your own still wear
the chain?

Loud is the screech of your eagle and boastful the voice of
your drums,
But they do not silence the wail of despair that rises out of
your slums.

What will you do with your conquests, and how shall your
hosts be fed.

While your streets are filled with desperate throngs, crying
for work or bread?

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A CHAPTER FROM ALICE IN WONDER-
LAND LATELY RECOVERED

“NOW I am asleep again,” thought Alice, and directly she found herself in a long room with two Greek tables in it and a fireplace. A large fiddler-crab was sitting on a high bench with several of his legs dangling in the air, and a large hippopotamus was taking red balls out of a sort of rack. Two very queer people were playing some kind of game at one of the tables, and, as it looked very interesting, Alice drew near to see what they were playing.

“Will the conversation go?” asked one of the two people. He looked more like a black tortoise than anything else.

“Why should it?” said the other person, who was unlike anything Alice had ever seen. “Why should it? It’s pointed perfectly straight at the pocket.”

“What’s the pocket?” Alice ventured to ask of the hippopotamus.

“Do you know what a locket is?” said he.

“Of course I do,” said Alice.

“Well?” sneered the hippopotamus, as if what he had said was perfectly convincing.

“But I do n’t see what that has to do with a pocket,” said poor Alice, who was much confused.

“It has nothing to do with it,” said the H. “It’s the most different thing I can think of. And when you know what the most different thing is, then you ought to know what the most indifferent thing is.”

“But I’m afraid I do n’t know,” said Alice.

“It’s a fool,” said the hippo, in a loud whisper to the black tortoise. “I thought so, and now I know it.” And then to Alice: “Child, if I say ‘the horse stops’ you know what I mean; then suppose I say ‘the horse unstops’——?”

Alice still looked perplexed.

“Now you know what a pocket is,” said the H., triumphantly. And then he shouted, “Pool!” so loudly that Alice was almost frightened to death.

The word “pool” seemed to have a fearful effect on the black tortoise. He screamed loudly for some moments, and then said in a high, flute-like voice:

“I knew the conversation would go, but he said it would n’t, and so I played it and it did n’t.”

Alice felt sorry for the poor tortoise, who was weeping bitterly, but as she did not know what to say she simply held out her hand, which the tortoise took solemnly.

“I do n’t like your hair, little girl,” said he. “There’s not enough of it. I am now going to tell you how you can have more. You know that hair grows at one end. Well, first you make it grow at both ends until you have a number of arches like croquet wickets, and then you cut the arches in two, and then you have exactly twice as much hair as you had before.”

“But how do you make it grow at both ends?” asked Alice.

The black tortoise looked a little foolish at this, but presently, with a bustling air, he drew a large compass out of his pocket, which he regarded intently.

“Heavens!” he shouted; “the needle is pointing due north, and I have a most important engagement at east. Good-bye.”

Alice was left standing alone in the middle of the room.

“Are you coming in?” said the hippopotamus, and Alice knew by the general silence that the question was directed at her.



"In what?" she asked.

"In the shut game?" said the H.

"I do n't think I know what that is," said Alice.

"All right, do n't think," said the person who had been playing with the black tortoise. "It's just the opposite from an open game."

"I do n't know the difference," said Alice.

"A shut game," said the H., kindly, "is a game you only play when you're asked, and an open game is one you do n't play at all. I can see that you do n't know. What do you think, horse-hare, shall we ask her into the shut game?"

"Oh," thought Alice, "he's a horse-hare. He does look something like a horse, and something like a rabbit."

"Perhaps she'd rather hear the story of my life," said the horse-hare.

"Ask her," said the H.

"I have," said the H. H.

"I should like it very much," said Alice.

"Then get the fiddler-crab to tell you his," said the H. H. "It would be exactly the same as mine if it was n't different."

The fiddler-crab did not wait for an invitation, but crossing three of his legs, began at once:

"I am an ancient cellist,

Observe my slender hand,

T' others buried by the Nile,

Beneath the yellow sand;

And that is why I cannot play

The cello in the band.

"She was an Egypt woman,

I loved her as my life;

He was the court musician,

And fluted on the fife.

He loved her as I loved her;

She swore she'd be my wife.

"The Nile is clothed in rushes

As pretty as can be;

She said she'd meet me there,

And run away with me,

He dressed to represent her,

And swore that he was she.

"The Nile is clothed in rushes,

The night was dark and grand,

When I thought we'd get away

I found I'd lost a hand.

And that is why I've ceased to play

The cello in the band."

"That's a very sad story," said Alice.

"Not as sad as it would be if it was sadder," said the horse-hare. "Quick, hold the hippopotamus; he's going to sing two notes at once."

The H. was growing black in the face with the effort.

"Sometimes I really can," he said, "and sometimes I can't, and then I do n't."

"Try again," said Alice, who took singing lessons herself, and had never heard any one do two notes at once.

The H. gave a loud roar.

"There," said he; "I knew I could."

"I only heard a single note," said Alice.

"Did you hear one or the other?" asked the H., eagerly.

"I heard one," said Alice.

"Then, as there were only two, the other must have been one, too."

"Why not seven, eight?" said the F. C.

The H. paid no attention, but continued:

"Then as there were two, and you heard one, the other was one, and so you heard both."

"Look out, child!" said the F. C. "The parrot's got you by the hair."

And sure enough Alice felt something tugging away from behind, but she could not turn round to see what it was.

"Will you please undo it for me?" she asked of the H.

"I could n't undo it three you, could I?" said he.

"Let go, parrot," said the F. C. "It's a little girl, and she wants to go in swimming."

"What! in this wind?" screamed the parrot.

"No, in the bay," said the F. C.

"I'm going to sing her a song first," screeched the parrot.

"It'll have to be a one stanza song, then," said the hippopotamus. "It's time to close, and, of course, the little girl wants her bath."

"I do n't want a bath, though," said Alice.

"You'd rather have a bath than a shave, would n't you?" said a little voice from near the fireplace.

"It's only the poodle," said the hippopotamus.

"I have n't heard any one express a desire to hear the song which I am about to sing," said the parrot, "and which is very beautiful. Give me the brass key."

The F. C. brought a huge brass key from under the bench, and the parrot, holding it in her beak for a few seconds, dropped it, and at once began:

"Would you know him if you saw him?

Would you call him by his name?

Would you say that you had met him?

And the answer is the same."

"Lights out!" shouted the hippopotamus, and



before Alice knew what had happened she found herself on a float surrounded by water. On one corner of the float a white bull-terrier was playing with a stick.

"Yes, my name's Pig," said the bull-terrier. "How did you guess it?"

"I did n't guess it," protested Alice.

"No, but you would of if you could of," said the bull-terrier. "Have you seen anything of the lost hypogriphs?"

"No," said Alice; "who are they?"

"Why do you say no, when you do n't know who they are? They ran away, and the ugg ate them. It's history now."

"But how could I have seen them if the ugg ate them?" said Alice.

"How could he have eaten them if he had n't seen them?" said the B. T., convincingly.

"He might have been blind," said Alice.

"So he was," said the B. T.; "just as blind as a —shutter. But only in three eyes."

"How many did he have?" asked Alice.

"Eight," said the B. T., sorrowfully. "Do you want to hear the poem?"

"What poem?" asked Alice.

"The poem about the hypogriphs which I am about to sing," said the B. T.; "and if you meet any H.'s you can repeat it to them. It's a warning, you know. And if you do n't meet any H.'s you can repeat it to any one you do meet; and if you do n't meet any one you can repeat it to yourself until you know it by heart. The poem may be sung as follows; it is going to be sung as I am about to sing it:

"Two hypogriphs a-walking went
Along the sandy way
Which borders on the sandy beach,
Which borders on the bay;
And very heavily they walked,
For very fat were they.

"O Willie!" said the elder one
Unto his little brother,
'I wish you would n't walk so fast,
It's such an awful bother.'
The little one said, with a wail,
'Oh, take me to my mother.'

"Oh, take me to my mother now,'
The little one did cry;
'Oh, take me back to mother now,
Or I shall surely die.'
The elder said that he could not,
But promised him some pie.

"And when the evening fell apace,
They could no further creep;
And so they laid them by a rock
And did their best to weep.
They wept, and wept, and wept, and wept,
And then they fell asleep.

"And as they slept beneath the rock
A hungry ugg chanced near.
'Wake! wake! O hypogriphs!' he roared;
They could not choose but hear.
He drew a knife from out its sheath—
He drew it with a sneer.

"Kind Mister Ugg,' the elder said,
'You'd better try my brother,
For he is fatter far than I,
And I'm sure I am tougher.'
The little one said with a wail,
'Oh, take me to my mother!'



"Be quiet now,' the great ugg said;
'Your sniffing stop, I beg;
I should prefer thick buttered toast
Served under scrambled egg.
But as I cannot get it here,
I think I'll try a leg.'

"He'd drawn his knife from out its sheath
He'd drawn it quite a while;
He cut them into pieces small,
He laid them in a pile;
He roasted them most skillfully,
He did it with a smile.

"He ate as much as he could eat,
They made enough for four;
He ate till he could no more eat,
Because there was no more.
And then he turned and left their bones
To ornament the shore.

"Now, hypogriphs, a warning take,
And never heed a brother;
If elder brother goes one way
You'd better go the other.
For he would lead you far astray,
And then where is your mother?"

The white bull-terrier stopped his song and looked anxiously at Alice.

"Heavens!" he cried; "it's time you were washed."

And before Alice knew what had happened the white bull-terrier had pushed her into the water, and she sank down—down—down.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

A PLEA FOR NONSENSE

WHILE Mr. Kipling is not tender to the American Spirit of his verse, he allows that his heart

Leaps like a babe's at little things.

There are little things that are great, like Mr. Belloc's and Lord Basil Blackwood's *Bad Child's Book of Beasts*. Why is it that pure nonsense is, as a rule, enjoyed so much more by "grown-ups" than by the children for whom it is written? Does any child enjoy the immortal Alice so much as you and I? Are not its stores of wit and wisdom more a commentary on our life than the child's? The weary statesman may find in the March Hare's plea, "It was the best butter," the typical excuse of illogical humanity; while the child only recognizes, vaguely and dully, that here is something akin to his own confusion of mind.

This world as topsy-turvy as his own dreams, where beasts discourse as they should, and where he finds constantly echoed his own tendency to distinguish things by sound rather than sense—all this is part and parcel of the child's imagination; it strikes him as natural and life-like, rather than as strange and amusing. The connection of things by the sound of them, a fundamental canon of nonsense, is the child's daily stumbling-block, too much a piece of life to be funny. He will laugh unstrainedly at the galloping irrelevancy of Edward Lear's jingles, but here is a beast of another color. The geographical confusion catches him. "The old lady from Prague" and "the young woman of Smyrna" give touches of color and enlivenment to those places, which heretofore have represented nothing to him but arbitrary mental effort.

The ideas thus caught, twisted and comical as they are, will last well into youth. The writer was a big girl, big enough to be "kept in" for employing arithmetic hours in the perpetration and offense of a novel, before she was disabused of the notion that "mizz" was the correct word for chaos. Hearing Sunday after Sunday that "the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is," the sound had come to have a meaning, vast, incoherent, impressive, which it has never lost.

A strange part of it all is, that though we love and seek this art of nonsense, we so rarely recognize it. One is tempted to assert that if Alice in Wonderland had been published without the introduction and illustrations, there would have been a mighty to-do about the book. The number of serious people who would have refused to credit Mr. Carroll with pure love of art, but would have delved for satire and struggled for "problems," is past computation.

What happened yesterday in the art world? A very young gentleman of talent made some pen-and-ink drawings, and had the whim to finish the bodies of his figures in curlyqueues instead of legs, and to introduce little grotesques on the margins. To these he added quotations taken at random from the literature of France, and scattered the result liberally over London. Did the world applaud a newly-risen Lewis Carroll of the brush? By no means! It set to work to discover meanings and improprieties. A number of idle persons made involved remarks; we had periodicals of an afflicting mediocrity; and Glasgow decorators, and Mr. Grant Allen, and Madame Sarah Grand. This "universal hubbub wild, of stunning sounds and voices all confused," went on until the originator himself was affected by it; and then he and his friends (we have said they were very young gentlemen) deserted the banner of nonsense under which they had been so successful, and, as might have been expected, rushed furiously down the slope, and so perished. Discarded nonsense has a way of avenging herself, both swift and complete.

Surely it is time that the nonsense-makers of this age should cease to hide their light under a bushel, but should come forth and be understood of the people. Is it so small a thing to add to the gayety of nations? For my part, my debt of gratitude to Mr. Belloc and his collaborator is large and per-

sonal; and I believe that their noble example should be followed. It is time that we cease to look for mere vulgar coherence in the works of M. Maeterlinck, and grant without cavil that he stands on the pinnacle of this difficult art. It is time we cease to attach elusive satire to the epistolary communications with which Mr. Whistler enlivened the British press. When Mr. Walter Sickert places a simple pair of legs upon the upper half of his canvas, and proclaims the result a portrait of the artist, let us not grow indignant, but in Mr. Belloc's words, "Oh, let us never doubt, what nobody is sure about!"

Why should Mr. Huysmans and Mr. Alfred Austin disdain the fellowship of M. Belloc and Gelett Burgess? Do we not hold each of them dear in his degree? We love the perverse and the intricate, the irrelevant and the startling, the consciously humorous and the unhumorously conscious; must we be always making an excuse to enjoy ourselves, and go to the pantomime only to take the children?

Rather let us pat the younglings on the shoulder and cry to them, "You have chosen a wide pathway, and few there are who have not once in their lives passed along it. Here the ancients walked, and in latter days the immortal Thackeray did not disdain to linger. Proceed boldly, paint, write, sing—be young, be wicked, be happy, be irrelevant! Go not under false colors, neither take thyself seriously, for a man is known by the nonsense that he speaks. Beware how thou denouncest thy brother in literature, for who art thou, that thy nonsense is better than thy brother's nonsense? For it is a little age."

The most profound, as well as the most touching of Mr. Belloc's lyrics, will serve in this place better than my words as a peroration:

The Big Baboon is seen upon
The plains of Cariboo,
He goes about with nothing on,
(A shocking thing to do!)
But if he dressed respectably,
And let his whiskers grow,
How like this Big Baboon would be
To Mr. So-and-So!

Here is a depth I may not follow; let me not mar it by my weak praise. Only by way of postscript it might be well to remark that this paper is a very feeble specimen of the art it claims to follow. Better are found in the magazines every month.

ANNA ROBESON BROWN.

RYE

LIKE a fairy maelström
Runs the field of rye,
Crests of light green waver,
Greener hollows fly.

Like a maze of shadows,
Cloudless though the sky,
Interweave the eddies
In the surge of rye.

Blithe Æolus ever
Hid from mortal eye,
Cannot hide his footprints,
Dancing in the rye.

WILBUR LARREMORE.

REVISIONS

II. EDGAR ALLAN POE

POE is a better poet in his prose than in his poetry. A reader of Poe's poetry, if he be quick to take umbrage at artificiality and prone to cavil, feels, after a dozen poems, like attempting an inventory of Poe's literary workshop—the material Poe uses is so uniform and the objects he fashions are so few and inevitable. The inventory might run somewhat as follows: One plaster bust of Pallas slightly soiled; item, one many-wintered Raven croaking Nevermore; item, a parcel of decorative names—Auber, Yaa-nek, Zante, Israfil; item, a few robes of sorrow, a somewhat frayed funeral pall, and a coil of Conqueror Worms; item, one beautiful lay figure whom the angels name indifferently Lenore, Ulalume and Annabel Lee. Masterly as is Poe's use of this poetical outfit, subtle as are his cadences and his sequences of tone-color, it is only rarely that he makes us forget the cleverness of his manipulation and imposes upon us the suggestive characteristic of true poetry.

In the best of his visionary Tales, on the other hand, Poe is much more apt to have his way with us. He works with a far greater variety of appliances, which it is by no means easy to number and call by name; the effects he aims at are manifold and not readily noted and classified; and the details that his imagination elaborates come upon us with a tropical richness and apparent confusion that mimic well the splendid lawlessness and undesignedness of Nature. Moreover, even if the artifice in these tales were more palpable than it is, it would be less offensive than in poetry, inasmuch as the standard of sincerity is in such performances confessedly less exacting. The likeness in aim and in effect between the tales and the poems, however, cannot be missed—between such tales as *Ligeia* and *Eleonora* and such poems as *The Raven* and *Ulalume*. Mr. Leslie Stephen has somewhere spoken of De Quincey's impassioned prose as aiming to secure in unmeasured speech very many of the same effects that Keats's Odes produce in authentic verse. This holds true also of the best of Poe's romances; they are really prose-poems. And, indeed, Poe has himself recognized in his essay on Hawthorne the close kinship between tale and poem, assigning to the poem subjects in the treatment of which the creation of beauty is the ruling motive, and leaving to the prose tale the creation of all other single effects, such as honor, humor and terror. Both poem and tale must be brief, absolutely unified, and must create a single overwhelming mood.

The world that Poe's genuinely fantastic tales take us into has the burnish, the glow, the visionary radiance of the world of romantic poetry; it is as luxuriantly unreal, too, as phantasmagoric—though it lacks the palpitating, buoyant loveliness of the nature that such poets as Shelley reveal, and is somewhat enameled or metallic in its finish. Its glow and burnish come largely from the concreteness of Poe's imagination, from his inveter-

ate fondness for sensations, for color, for light, for luxuriant vividness of detail. Poe had the tingling senses of the genuine poet, senses that vibrated like delicate silver wire to every impact. He was an amateur of sensations and loved to lose himself in the *O Altitude* of a perfume or a musical note. He pored over his sensations and refined upon them, and felt to the core of his heart the peculiar thrill that darted from each. He had seventy times seven colors in his emotional rainbow, and was swift to fancy the evanescent hue of feeling that might spring from every sight or sound—from the brazen note, for example, of the clock in the *Masque of the Red Death*, from "the slender stems" of the ebony and silver trees in *Eleonora*, or from the "large and luminous orbs" of *Ligeia's* eyes. Out of the vast mass of these vivid sensations—"passion-winged ministers of thought"—Poe shaped and fashioned the world in which his romances confine us, a world that is, therefore, scintillating and burnished and vibrant, quite unlike the world in Hawthorne's tales, which is woven out of dusk and moonlight.

Yet, curiously enough, this intense brilliancy of surface does not tend to exorcise mystery, strangeness, terror from Poe's world, or to transfer his stories into the region of every-day fact. Poe is a conjurer who does not need to have the lights turned down. The effects that he is most prone to aim at are, of course, the shivers of awe, crispings of the nerves, shuddering thrills that come from a sudden, overwhelming sense of something uncanny, abnormal, ghastly, lurking in the heart of life. And these nervous perturbations are even more powerfully exciting by those of his stories that, like *Eleonora* and *Ligeia*, have a lustrous finish, than by sketches that, like *Shadow and Silence*, deal with twilight-lands and half-visualized regions. In the *Masque of the Red Death*, in *The Fall of the House of Usher*, and in *The Descent into the Maelström*, the details of incident and background flash themselves on our imaginations with almost painful distinctness.

The terror in Poe's tales is not the terror of the child that cannot see in the dark, but the terror of diseased nerves and morbid imaginations, that see with dreadful visionary vividness and feel a mortal pang. Poe is a past master of the moods of diseased mental life, and in the interests of some one or other of these semi-hysterical moods many of his most uncannily prevailing romances are written. They are prose-poems that realize for us such half-frenzied glimpses of the world as madmen have; and suggest in us for the moment the breathless, haggard mood of the victim of hallucinations.

It must not, however, be forgotten that Poe wrote tales of ratiocination as well as romances of death. In his ability to turn out with equal skill stories bordering on madness and stories where intellectual analysis, shrewd induction, reasoning upon evidence, all the processes of typically sane mental life, are carried to the utmost pitch of precision and effectiveness, lies one of the apparent anomalies of Poe's genius and art. In the *Murders in the Rue Morgue*, *The Mystery of Marie Rogêt*, and *The Purloined Letter*, Poe seems sanity

incarnate, pure mental energy untouched by moods or passions, weaving and unweaving syllogisms and tracking out acutely the subtlest play of thought. What in these stories has become of Poe the fancy-monger, the mimic maniac, the specialist in moodiness and abnormality?

After all, the difficulty here suggested is only superficial and yields speedily to a little careful analysis. We have not really to deal with a puzzling case of double personality, with an author who at his pleasure plays at being Dr. Jekyll or Mr. Hyde. In all Poe's stories the same personality is at work, the same methods are followed, and the material used, though at first sight it may seem in the two classes of tales widely diverse, will also turn out to be quite the same, at any rate in its artificiality, in its remoteness from real complex human nature, and in its origin in the mind of the author. Certain directions that in an essay on Hawthorne Poe has given to would-be-writers of tales are delightfully serviceable to the anxious unraveler of the apparent contradictions in Poe's personality.

To him who would fashion a successful short story, Poe prescribes as follows: He must first of all pick out an effect—it may be of horror, it may be of humor, it may be of terror—which his short story is to aim to produce, to impose vibrantly on the temperament of its readers. This effect is to give the law to the whole of the short story, to regulate its every detail, both of incident and character, its background of nature or town, its texture of sensations, its imagery, phrasing, wording, tone, even the cadences of its sentences. The very first sentence must in some divining fashion prepare for this effect, and every bit of material that is used must help in the preparation, must be premonitory, must whet curiosity, must set the nerves nicely a-tremble, must make the reader more and more ready to fall a prey to the final catastrophe. In short, the tale, as Poe conceives it, is a marvelously ingenious set of devices for so tuning a sensitive temperament and giving it intensity of timbre that at just the right moment a special chord of music may be struck upon it with overwhelming power and richness of overtone and resonance. This formula applies alike to Poe's romances of death and to his tales of ratiocination, and one of the first suggestions it carries with it has to do with the artificiality of the material that Poe uses in all his fiction. Whether the effect that Poe aims at is a shiver of surprise at the sudden ingenious resolution of a riddle, or a shudder of horror at the collapse of a haunted house, his methods of work are substantially the same, and the stuff from which he weaves his tale is equally unreal and remote from what ordinary life has to offer; it is all the product of an infinitely inventive intellect that devises and plans and adroitly arranges with an unflinching purpose to attain an effect. The better poetry, the more feigning; and Poe is an excellent poet in these prose-poems. He can invent with endless ingenuity and plausibility, play-passions, play-moods, play-sensations, play-ideas, and play-complications of incident. He is an adept in fitting these mock-images of life deftly together, in subtly

arranging these simulacra of real feeling and real thought so that they shall have complete congruity, shall have the glamor and the momentary plausibility of truth, and shall rally together at the right moment in a perfect acclaim of music. But whether the tale deal professedly with abnormal life or with rational life, its seamliness and beauty and persuasive power come simply from Poe's immense cleverness as a constructive artist, as a technician, from his ability to play tunes on temperaments, not from his honest command of human life and character. In all that he does Poe is emotionally shallow but artistically, like Joey Bagstock, "devilish sly."

The shallowness of Poe's treatment of life and character is almost too obvious to need illustration. Not only does he disdain, as Hawthorne disdains, to treat any individual character with minute realistic detail, but he does not even portray typical characters in their large outlines, with a view to opening before us the permanent springs of human action or putting convincingly before us the radical elements of human nature. The actors in his stories are all one-idea'd creatures, monomaniac victims of passion, or grief, or of some perverse instinct, or of an insane desire to guess riddles. They are magniloquent poseurs, who dine off their hearts in public, or else morbidly ingenious intellects for the solving of complicated problems. The worthy Nietzsche declares somewhere that the actors in Wagner's music-dramas are always just a dozen steps from the mad-house. We may say the same thing of Poe's characters, with the exception of those that are merely Babbage calculating machines. Complex human characters, characters that are approximately true to the whole range of human motive and interest, Poe never gives us. He conceives of characters merely as means for securing his artificial effects on the nerves of his readers.

The world, too, into which Poe takes us, furnished as it is, vividly visualized as it is, is a counterfeit world, magnificently false like his characters. Sometimes it is a phantasmagoric world, full of romantic detail and sensuous splendor. Its bright meadows are luxuriant with asphodels, hyacinths and acanthuses, are watered with limpid rivers of silence that lose themselves shimmering in blue Da Vinci distances, are lighted by triple-tinted suns, and are finally shut in by the "golden walls of the universe." When not an exotic region of this sort, Poe's world is apt to be a dextrously contrived toy-universe, full of trap-doors, unexpected passages, and clever mechanical devices of all sorts, fit to help the conjurer in securing his effects. Elaborately artificial in some fashion or other, Poe's world is sure to be, designed with nice malice to control the reader's imagination and put it at Poe's mercy. In short, in all that he does, in the material that he uses, in the characters that he conjures up to carry on the action of his stories, in his methods of weaving together incident and description and situation and action, Poe is radically artificial, a calculator of effects, a reckless scorner of fact and of truth.

And, indeed, it is just this successful artificiality

that for many very modern temperaments constitutes Poe's special charm; he is thoroughly irresponsible; he whistles the commonplace down the wind and forgets everything but his dream, its harmony, its strenuous flight, its splendor and power. The devotees of art for art's sake have now for many years kept up a tradition of unstinted admiration for Poe. This has been specially true in France, where, indeed, men of all schools have joined in doing him honor. Barbey d'Aurevilly wrote an eulogistic essay on him as early as 1853, an essay to which he has since from time to time made various additions, the last in 1883. Baudelaire translated Poe's tales in several instalments between 1856 and 1865. Emile Hennequin published, a few years ago, an elaborate study and life of Poe; and Stéphane Mallarmé has of late conferred a new and perhaps somewhat dubious immortality upon the Raven, through a translation into very symbolistic prose. In truth, Poe was a decadent before the days of decadence, and he has the distinction of having been one of the earliest defiant practitioners of art for art's sake. In his essay on the Poetic Principle, he expressly declares that a poem should be written solely "for the poem's sake,"—a phrase which almost anticipates the famous formula of modern æstheticism. The drift of this essay, Poe's opinions elsewhere recorded, and his practice as a storyteller, all agree in implying or urging that art is its own justification, that the sole aim of art is the creation of beauty, and that art and actual life need have nothing to do with one another. To be sure, Poe's comments on every-day life have not acquired quite the exquisite contempt and the epigrammatic finish characteristic of modern decadence; yet the root of the matter was in Poe—witness a letter in which he boasts of his insensibility to the charms of "temporal life," and of being "profoundly excited" solely "by music and by some poems."

Poe and his heroes curiously anticipate, in many respects, the morbid dreamers whom French novelists of the decadent school have of recent years repeatedly studied, and of whom Huysmans's *des Esseintes* may be taken as a type. The hero in the Fall of the House of Usher, with his "cadaverousness of complexion," his "eye large, liquid and luminous beyond comparison," his "habitual trepidancy," his "hollow-sounding enunciation," "his morbid acuteness of the senses," and his suffering when exposed to the odors of certain flowers and to all sounds save those of a few stringed instruments, might be a preliminary study for Huysmans's memorable *des Esseintes*. Usher has not *des Esseintes*'s sophistication and self-consciousness; he suffers dumbly, and has not *des Esseintes*'s consolation in knowing himself a "special soul," supersensitive and delicate beyond the trite experience of nerves and senses prescribed by practical life. He does not carry on his morbid experimentations debonairly as does *des Esseintes*, and he takes his diseases too seriously. But he nevertheless anticipates *des Esseintes* astonishingly in looks, in nerves, in physique, and even in tricks of manner. Poe's heroes, too, are forerunners of

modern decadents in their refinings upon sensation, in their fusion of the senses, and in their submergence in moods. As Herr Nordan says of the Symbolists, they have eyes in their ears; they see sounds; they smell colors. One of them hears rays of light that fall upon his retina. They are all extraordinarily alive to the "unconsidered trifles" of sensation. The man in the Pit and the Pendulum smells the odor of the sharp steel blade that swings past him. They detect with morbid delicacy of perception shades of feeling that give likeness to the most apparently diverse sensations. The lover in *Ligeia* feels in his "intense scrutiny of *Ligeia*'s eyes" the same sentiment that at other times overmasters him "in the survey of a rapidly-growing vine, in the contemplation of a moth, a butterfly . . . in the falling of a meteor . . . in the glances of unusually aged people," . . . and when listening to "certain sounds from stringed instruments." Moods become absorbing and monopolizing in the lives of these vibrating temperaments. "Men have called me mad," the lover in *Eleonora* ingratiatingly assures us; "but the question is not yet settled whether madness is or is not the loftiest intelligence; whether much that is glorious, whether all that is profound, does not spring from disease of thought—from moods of mind exalted at the expense of the general intellect." Finally, Poe's heroes anticipate the heroes of modern decadence in feeling the delicate artistic challenge of sin and of evil: they hardly reach the audacities of French Diabolism and Sadism; but at least they have the whim of doing or fancying moral evil that æsthetic good may come.

All these characteristics of Poe's work may be summed up by saying that his heroes are apt to be neuropaths or degenerates. And doubtless Poe himself was a degenerate, if one cares to use the somewhat outworn idiom of the evangelist of the Philistines. He had the ego-mania of the degenerate, a fact which shows itself strikingly in his art through his preoccupation with death. In his poetry and prose alike the fear of death as numbing the precious core of personality is an obsession with him, and such subjects as premature burial, metempsychosis, revivification after death, the sensations that may go with the change from mortality to immortality (see the *Colloquy of Monos and Una*), had an irresistible fascination for him. Moreover, throughout Poe's art there are signs of ego-mania in the almost entire lack of the social sympathies. Where in Poe's stories do we find portrayed the sweet and tender relationships and affections that make human life endurable? Where are friendship and frank comradeship and the love of brothers and sisters and of parents and children? Where are the somewhat trite but after all so necessary virtues of loyalty, patriotism, courage, pity, charity, self-sacrifice? Such old-fashioned qualities and capacities, the stuff out of which what is worth while in human nature has heretofore been wrought, are curiously unrecognized and unportrayed in Poe's fiction. They seem to have had no artistic meaning for him—these so obvious and commonplace elements in man and life. Per-

haps they simply seemed to him not the stuff that dreams are made of.

When all is said, there is something a bit inhuman in Poe, which, while at times it may give a special tinge to our pleasure in his art, occasionally vitiates or destroys that pleasure. His taste is not immaculate; he will go any length in search of a shudder. Sometimes he is fairly repulsive because of his callous recital of loathsome physical details, for example in his description of the decimated Brigadier-General, the Man Who Was Used Up. In *King Pest*, *The Premature Burial*, and *M. Valdemar*, there is this same almost vulgar insensibility in the presence of the unclean and disgusting. At times, this callousness leads to artistic mischance and causes a shudder of laughter where Poe wants a shiver of awe. Surely this is apt to be the case in *Berenice*, the story where the hero is fascinated by the beautiful teeth of the heroine, turns amateur dentist after her death, and in a frenzy of professional enthusiasms breaks open her coffin, and extracts her incisors, bicusps and molars, thirty-two altogether; the set was complete.

When this inhumanity of Poe's does not lead to actual repulsiveness or to unintentional grotesqueness, it is nevertheless responsible for a certain aridity and intellectual cruelty that in the last analysis will be found pervading pretty much all he has written. This is what Barbey d'Aureville has in mind when he speaks of Poe's *sécheresse*, the terrible dryness of his art. And looking at the matter wholly apart from the question of ethics, this dryness is a most serious defect in Poe's work as an artist. His stories and characters have none of the buoyancy, the tender, elastic variability and the grace of living things; they are hard in finish, harsh in surface, mechanically inevitable in their working out. They seem calculated, the result of ingenious calculation, not because of the reader's objecting to any particular detail as improbable or artificial; he is ready enough to grant Poe his postulates and his distance from life; but because of the all-pervading lack of deeply human imagination and interest, because of that shallowness in Poe's hold upon life that has already been noted. The stories and the characters seem the work of pure intellect, of intellect divorced from heart, and for that very reason they do not wholly satisfy, when judged by the most exacting artistic standards. They seem the product of some ingenious mechanism for the manufacture of fiction, of some surpassing rival of Maelzel's chess-playing automaton. This faultily faultless accuracy and precision of movement is perhaps in part the penalty Poe has to submit to because of his devotion to art for art's sake. He is too much engrossed in treatment and manipulation; his dexterity of execution perhaps presupposes, at any rate goes along with, an almost exclusive interest in technical problems and in "effects," to the neglect of what is vital and human in the material he uses.

Closely akin to this dryness of treatment is a certain insincerity of tone or flourish of manner, that often interferes with our enjoyment of Poe. We become suddenly aware of the gleaming eye and complacent smile of the concealed manipulator in

the writing-automaton. The author is too plainly lying in wait for us; or it may be he is too ostentatiously exhibiting his cleverness and resource, his command of the tricks of the game. One of the worst things that can be said of Poe from this point of view is that he contains the promise and potency of Mr. Robert Hichens, and of other cheap English decadents. Poe himself is never quite a mere acrobat; but he suggests the possible coming of the acrobat, the clever tumbler with the ingenious grimace and the palm itching for coppers.

The same perfect mastery of technique that is characteristic of Poe's treatment of material is noticeable in his literary style. When one stops to consider it, Poe's style, particularly in his romances, is highly artificial, an exquisitely fabricated medium. Poe is fond of inversions and involutions in his sentence-structure, and of calculated rhythms that either throw into relief certain picturesque words, or symbolize in some reverberant fashion the mood of the moment. He seems to have felt very keenly the beauty of De Quincey's intricate and sophisticated cadences, and more than once he actually echoes some of the most noteworthy of them in his own distribution of accents. Special instances of this might be pointed out in *Eleonora* and in *The Premature Burial*. Poe's fondness for artificial musical effects is also seen in his emphatic reiteration of specially picturesque phrases, a trick of manner that every one associates with his poetry, and that is more than once found in his prose writings. "And, all at once, the moon arose through the thin ghastly mist, and was crimson in color. And mine eyes fell upon a huge gray rock which stood by the shore of the river, and was lighted by the light of the moon. And the rock was gray, and ghastly, and tall—and the rock was gray." *Echolalia*, Herr Nordau would probably call this trick in Poe's verse and prose, and he would regard it as an incontestable proof of Poe's degeneracy. Nevertheless, the beauty of the effects to which this mannerism leads in Poe's more artificial narratives is very marked.

In Poe's critical essays his style takes on an altogether different tone and movement, and becomes analytical, rapid, incisive, almost acrid in its severity and intellectuality. The ornateness and the beauty of cadence and color that are characteristic of his decorative prose disappear entirely. Significantly enough, Macaulay was his favorite literary critic. "The style and general conduct of Macaulay's critical papers," Poe assures his readers, "could scarcely be improved." A strange article of faith to find in the literary creed of a dreamer, an amateur of moods, an artistic epicure. Yet that Poe was sincere in this opinion is proved by the characteristics of his own literary essays. He emulates Macaulay in his briskness, in the downrightness of his assertions, in his challengingly demonstrative tone, and in his unsensitiveness to the artistic shade. Of course, he is far inferior to Macaulay in knowledge and in thoroughness of literary training, while he surpasses him in acuteness of analysis and in insight into technical problems.

Poe's admiration for Macaulay and his emulation of him in his critical writings are merely further illustrations of the peculiar intellectual aridity that has already been noted as characteristic of him. Demonic intellectual ingenuity is almost the last word for Poe's genius so far as regards his real personality, the quintessential vital energy of the man. His intellect was real; everything else about him was exquisite feigning. His passion, his human sympathy, his love of nature, all the emotions that go into his fiction, have a counterfeit unreality about them. Not that they are actually hypocritical, but that they seem unsubstantial, mimetic, not the expression of a genuine nature. There was something of the cherub in Poe, and he had to extract his feelings from his head. Much of the time, a reader of Poe is cajoled into a delighted forgetfulness of all this unreality, Poe is so adroit a manipulator, such a master of technique. He adapts with unerring tact his manner to his matter, and puts upon us the perfect spell of art. Moreover, even when a reader forces himself to take notice of Poe's artificiality, he may, if he be in the right temper, gain only an added delight, the sort of delight that comes from watching the exquisitely sure play of a painter's firm hand, adapting its action consciously to all the difficulties of its subject. Poe's precocious artistic sophistication is one of his rarest charms for the appreciative amateur. But if a reader be exorbitant and relentless and ask from Poe something more than intellectual resource and technical dexterity, he is pretty sure to be disappointed; Poe has little else to offer him. Doubtless it is Philistinist to ask for this something more; but people have always asked for it in the past, and seem likely to go on asking for it, even despite the fact that Herr Max Nordau has almost succeeded in reducing the request to an absurdity.

LEWIS E. GATES.

THE STORY OF A PLAY THE RAGGED REGIMENT

BY
R. W. STEPHENS



BLANCHE WALSH AND AUBREY BOUCICAULT IN
THE RAGGED REGIMENT

LIGHTS OUT

HOW often in our little boat
On summer evenings we would float;
Careless of time, of east and west,
Ceasing from idle talk and jest,
As o'er the waters restless flow,
Drifted in cadence sweet and low,
That plaintive bugle-call—
Lights Out!

How through the old fort it would ring,
Strange echoes from the casemates bring;
While we would wait, our ears at rest
Upon the river's peaceful breast,
And watch the yellow lamp-gleams die
At the silvery warning sigh
Of that plaintive bugle-call—
Lights Out!

* * * * *
From far-off camp, from land of fears,
O'er wastes of distance, parting, tears,
Comes the familiar sound of old,
Our life in darkness to unfold,
Alone, upon life's troubled sea,
The fateful message comes to me,
Of that plaintive bugle-call—
Lights Out!

GERTRUDE F. LYNCH.

IT is always interesting to see life directly influencing art. This is why the war poems now appearing in the newspapers attract sophisticated readers even when they are bad. It is also one of the reasons why, in spite of the infernally hot weather, a large audience assembled the other night at the Herald Square Theater in New York to see a play said to be founded on the Cuban struggle for independence.

When the curtain rose on *The Ragged Regiment* the very Cuban-looking young woman, with blackened eyes and flaming gown who sat next to me, exclaimed with delight. "Is n't it exactly like that place where we stayed three summers ago, just before we left the island?" she said to her escort. So I sat back in my seat with the grateful feeling that the local color was all right and that a burden had been taken off my shoulders. It was indeed a very pretty scene, with atmosphere enough to furnish a hothouse. In the background the heavy palm trees drooped and the air seemed to be shot with color; to the right stood the low, characteristically Cuban houses, which served for barracks. The first scene gave us a glimpse of a choice lot of prisoners of war, who presented a

horrible picture of uncleanness. After all, war is n't all gore and glory, is it? Those prisoners looked as if they would gladly renounce all hope of saving Cuba for the high and holy privilege of taking a bath. One of them, Hartley West, who evidently had n't had a shave since he left Chicago, was destined to supply the mainspring of the drama, as we learned a few moments later on witnessing the rapturous meeting between Tom Crosby, colonel of the Ragged Regiment, who had abandoned the flesh-pots of New York for the excitement of adventure among the insurgents and his two perfectly appointed friends, Dick Morris, also of New York, and Billy Gibbings, of both New York and Chicago, Morris and Gibbings had come to rescue West, and they looked and acted as if they were planning an elopement from a boarding-school. That the Spaniards in the barracks did not take them seriously was shown from the shower of bullets dropped around their toes just by way of a joke. This, of course, was comedy, and it gave a great deal of pleasure to the overheated audience. It also enabled the young men to make the acquaintance of the beautiful *Señorita Felicia de Lautana*, who happened along at the time, and seeing nothing funny in the joke commanded that it cease. No sooner had they expressed their thanks to their rescuer and had learned her name, than they discovered that she was the daughter of the very gentleman whom they were about to visit, the commandant of San Florio, where, by the way, Hartley West was confined. The *señorita* thereupon invited them to accompany her, much to the disgust of her escort, Colonel Herrera, whose interest in her had already been established in the minds of the spectators. So the act closed, very prettily, with the young American conspirators gallantly sailing under the wing of beauty.

We next met our friends at San Florio. Dick Morris was becoming almost neglectful of the poor devil behind the bars of the castle in the charm of the *señorita's* society, and Billy Gibbings was endeavoring to dodge the Spanish dowagers, who had been captivated by his humor, in order to flirt with the little Spanish maid he had observed in the house. In the mean time Herrera was watching with open disgust the *señorita's* growing interest in Morris, and he went so far as to warn Morris that the *señorita* already had a suitor favored by her father. This warning, however, did not prevent Morris from declaring his love for the *señorita* a few moments later. Of course, like all Spanish girls, she was coy at first, but it soon became plain enough that her heart had been given to the American. In the midst of their love-making, however, Morris heard the signal for an interview given by poor Hartley West, and his attention became distracted. Naturally the proud daughter of generations of Spanish grandees was wrathful, and "flung into the house." It was a hard situation for any lover, especially as the *señorita* returned just as Morris was discussing means of escape with West, and at once suspected that she had been used simply as his dupe. She at once accused him, and while he was confessing the truth and throw-

ing himself on her mercy, Herrera burst in upon them, declaring that he had overheard Morris's confession. Then the *señorita* displayed the quick-wittedness of a Yankee girl. Turning with contempt on the Spaniard, she sneeringly informed him that she had been merely drawing the American out, and that she preferred to carry out her plans for the punishment of the intruder in her father's house in her own way. That was clever, was n't it?—but the author had managed it so feebly that the effect of the situation was lost. The Colonel had nothing to do but to withdraw, leaving the two young people together. Of course, the *señorita*, after a time, convinced the astonished and skeptical New Yorker that she was true to him and when he took her in his arms and looked around to confront the sardonic visage of the suspicious officer, she showed her ingenuity again by pretending to have fainted. That was a clever situation, too, but somehow it missed fire and produced an effect that bordered closely on the ridiculous. At the close of the act we learned that the father of the *señorita* was suspected by his superiors of sympathy with the insurgents, and that if one of his prisoners escaped he would be held personally responsible. Here, then, was a nice complication! If the *señorita* helped her lover to free his friend she would jeopardize her father's life. What could be done? This was the question that confronted us at the close of the second act.

Of course, it was the *señorita* who discovered a way out of the difficulty. She would pretend that Hartley West was her lover, and by this means cause Herrera to remove him from San Florio to another prison, from whence his escape might be contrived without injury to her father. A pretty thin device, was n't it? On the stage it seemed even worse. In one of the rooms at San Florio a little comedy was arranged between the amorous dowager and *señorita* to convince the Colonel that his real rival was languishing behind the bars under the *señorita's* very eyes. The Colonel did not try to conceal his rage, but instead of declaring that he would have the fellow removed, he cried: "He shall be shot in four hours!" So you see where the *señorita's* cleverness had landed her. A more beautiful lesson in the importance of telling the truth on all occasions has never been given on the stage. To save Hartley West now became the absorbing motive of the distracted girl, and she lost no time. While the Colonel engaged in talk with Morris, the *señorita* stole behind him, deftly removed his pistol from his belt and passed it to her lover. Then they had the Spaniard in their power! But even as he looked into the pistol that was held before his face, Herrera did not flinch. If they shot him, he cynically explained, the room would be full of soldiers in a moment, and the murder would not save the life of Hartley West, and as for sparing West's life, he would not lift a finger to save him. As he sat there waiting for Morris to pull the trigger, the girl standing in mute horror in the background, the curtain slowly descended. It was, of course, supposed to be a very effective close for the crucial third act, but again the author missed its chance.

It all seemed like child's play, as, of course, it was. But of all the acts the last act was the most preposterous. We found the señorita and Morris outside the castle, and we learned that the Colonel had fallen asleep and that they had left him unguarded in the room above! Soon we discovered that his sleep had been only feigned, and, just before he made his escape from the room, poor Morris dropped his pistol in a well! Could any theatrical device be more pitiful? So Morris and the Colonel confronted each other on equal terms, while from the courtyard in the rear they could hear the preparations that were making for Hartley West's execution. At first Morris begged for mercy for his friend, but the Colonel only smiled sardonically. Then the blood of young America was stirred to mighty deeds, and Morris, rolling up his sleeves, challenged the Spaniard to meet him with nature's own weapons. They hurled themselves on each other like two maniacs, and in a jiffy Morris was sent spinning over the ground. Just as the Colonel stood flushed with victory, however, a wild shout was heard from outside, the gates leading to the courtyard were burst open, and in rushed the Ragged Regiment, singing their war-song to the tune of the Star-Spangled Banner. So the piece closed with a grand tableau, the señorita occupying the center of the stage with the Cuban and American flags waving around her.

On the whole, *The Ragged Regiment* must be recorded as one of the most futile melodramas produced in New York in many a season. Yet it contains good material, which, under a more skillful hand, might have made an effective play. The actors concerned in the production were, of course, sadly handicapped, but Miss Blanche Walsh, in spite of a certain artificiality, made an excellent impression as the señorita, and in the rôle of Herrera, Mr. Frazer Coulter acted with authority and with a most commendable naturalness. Mr. Aubrey Boucicault was altogether too light for the character of young Morris, and he showed a tendency, as Miss Walsh also did, to indulge in maudlin sentiment. The piece may have a brief run in New York, but it will not lift the author's reputation. W.



MR. CHARLES F. LUMMIS

engineers, and sometimes presidents of a republic. To grasp just how much this means of contrast between the methods of the noble Saxon and the brutal Spaniard, we need only fancy ourselves electing Tecumseh or Red Cloud or Osceola to be President of the United States.

On page 105 Mr. Lummis stated further that President Diaz has "the true Indian trunk," and that "his aboriginal blood" is "much more visible in his figure than in his face," while on page 119 he explained that Diaz's mother was a quarter Mixteca Indian. These matters I summarized by writing, "There is aboriginal blood in President Diaz, and Mr. Lummis likens it [the aboriginal blood in a president, of course] to our electing Tecumseh." What then does his letter mean by saying, "I did not compare the presidency of Diaz to our election of Tecumseh. Not being purposely imbecile, I could not. Diaz was not an Indian. Tecumseh was one." He goes on in his best omniscient manner to hint that he had Juarez in mind when he wrote "presidents" in the plural; and adds that we Americans will never elect a descendant of Pocahontas to the chief magistracy. I submit that if he is as close to purposeless imbecility in this last statement as in his first, we shall never elect any one else.

Mr. Lummis goes on to attack my calling him "an enthusiast" rather than "a philosophical historian," though I expressed no preference and certainly no admiration for the latter, as he wrongly

CORRESPONDENCE

REPLYING TO MR. LUMMIS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

I AM greatly at a loss for the motive behind Mr. Lummis's letter attacking my kindly and appreciative review of his last work of fiction, *The Awakening of a Nation*. The consequent verification of citations from a book which lacks an index, like all of its kind, has been considerable and wearisome, yet I have succeeded in running down the references to Tecumseh and Diaz of which he complains. On page 51 of the book he wrote:

Instead of immolating its outside Indians upon porphyry altars, the new dispensation has saved and educated them to be citizens all, and among them important scholars, great

asserts. In the next sentence or two he wanders into a quaint denunciation of all that a philosophical historian may come to be. Yet I did nothing more than paraphrase that portion of his Introduction in which he characterized his own work as "friendly," but not so "by ignorance." When a man writes so partial an account of a matter and so suppresses all facts on the other side that his own mind brings an accusation of ignorance against him, which he thus hastens to forestall, why should he either covet or berate the title of philosophical historian?

Again, I stated that "it is only where the aborigines have dwelt in mountain fastnesses or impenetrable forests, or have preponderated greatly in numbers, that they have escaped destruction at Spanish hands." Mr. Lummis, seeking to controvert this, admits away his case by saying, "The Indian has everywhere in the colonies far outnumbered the Iberian." That is precisely my point. Where he survives at all he does. But in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Antilles generally he has disappeared, leaving the good Las Casas (whose life and works are commended to Mr. Lummis) to recount the horror of his passing; while Spain has gone on to transfer her deadly methods to the extermination of those of her own race born in the colonies, as in the case of the Cuban reconcentrados. Mr. Lummis has disagreeable things to say of one "who dares the wilds of an armchair" and "deliberately prefers the hearsay of second-hand books to a study of God's own MSS." What is he doing himself when he quotes this Spanish work or that against the living experience of the twelve generations of English-speaking folk who were familiar with Spanish methods at home and abroad before the Lummisian star arose in the West? And what is his knowledge of the Spanish colonies of his own day, Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines and the Carolines? He proves by his sweeping praise of Spain in her relations to the surviving aborigines that he has none—not even that to be gained from the vantage point of his infallible armchair.

As for minor inaccuracies, his letter seems to have been written to disclose them. It says, for example: "The school . . . and other public beneficences for Indians in Spanish America are purely Spanish, and not in any case republican. Every one knows that who knows even the date of their founding." But the author of *The Awakening of a Nation* did not know it, for he wrote (page 15), "(Chihuahua has suddenly [within three years, that is] [the parenthesis is his] become populous with public schools." And (page 107), "Diaz . . . the creator of the Mexican public school system." And much more to the same end.

Still the book is interesting. And it is quite as accurate as any novel need be. But it is not the work of a philosophical historian, and I, for one, am glad Mr. Lummis has it in him to abuse the whole race. Anybody can be such a thing as that. It takes genius to be a good teller of tales or an entertaining writer of romances—and Mr. Lummis is both.

YOUR REVIEWER.

"HIGH AUTHORITY"

"I LEARN 'on high authority,'"
The correspondent wires,
And straight the mystic prophesy
An added weight acquires.
"Great Scott!" the people say. "It's so;
It's surely bound to be,
For who'd be likelier to know
Than high authority?"

"I learn, 'on high authority,'
That war is drawing nigh.
The queen had gingerbread for tea,
The king will surely die."
So double lead it; "feature" it,
That every one shall see—
If it's untrue the blame will sit
'On "high authority."'

The country press in line can be.
"Vox Pop," of Riggs, should write:
"I learn, 'on high authority,'
That soon the fish will bite;
Old Grandpa Moore has rheumatiz;
Jake Smith has hurt his knee;
We're planting corn—all this news is
'On high authority.'"

We greet thee, "high authority,"
Who never has a name—
Although the things you say shall be
Do n't happen, all the same.
In no one person, evidently,
Is centered all of grace,
Since even "high authority"
Is often off its base.

EDWIN L. SABIN.

THE PODMORE LETTERS

VIII

EVERY AUTHOR HIS OWN REVIEWER

D. Podmore,
Literary-Journalist,
War Rumors Concoceted
at Short Notice.

NEW YORK, June 17, 1898.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

I HAVE been so much occupied for the past six weeks concocting war rumors for the yellow journals that my correspondence has been sadly neglected. Even now I ought not to leave my desk in the office of the Evening Lyre to write this letter, but my chiefs, Messrs. Jewlitzer and Thearst, have requested me to take a vacation of forty-eight hours as a bracer. My rumors have n't been lurid and mendacious enough for ten days past to sell the papers as widely as these gentlemen desire, and they think a rest will do me good. I quite agree with them. No man can lie steadily for thirty days running and keep his whoppers up to the standard of a war extra, any more than he can eat a quail a day for the same number of consecutive days without jeopardizing his vermiform appendix. I have, therefore, a breathing spell in which to ask you if you do n't think it would be a good idea to change the policy of your paper and let authors tell what they think of their books, instead of filling up your columns with your own opinions. I dare say your opinions are all right and interesting in their own way, but there

is nothing novel or original in a journal's expressing its own opinions. Even the comic papers do this when by some odd chance they find they have any. It would be a novel and an original plan, however, to take up the system which I propose, and let the authors do their own reviewing.

Take George Meredith for instance. What an interesting review he could write of, let us say, that charmingly simple tale, *One of Our Conquerors*; or that other naïve performance, *Lord Ormont and His Peppermint*. In the first place Mr. Meredith might unravel the tangled skein of his rhetoric as no other man could, now that Sherlock Holmes is dead. The most abstruse passages of his work might tax his analytical powers for a time, just as they have defied the critical insight of professional reviewers everywhere else; but there can be no doubt that Mr. Meredith would ultimately conquer where all others would find their task a hopeless one. This, of course, presumes that the author has had some idea in mind while writing the passages referred to. And if he has n't, it would surely be interesting if not extremely amusing to hear what he had to say about writers who write merely to exercise their vocabularies and to mystify their readers. I am quite convinced that once he were persuaded to review his own books, Mr. Meredith would make certain alterations in his style which would commend his writings to a circle of readers larger than is represented by Boston, Massachusetts, or Henry James, London.

Then there is the poetry of the Union Square School, led by such sweet singers as Mr. Rossiter Underwood Johnson and his side partner, Mr. Gilder. We know what Mr. Gilder thinks of Mr. Johnson's poetry because he prints it in his magazine. We know what Mr. Johnson thinks of Mr. Gilder's poetry because he returns the compliment by printing it in his. But what does Mr. Johnson think of his own poetry? And to what extent does Mr. Gilder admire or deprecate what he has himself written? It would be interesting to know, and I have not the slightest doubt that both gentlemen would be glad to tell us if the proposition were only made to them in the right way. Of course, neither of them would do it if they thought they were asked for the fun of the thing. That would not be dignified; but if requested to do it for the human interest involved, it is quite probable that they would consider the suggestion. They have neither of them ever been backward in the matter of sharing what information they have had with a world that would have otherwise to go without it, and so died in ignorance.

To be quite frank, I would rather have Mr. Alfred Austin's opinion of the merits and demerits of his own work than yours. And there are many others, to hear from whom critically on the subject of their own work would be a delight. Among them may be mentioned our genial friend, the editor of that charming compilation of literary causerie, *The Bookman*. This gentleman has from infancy been known as the possessor of "the analytical eye." He is a humorist of the first water—I do not mean by this that his jests rank in age with the

flood, but that his wit sparkles like a rhinestone in the shirt front of a night clerk in a Kansas hotel. Now, you know what you think of Professor Peck's humor. I know what I think of it. The thoughts of both of us on the subject are very interesting; I admit that, but in point of real interest alongside of Professor Peck's own opinions of his comic writings ours pale into insignificance. You or I would write on *The Humor of Doctor Peck*, and would present views which might prove to be the views of thousands, and the critique would pass unnoticed. But *My Last Funny Book: Why I Think it is Funny, Being Some Reflections Concerning Myself*, written by the Professor of Latin at Columbia University, that, Mr. Editor, would be pasted in scrap-books from Maine to Manila.

I do not wish to dilate at too great length upon Doctor Peck and his work, but in connection with my theme I feel that I ought to add that the case of Doctor Peck brings forth most vividly the value of my proposition to you. The doctor is a factor in the world of letters. I think he will admit this himself. And he has stated publicly in his Open Letter Box that there are no American humorists. If this be true, and as a sort of literary Pope Doctor Peck may be charged with speaking ex cathedra, we are wiped out as a nation. It has been said, and said truly, that we Americans are all humorists, and if our Commander-in-Chief says of us that there is not a funny bone in the whole kit, then are we non-existent. If there is no American humorist, there are no Americans left. I, for one, do not wish to see our nation blotted out by a single dictum of this nature; yet, if Doctor Peck says it, it must be true, and we are blotted out. But there is a chance by availing ourselves of which we may resume our position in the society of the Powers. The germ of humor must still lie within us. The existence of Doctor Peck shows that the comic is not wholly obliterated. How shall we regain our once vaunted supremacy of the seas of humorous literature? In only one way, Mr. Editor: by the contemplation of the works of Peck. But you may ask: Of what avail is it to study the works of Peck? A cat may look at a King, but remains a cat, you may say. An American may look at a Peck, and remain an American, you may add—and the American has ceased to be a humorist. Suppose, however, that the King should tell the cat by what peculiar sequence of ancestors, and by what singular personal attributes he became a King. Is it not within the range of possibilities that if the cat, having all the weaknesses of mankind, could have added to these the intelligence given to some of us, he could make a King of himself? So, therefore, if Doctor Peck would condescend from his Latin throne, and come off his literary perch for a moment and tell us how he has become himself; how he has written what he has, and give us, with all the authority of his many positions, the receipt which has made Peck what he is, would the American people rest long without their old-time prestige as the producers of humor? I think not.

If the good doctor can be got to review his own essays on what, with his usual dignity, he calls

"Fonetic Refawrin," to analyze these with his usual perspicacity when reviewing the works of others, to tell us what in his secret soul he thinks of himself, to show us how he has become a rival in humor to the other Peck, of Michigan, giving to us at the same time some hint as to how ultimately we may hope to rival him, it will be well. The stigma which, with characteristic modesty, he has placed upon his people will be removed.

I shall not trespass longer on your space. I merely wish to ask you to consider the proposition I make. I really think that Mr. Davis's impressions of Van Bibber, Mr. Crane's ideas on paint, Henry James's notions as regards his own books, Lloyd Mifflin's views of sonnets of his own making, and that jolly old chap, Jim Ford, on the works of Mr. James Ford, would be most interesting to your readers; to say nothing of the joy of seeing Peck reviewed by the editor of *The Bookman*.

Truly yours,
PERIWINKLE PODMORE.

P. S.—I've just thought of a magnificent series of lies about the war. Look out for next week's extras—the yellow ones—and you'll see them. They are so pitifully mendacious they can't possibly turn them down. P. P.

REVIEWS

NORTHWARD

NORTHWARD OVER THE "GREAT ICE."—By Robert E. Peary. Two volumes, 8vo. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THESE two heavy volumes serve to contain an account of all that Mr. Peary has seen and done on the other side of the Arctic circle. Both of themselves and by reason of their subject-matter they are distinctly creditable to America and its people. Concrete as exploration under a frozen sky must be, it is none the less devotion to an ideal. And, just as from the North Pole every point is south, so has this gallant American sailor kept his purpose fixed in a single direction. Should this book of his meet with all the success it deserves, its sale will not cease until he is possessed of means sufficient to test the finest and best of the theories it sets forth—a practical means for reaching the pole itself.

The work is by no means faultless. It contains some eight hundred illustrations, half of which could have been omitted with profit. It would seem as if every snapshot taken during the various journeys was included. There are scores of pictures of Eskimo dogs, differing to the reader's eye only in the letter press beneath them. A sense of justice should have prevented the publication of a pretended likeness of Mrs. Peary, wherein she appears to be cross-eyed—besides, it is bad luck. There are to be monographs on the ethnological and other technical features of the work, the introduction promises, and it is to some such place that the portraits of most of the natives should be relegated, the Eskimo woman in particular falling within the scope of Stephen's lines:

She does not seem to serve a useful end,
And certainly she is not beautiful.

Nor can we bring ourselves to feel the slightest interest in scores of wholly obscure and unimportant persons pictured here. A revision of the photographs alone would have reduced the weight of the work and increased its desirability.

Mr. Peary possesses a style well suited to his purposes. He is clear and forceful. There is none too much description in the work, and it is uniformly well done. Most of the space is devoted to the "Great Ice," the paleocrystic mass that covers the interior of Greenland, leaving the tops of its mountains many thousands of feet below its surface. Of one phase of his sojourn upon this, he writes:

In clear weather the traveler upon this white waste sees but the snow, the sky, the sun. In cloudy weather even these disappear. Many a time I have found myself in such weather traveling in gray space, feeling the snow beneath my snowshoes, but unable to see it. No sun, no sky, no snow, no horizon—absolutely nothing that the eye could rest upon—zenith and nadir alike, an intangible gray nothingness. My feet and snowshoes were clear and sharp as silhouettes, and I was sensible of contact with the snow at every step, yet so far as my eyes gave me evidence to the contrary, I was walking upon nothing. The space between my snowshoes was equally as light as the zenith. The opaque light which filled the sphere of vision came from below as well as above. The strain, both physical and mental, of this blindness with wide-open eyes was such that after a time I would be obliged to stop until the passing of the fog, or formation of higher clouds, gave me something to keep the course by.

Another observation made of this abode of desolation is even more memorable:

There is no doubt in my mind but that in the middle of the Arctic night, in the center of this "Great Ice," lifted a mile and a half or two miles into the frozen air that sweeps around the pole, separated from any possible effect of the earth's radiated heat by a blanket of ice and snow a mile or more in thickness, and distant fully two hundred and fifty miles from the possible ameliorating effect of the Arctic seas, there is to be found the heaviest degree of cold of any spot upon the surface of the globe.

What has already been done may be told in few words. Mr. Peary made a summer voyage to Greenland in 1886 and inspected the inland ice he describes, the accounts of former explorers having convinced him that it would afford a practicable road to the north. In 1891-2 he remained in northern Greenland for thirteen months, long enough to travel twelve hundred miles over the ice cap and to prove that Greenland is a true island. In 1893-5 he lived for twenty-five months in the same regions, made another journey of equal length and surveyed the locality in detail. And in 1896, and again in 1897, he voyaged to Cape York and brought home the great meteorites he had previously discovered there. All this he has done himself. But it is to him, rather than to Nansen, that the credit the latter claims for his first crossing of Greenland in 1888 must belong; for Mr. Peary had previously demonstrated the practicability of the very route the other took, as he himself has written.

No less interesting than the labors performed are those others this dauntless explorer hopes to undertake. The necessary money, \$150,000 or more, being secured, the party takes ship, picks up the Eskimo previously tested at Whale Sound, and

forces its way with its abundant supplies to Sheard-Osborn Fiord or beyond. As soon as it begins to freeze, the work of transporting material north-eastwardly along the coast will begin and continue during the successive winter moons until every prominent headland is provided with a cache, and the party itself at the northerly limit of Greenland, in latitude 85°. Then, at the proper moment, accompanied by two Eskimo and a comrade or so of his own race, Mr. Peary would start for the pole. The practical but somewhat repulsive practice of permitting the dogs to subsist upon one another, the sole survivor being in turn devoured by the explorers, has been thoroughly tested, and, for all its suggestion of a Bab Ballad, found thoroughly practical.

The war ended and the interests of the country permitted to return to their usual channels, conventional and otherwise, there should be no trouble in persuading the American nation to repay the Old World in part for its discovery of their abiding place by sending Mr. Peary to a world still older, the land of the frozen pole.

MRS. WARD ON ROBERT ELSMERE

HELBECK OF BANNISDALE.—By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Two volumes, 12mo. The Macmillan Company.

BY as much as Roman Catholicism lacks the popularity of Protestantism among English-speaking people, by so much will this harshly named novel lack the vogue of its logical precursor, Robert Elsmere. The one, however, was a Unitarian tract, quickened by Mr. Gladstone's praise into popularity; the latter is a work of real refinement and considerable art.

Like its predecessor, *Helbeck of Bannisdale* is a canto in the great epic of the passing century—the age-long struggle between Christian faith and scientific doubt. For several quite apparent and permissible reasons, Mrs. Ward makes her hero an austere follower, by birth, choice and conviction, of the teachings of Rome; while to the brighter and more human heroine is entrusted the burden of unfaith. It would seem from so bald a statement as this that the natural prejudice against an unbeliever was to be counterbalanced by making the unbeliever a young, beautiful and orphaned woman, with all the predisposition to favorable judgment which such qualifications imply. But nothing so crude is attempted, and the weight of authority rests, after all, with the hero. He is of ancient lineage; the heroine, a child of the people; he is self-contained and self-controlled, except for the universally popular fault of a quick temper; she is impulsive and ignorant of conventions quite to the point of exasperation. The shifting of the reader's sympathies from one to the other in alternation through two long volumes is exceedingly well managed, and constitutes the interest of the book. It is an orderly progression, kept strictly within fixed limits, an evolution; and the reversal of the ordinary rule which makes the woman pious and the man skeptical is fortunate to a degree. And yet, understood aright, it is rather a study in hered-

ity than of religion, as Robert Elsmere was. Nominally the victory rests with faith; actually the work serves to prove a scientific truth against which a religion professing free-will may struggle in vain.

Doctrinal teaching is not held to be a subject fit for artistic treatment—certainly not among artists. Rome holds to a little known and but partially understood policy of economy in dogmatics. Neither art nor practical theology, in accord for once, permit the bewilderment of the human intellect by too great insistence upon mere doctrine. Mrs. Ward reflects this feeling in her work when she omits the controversy so prominent in her former doctrinal story, and makes it possible to do this by drawing the heroine as a person with no instruction in the essentials of her very unfaith. She evidently has her creator's sympathies, though a desire to be perfectly fair has led to the introduction of many qualifications. As a result, it is only the reader able to view the long conflict with the equanimity of impartiality—as being between Catholic and agnostic, or of divided fondness, loving the beauty of Rome and cherishing the freedom of doubt at the same time—who is doomed to a loss of interest.

Laura Fountain is the daughter of a Cambridge scholar, who has emerged at once from the ranks of the peasantry and of the evangelicals. He scorns beliefs of all kinds and loathes the restraint or slavery of dogma. This feeling so natural in him he imparts to his daughter, though he takes no pains to educate her in his views or to give her the equipment for controversy which is the usual portion of the agnostic. She accepts as true, without question, the product of that doubt which had made life bitter for him. Yet, through it all, it is to be seen that Laura is the logical result of the fundamental doubt and glorification of individual opinion which pervades Protestantism. Her lack of polemics on one hand and her perfect acceptance of mental freedom on the other throw her upon one's mercy.

By a turn of fate Laura's father takes for his second wife one of the Helbecks of Bannisdale, a family "Catholic for twenty generations,"—an inaccurate statement in any event. She weakly lays aside her religion while he lives; dead, she returns to it avidly. His death leaves Laura independent in a money sense, but with her stepmother, a hopeless invalid, on her hands. Mrs. Fountain returns to the home of her fathers, a house once gay with the light-hearted Catholicism of a day of disabilities, but now bleak with an intensity of faith which is puritan in its narrowness, its restraints and its intolerance. Over its failing fortunes presides Alan Helbeck, a devotee, kept in the world because of his duties as a layman, by the very Jesuits he is so eager to join in the religious life.

One could wish that the mere bringing of Helbeck and Laura together were not a proclamation of lovemaking, however unusual. They are admirably contrasted figures; the man with his highly instructed though inherited faith; the girl with her beauty, her honesty, her willfulness and that ignorant denial of all creeds which is both her inher-

itance and her temperament. It is clear from the beginning of her installment as her stepmother's devoted nurse in this strange house that she must love her host, that he must love her, and that a tragedy, either spiritual or temporal, must result. It is in the alternative here that the interest of the casual reader must find its spring. He (or, more likely, she) will wonder whether love will make him yield, or her.

But Mrs. Ward's purpose is deeper. Between faith and doubt there can be nothing but war. Where this is rightly understood compromise is impossible. One must go to the wall; woman, the weaker in assertion, the stronger in sacrifice, must be the one.

If the agnostic is to be dissatisfied with the heroine because of her inability to meet the prejudices of her opponents except with prejudice, the Catholic will detect in little phrases dropped here and there the same dislike of his church on the part of the author here that was apparent in *Elsmere*. He will wonder, at the same time, over Mrs. Ward's intimate knowledge of Catholic life and over the probable reception of these esoteric matters by the Protestant, who will hardly find any Dictionary of Catholicism full enough to admit him to the significance of much that he reads. Yet it is only to the pious Catholic that the book can have a satisfactory conclusion.

Pace the memory of Mr. Gladstone, no one has ever learned why Robert Elsmere was widely read. It will be still more astonishing if Helbeck of Bannisdale strikes a popular chord. It is a novel seemingly doomed by its subject-matter. Yet it is a novel, and the other was not. Mrs. Ward's art grows more and more sure with the years.

THE CROCKETT OF THE MOMENT

THE STANDARD BEARER.—By S. R. Crockett. D. Appleton & Co.

PARNASSUS has so far been strangely uncharted, and it is likely to be one of the last places to attract the eye of the psychologist.

All that has been done toward its organization is a sort of loose grouping, and as time goes on the personnel of these groups changes astonishingly, those lowest down sometimes going up to the top and others coming lumbering awkwardly down. Certain little companies of writers of fiction remain pretty constantly in sight, though it would be a bold critic who would state their exact meridian. Suffice it that the camp is easy-going, and makes Mr. Meredith and Mr. Thackeray, George Eliot and Henry James all quite comfortable together.

These are the permanencies. Once in a while somebody arrives, remains for a while with more or less acclaim from the outside and then disappears to his own place, below the cloud belt.

Mr. Crockett has been one of these interesting visitors, with pretty strong claims to a long stay. The "foreword" of this, his last book, reads like Stevenson at his best, and strikes at once a high note of delicate and moving seriousness. Unfor-

tunately, it is not sustained by what follows, and shortly after the first chapters the strong and promising fiber of the story becomes of an almost sentimental prettiness and rapidly wearisome, even to a loyal Scot.

The story begins away back in the "terrible year" of the martyrdom of the Covenanters, when Jeffreys held his bloody assizes, and when death waited for even the gentle women who could not refuse shelter to a hunted man. On those moors where the whaups are always crying and where blow the winds austere and pure, little Quintin is herding his father's sheep. His big dogs hear strange sounds, and waken him from his midday sleep with their growls. Then they all three creep to the top of the round hill, and there, stiff with rage and terror, see the red-coats busy at this new hunting of men.

The experience of this afternoon turns the boy into the man, and sows the seed which in later years makes of the shepherd lad the standard-bearer of the old hill faith.

It is Quintin himself, with interruptions from his big brother Hob, who tells the story, and it is his immitigable piety and intentional goodness which soon get tiresome. His fighting was all done in the pulpit, and as he settles down finally with his lady love, one feels that it is just in time to escape being a bore.

For a man so desperately loved by two fine girls, Quintin is hardly convincing enough, even in face of the habit of Balmagie parish, where it is "known without kennin' that the woman that was refuse the minister o' a parish when he speers her, hasna been born."

Take up the driest possible history of that momentous time, and it will be seen what might have been made of the theme. Mr. Crockett has done no more than make a good tale, sweetly told. The passion, the fighting faith, the glorious trust, the outlook that makes one feel history are subordinated to the development of Quintin's weak sweetness. No wonder the women liked him. As no man seems ever to be able to talk much of himself without being a prig, it seems equally impossible to read Quintin's story of himself without hoping that fate will give him a good snubbing.

Had Mr. Crockett chosen to keep the motif of his first chapters, as he is perfectly capable of doing, his book might have been among those that teach history in the way it is best taught—by the eloquent presentment of one of the many chapters of the deeds and thoughts of men, when their faith and truth rang true to a red touchstone, and martyrdom was indeed "a great prize."

THE BIOGRAPHICAL THACKERAY

PENDENNIS.—By William Makepeace Thackeray. The Biographical Edition. Prepared by Mrs Ritchie. 8vo. Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.

VASTLY remote, measuring time by occurrences, as Thackeray's college days are to us, Mrs. Ritchie still succeeds in bringing them curiously near. Alfred Tennyson writes his prize

poem, *Timbuctoo*; Thackeray—the temptation must have been irresistible—parodies it forthwith; Arthur Hallam writes Gladstone to say, “My friend Tennyson’s poem will be thought twice as absurd as mine;” and it was but yesterday that Gladstone left us. It is like an introduction to Samuel Rogers, who knocked at Samuel Johnson’s door (and ran away) when he was a lad. We, and the freshmen and preparatory school boys along with us, are made contemporary with Thackeray’s freshman and preparatory school days.

Thackeray liked geometry, hated algebra, and never could learn the distinction between longitude and latitude, which is quite as it should be. He failed to distinguish himself in any particular way in school or at the university. But he wrote *Pendennis*. No healthy youth ever took up that book without seeing something of himself—his cockiness, if nothing else—in its hero; introspective or not, he must recognize the likeness. As the *Warrington* to Thackeray’s *Pendennis*, Edward Fitzgerald, his dear friend at the university and afterwards, has been put forward before. Mrs. Ritchie is wiser. Knowing the differences, she can say of the men as against the characters, “They were both more fastidious, critical and imaginative persons.” Certainly they were, and this is one of the chief secrets of a great writer’s art. Your minor poet or novelist or critic is satisfied with specific things, enjoys small details, is a particularist, a miniaturist; your Jovian folk deal with the general, select types, and their portraits follow you with their eyes whithersoever you wander.

We are reminded that Herman Merivale pointed out *Pendennis* as the most cheerful of all the Thackeray novels. This serves to place the date of its composition as close to the calamity which will always keep his life-history too sacred a thing to be written in full. We read, too, that Fitzgerald, at first according praise to the book, and drawing a pleasant picture of Tennyson’s enjoying it with him, later advised his friend on the strength of it, or the weakness, “to give it up;” “it” being novel-writing!

Something of Thackeray’s attitude towards another of his college friends, *Carne*: “I give him a great deal of good advice, which must be excellent for both of us,” might well serve as text for a consideration of the amiable digressions on morality scattered through his books. Another bit of revelation is in Mrs. Ritchie’s “Few people took blame to heart more keenly than did my father.” Few people had less blame to offer, and yet the penny wits and the folk of the Doctor Russell stamp will have it that he was a cynic. On the other hand, he understood the weaknesses of the Celt as it has seldom been given to the Saxon, and Captain Costigan steps from his brain full panoplied for war, or usquebaugh. For sailors, also, he was filled with kindly sympathy as for another breed of men, whose faults spring from no meanness of heart, though the facts given regarding latitude and longitude bespeak too great a simplicity for even the “simplifying sea.”

It is close to half a century since *Pendennis*

was made the property of the world, and quite half a century since it was begun. It is dedicated to Doctor John Elliotson, one of those lovable men of physic who appear in so pleasant a light in the world of letters, not as men who write, but as the preservers of the healths and lives of so many who do. Like him, the book is kindly, skillful and humane. Its author may have wished for the constructive art of Alexander Dumas (“What would n’t I give to have his knack of putting a story together”); but he had that better talent, the knack of being merely human. *Pendennis* is not the greatest of his works, yet its immortality is assured.

SUMMER MODES IN FRENCH LETTERS

PAUL ADAM.—*Les Médiocres; Les Tentatives Passionnées*. Ollendorff.

GUSTAVE KAHN.—*Le Cirque Solaire*. Edition de la Revue *Blanche*.

MAURICE MAINDRON.—*Saint Cendre*. Edition de la Revue *Blanche*.

HUGES REBELL.—*La Femme Qui a Connue l'Empereur*. Mercure de France.

PIERRE LOUYS.—*La Femme et le Pantin*.

MAX ELSKAMP.—*La Louange de la Vie*. Mercure de France; Enluminures. Lacomblez, Brussels.

FRANCIS JAMMES.—*De l'Angelus de l'Aube à l'Angelus du Soir*. Mercure de France.

CHARLES VAN LERBERGHE.—*Entrevues*. Lacomblez, Brussels.

THE cry of the bookseller is still heard. Three months ago the public bought no books, being busy hounding a man who made many. Having left M. Emile Zola for other quarry, the public went to the polls, and still shops where books are meant to sell stand empty. A hundred papers in Paris at a sou make daily leaps from the domain of blackmailing to the realm of bad literature, and the public appreciates the feat. The French press is killing books and magazines in France. One can have, accordingly, no idea of the market value of the following books. From the subsidiary point of view of letters, however, many are quite worth two francs seventy-five.

Of course, the literary output this summer consists mainly of novels. It was also to be expected that M. Paul Adam would produce at least two. In fact it is a wonder what M. Paul Adam, having published *Les Tentatives Passionnées* and *Les Médiocres*, is now about, as the *Journal* ceased printing tales by him quite three months ago—near the time, curiously enough, of the Zola trial. However, *Les Médiocres* came very appropriately, at electioneering time. If Paul Adam were paradoxical he would say Frenchmen fail for want of vices. A whole generation has remained contentedly half-hearted. The nation, like some other nations, is the prey of men with narrow ambitions and small scope. Some of these M. Paul Adam is at no pains to flatter. That unpleasant person, the arriviste, who really “arrives” at so very little, is pungently drawn. Unhappily, political men here do not read novels.

Les Tentatives Passionnées might have been written as a tonic for the *Médiocres*. The tales, now brought out in book form, are full of a longing for intense life of the intellect and of the

passions, and that heroic spirit of French letters runs through which the Anglo-Saxon reader smiles over, then learns to appreciate.

Some such a desire, but without the heroic spirit, moves M. Gustave Kahn's hero. *Le Cirque Solaire* is a novel in careful and somewhat univacuous prose by the poet who is self-styled inventor of the *vers libre*. The melancholy of Count Franz, who lives in darkened rooms and sips golden wines, is a little tiring to the reader. However, he awakens to life on meeting Lorely, who dances in spangles at the *Cirque Solaire*, and with her sees France, Italy, London, besides things and men. Lorely having cured his melancholy, or at least given him remembrance, leaves him, and the Count returns to his darkened room to dream, but henceforth to dream on memories. There is no little charm in M. Kahn's heroine and hero, although his manner of writing has a kind of complacency that is apt to be irritating.

On the contrary, readers of M. Maurice Maindron's *St. Cendre* will weary from sheer exhaustion. Louis Alexandre de Villebrune, Marquis de St. Cendre, lived at the time of the *Pléiade* and lived thoroughly. He loved and fought and penned odes and sonnets, rioted and swashbuckled, accomplished heathen rites and made living sacrifices, and died a Calvinist. M. Maindron tells it all with a will and a lively wit. The book is crowded with characters and adventures, and reading it is like living an hour recklessly and good-humoredly without principles or thin-skinned compunction.

M. Hugues Rebelle's manner is as free, but not as broad as M. Maindron's. *La Nichina* was a tedious Decameron. *La Femme Qui a Connu l'Empereur* is as tiresome as its title. M. Rebelle accumulates delicious adventures that never come to anything, outlines a host of droll characters and makes nothing of them; is clever and witty, and is not amusing. It is a small and quite a personal matter that M. Rebelle should have no passions or deep interests. But he is also, like M. Kahn, overcomplacent as a writer, and should recollect that amused contemplation is not always entertaining.

M. Pierre Louys is working success for all it is worth. *Aphrodite*, a skillful rehash of strong meats from the Greek decadence, went through a number of editions, owing to support from the chastened pen of M. François Coppée, who, so the story goes, was sent some other and less perilous book bound in the covers of *Aphrodite*. In *La Femme et le Pantin* the flavor is Spanish, with the odor of Southern spices. So far (the novel is appearing as a serial) the theme is perversion, and the heroine, a Spanish maid familiar with every art. This is saying enough, for M. Louys is past master in perversity.

At least one good book of verse has come out this spring, or rather two. M. Max Elskamp is a truly delightful poet. In an age when youth is full of returning to nature, M. Elskamp does not talk about it, but in busy Antwerp can see and sing nature around him with simplicity. There may have been a strain of affectation to begin with, but from the *Six Chansons de Pauvre Homme*,

which appeared in 1895 and are now republished, together with previous works in the volume entitled *La Louange de la Vie*, M. Elskamp learned to prune every device that is foreign to art, and his last book, *Enluminures*, is the perfection of sweet singing. M. Elskamp also carries out his title, and his drawings are charming.

M. Charles Van Lerberghe, who wrote that wonderful visionary drama, *Les Filaireurs*, has brought out *Entrevues*, poems of fleeting dreams, told exquisitely; M. Francis Jammes reads nature *De l'Angélus del'Aube à l'Angélus du Soir*, and repeats what he read in earnest and dignified verse; M. Emile Verhaeren, besides publishing in book form that epic drama of his, *Les Aubes*, the dawn of a new order of things, where "the world is well won," as a poet would wish to win it, has *Le Moite Automne* in last month's *Humanité Nouvelle*, from which this fine passage may be copied for the benefit of those who call the *vers libre* unmusical:

Les baisers, jaunes de l'automne
mordent, d'un ton ardent et fou,
sur les branches des vergers roux,
les pommes;
voici le dernier mois vermeil:
lunes rouges, pourpres soleils;

* * * * *

et brusquement, c'est le coq clair
qui déchire, d'un spasme et d'un éclair,
et d'un grand cri de violence,
le mol silence
dont les voiles pendent et s'étendent dans l'air.
Lunes rouges, pourpres soleils,
dans la moiteur des derniers mois vermeils.

A WOMAN WITH HUMOR

THE UNQUIET SEX.—By Helen Watterson Moody. 12mo. Scribner's. \$1.25.

AS men go, we have been rather proud of our knowledge of women. We have learned all her comic-paper attributes and a few others, and we have long since got over recommending books to her. But even from us the eternal feminine has concealed much. Some things we have wondered at from boyhood, others only more recently. We remember yet puzzling our youthful brains to find out, for example, why the girls gave so many details in answer to their history questions, and why they raised their hands in eagerness to volunteer information in the class-room. It seemed uncanny. This petticoat rashness always had, in spite of our best efforts, remained unexplained, and we long ago gave up its solution. Now a woman with a sense of humor comes along, and tells us all about it. We feel like breaking out into peans of joy. Even if we gained no more than that one thing from the *Unquiet Sex*, it would be enough; but there is more, much more. We are pleased to find our instincts right in many instances which have escaped our judgment. To confess frankly, we have always been a little hypocritical in regard to educated women. We have been divided in mind between awe and admiration of womanly girls, and understanding of and amusement at "cultured"

girls. We have bowed respectfully to the latter, and fled wildly to the former as soon as we could. In all this we have felt guilty. We have imagined we were not fulfilling our duty to literature—and things. Now this comforting Mrs. Moody assures us that we did just right. We suspect that in spite of all the clever things she says, she is a womanly woman herself. She asserts she would "rather be pleasant than be President."

She is, at any rate, a woman with a sense of humor. With most of the "unquiet sex" humor and conscience are like the old man and woman in the barometer—when one is out, the other is in. You must take things seriously and very hard, or you are goddess and deplorable. Mrs. Moody believes otherwise, and we are glad to agree with her. We have faced the alternative a good many years ourselves. She cries the fundamental defects of womankind to be that it is too busy, too impressed with the importance of things, too much inclined to think that "the main virtue of the world consists in getting tired." She claims that women don't know how to enjoy themselves as completely as do men, and she instances women's clubs, where they fine the members for staying away!

But still we think that the main interest to men is in the lighting up of dark places. We have always wondered at woman's reforming spirit, and the bitterness with which she enters into it—and the horrible bore she makes of herself while she is at it. This little green book explains conclusively. We have looked with awe on the stuff a woman will eat—now we understand how she comes to do it. We confess to ignorance—past—of why a woman writes essays on such restricted subjects as *The Influence of the Discovery of America on Europe*, and never remembers the title of a book she wants, or anything else about it, except its color and size. That is as clear as the sun now. So with a dozen other things.

The only fly in the ointment is that such frankness alarms us. It does not seem quite human to throw away weapons in such a reckless manner. Men are accustomed to fear and worship that which they cannot understand; ergo, what they understand they neither fear nor worship. We can never think that any woman wishes the opposite sex to lose its awe of her, and we certainly cannot accuse her of decided objections to being adored. It is all very puzzling. Perhaps this apparent surrender is a ruse to lure us on to a masked battery of heavier guns, so that even those few of us who have heretofore escaped will fall prisoners. Or, again, it may be that the author realizes that the eternal feminine could not be wholly explained in a thousand thick volumes, let alone in one thin one, and so is graciously pleased to give from her plenty. In any case we are much obliged, and are still wary.

All joking aside, Mrs. Moody discusses with airy feminine charm many pressing feminine problems, and this in a way to help toward sensible solutions. We trust she will forgive us. The truth is, that the heat has addled our brains, and we cannot take seriously anything but the Ladies' Home Journal.

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INSTEAD of the July 15th issue of THE CHAP-BOOK the subscribers to that magazine will receive the issue of *The Dial* for the same date. To this latter journal, upon an offer from its proprietors, have been transferred the subscription list, the right to the name, and the good will of THE CHAP-BOOK. It has been consistently maintained by THE CHAP-BOOK that *The Dial* is in many ways the best purely critical journal in America, and it is hoped that subscribers will be pleased that their subscriptions are to be filled out in this manner.

The proprietors and editors of THE CHAP-BOOK feel proud of its past and there would have been a certain satisfaction in continuing its publication. But it became evident that the large amount of time and energy which went to its editing could be employed to greater advantage, from a business point of view, in the book-publishing department of the house, and *The Dial's* offer was therefore accepted. Furthermore it was not felt that it was necessary to continue THE CHAP-BOOK longer to demonstrate that a good literary magazine could be published in the West, and receive the critical sanction of the whole country. THE CHAP-BOOK has never depended in any special way upon the West for support; indeed, it is probable that in proportion to its size Chicago had fewer subscribers than any other large city. But the editors believe that the critical standards of their paper have been kept as high as would have been possible either East or West. They believe they have been consistently honest in trying to give their public what seemed to them the best writing they could procure, whether it came from new or from well known authors. They believe, furthermore, that THE CHAP-BOOK has been the strongest protest we have had in America against the habit of promiscuous over-praise which is threatening to make the whole body of American criticism useless and stultifying.

If one may judge anything from newspaper notices THE CHAP-BOOK has not lacked sympathetic appreciation. Nothing more flattering could be wished for than the judgments passed on the magazine after it became evident that an effort was being made to establish something which should have solid and dignified merit. In its earlier days the effort to put the public in touch with the new and curious developments in foreign art and literature brought upon it considerable ridicule and as well won for it much admiration. Its habit of free speech produced a curious movement among the young writers of the country. There was scarcely a village or town which did not have its little individualistic pamphlet frankly imitating the form and tone of THE CHAP-BOOK.

The magazine was first issued in Cambridge, Mass., May 15th, 1894, by the firm of Stone & Kimball, both members of which were at the time undergraduates of Harvard College. It was at first intended as scarcely more than an attractive kind of circular for advertising the books published by the house. But the instant attention which it attracted induced its publishers to continue. May 1st, 1896, THE CHAP-BOOK appeared with the imprint of H. S. Stone & Co. upon its title page, they having purchased it from Stone & Kimball when Mr. H. S. Stone severed his connection with that house. January 15th, 1897, THE CHAP-BOOK abandoned its small form and appeared in quarto size, adding at the same time a regular department of book reviews. February 15th, 1898, THE CHAP-BOOK appeared on smooth paper with illustrations, and certain experimental modifications were made in its character. The editorial management has from the beginning been in the hands of Mr. Herbert Stuart Stone. For the first month or two Mr. Bliss Carman was associated with him, but since September, 1894, Mr. Harrison Garfield Rhodes has been the associate editor.

Among the names which have appeared as contributors may be mentioned, choosing somewhat at random, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Alice Brown, Bliss Carman, Gertrude Hall, Richard Hovey, Louise Chandler Moulton, Gilbert Parker, Charles G. D. Roberts, Clinton Scollard, William Sharp, Paul Verlaine, Louise Imogen Guiney, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Maria Louise Pool, Richard Henry Stoddard, Richard Burton, Madison Cawein, Eugene Field, Julian Hawthorne, H. H. Boyesen, Clyde Fitch, Hamlin Garland, Edmund Gosse, Kenneth Grahame, Hamilton Wright Mabie, Maurice Thompson, I. Zangwill, John Vance Cheney, John Davidson, "Q," Lillian Bell, John Burroughs, William Ernest Henley, Robert Louis Stevenson, H. B. Marriott Watson, William Canton, Stephen Crane, Norman Gale, Max Beerbohm, John Fox, Jr., Henry James, F. Frankfort Moore, Arthur Morrison, Clinton Ross, H. G. Wells, S. Levett Yeats, Katherine Tynan Hinkson, Charles F. Lummis, Edmund Clarence Stedman, George W. Cable, Alice Morse Earle, Brander Matthews, Octave Thanet, W. B. Yeats, Thomas Hardy, Tudor Jenks, Joseph Pennell, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Paul Laurence Dunbar, J. J. Piatt, Ruth McEnery Stuart, George Edward Woodberry, E. F. Benson, R. W. Chambers, L. E. Gates, John Jay Chapman, Norman Hapgood, Gerald Stanley Lee, William Watson, John Kendrick Bangs, Henry Newbolt, Joel Chandler Harris, Andrew Lang, and many other perhaps quite as well known.

THE CHAP-BOOK is grateful to many literary men and women for aid and encouragement, and to its readers for many evidences of friendliness. It hopes that it has succeeded in some measure in being what it tried to be, at once sane and entertaining. And to any who will miss it it presents thanks for the compliment.

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